















# REPOSITORY

(OF)

Arts, Literature, Commerce,  
Manufactures, **FASHIONS** and Politics.

VOL. XVI.

THIS WORK

Has been highly honoured by the Approbation

Is most Humbly Dedicated by Permission

To His Royal Highness

Prince

Regent

BY HIS GRATEFUL AND

**B. ACKERMANN**

OBEDIENT SERVANT



THE  
**Repository**  
 OF  
 ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,  
*Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,*  
 For JULY, 1814.

VOL. XII.

The Sixty-seventh Number.

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## TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*We earnestly solicit communications on subjects of general interest, and also from professors of the arts and authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.*

*We are obliged to apologize to several of our correspondents for deferring their favours, on account of the length of Napoleon Agonistes, a jeu-d'esprit, composed, on the spur of the occasion, by a Lady of distinction, and the interest of which would have been diminished either by its division or delay.*

*X. Y.'s directions have been complied with.*

*The writer of the Ode on the Peace, appears to have been so intoxicated with the exhilarating subject as to have completely lost his feet.*

*P. P. P. is not suited to our Miscellany.*

*If Philharmonicus will favour us with his address, we will acquaint him with our sentiments on the subject of his communication.*

*The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.*

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For JULY, 1814.

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*The Sixty-seventh Number.*

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—The suffrage of the wise,  
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd  
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

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CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNINUS.

(Continued from vol. XI. p. 318.)

Miss K. William the Conqueror lost his life by a bruise in the abdominal muscles, or some of the integuments over them.

Miss Eve. Can you repeat the passage?

Miss K. Provoked at an inroad that had been made into Normandy by some French barons, and exasperated at Philip (King of France) for having succoured Dol, to which he had laid siege, and for his having encouraged the rebellion of his eldest son Robert; and for some jests and severe railleries Philip had thrown out against William's great belly, for he was now become very corpulent—he entered France at the head of a numerous and powerful army, and having taken Mantes, he first plundered and then set it on fire. Entering the town before the flames were extinguished, his horse happened to tread on some hot ashes, which made him

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plunge with such violence, that William was thrown forward, and his belly bruised upon the pommel of the saddle to such a degree, that he was soon after seized with a fever, of which he died, Sept. 9, 1067, in the 61st year of his age, in the 21st of his reign over England, and the 52d of that over Normandy. He was interred at Caen, in St. Stephen's abbey, which he had founded in that city, and endowed with rich revenues at his death.

Miss Eve. How apparently trivial an accident often causes death!—What distressing scenes a slight defect or complaint in the lungs has often produced; when a lover, husband, parent, take a glance at that frightful sort of beauty which appears in the countenances of the consumptive as they become thinner and thinner!

Miss K. Here are some lines written by a young lady just be-



fore the end of a consumption. They were found soon afterwards in her pocket-book in a drawer by her husband, to whom they are addressed.

Miss Eve. Will you read them?

Miss K.

If e'er thy Emma's name was dear;  
If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear,  
If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,  
Proud friends have frown'd and fortune smil'd  
in vain;

If it has been my sole endeavour still  
To act in all obsequious to thy will,  
To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,  
Then only truly blest when thou wast so;  
If I have doted with that fond excess  
Nor love could add, nor fortune make it less:  
If this I've done, and more—oh! then be kind  
To the dear, lovely babe I leave behind!  
When time my once lov'd memory shall efface,  
Some happier maid may take thy Emma's  
place,

With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,  
And hate it for the love thou'st borne to me.  
My dearest life, forgive a woman's fears!—  
But o'er word more—I cannot bear thy tears.  
Promise, and I will trust thy faithful vow—  
Oft have I tried, and ever found thee true—  
That to some distant spot thou wilt remove  
This little pledge of hapless Emma's love,  
Where safe thy blandishments it may partake,  
And, oh! be tender for its mother's sake!—  
I know thou wilt, and silence speaks assent,  
And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies  
content.

Miss Eve. This is distressing indeed. It reminds me of the lines written by Mason on his wife, who also died of a consumption at Bristol Wells.

Whoe'er, like me, with trembling anguish  
brings

His heart's whole treasure to fair Bristol's  
springs;

Whoe'er, like me, to sooth disease and pain,  
Shall seek those salutary springs in vain,—  
Condemn'd, like me, to hear the faint reply,  
To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye,  
From the chill brow to wipe the damps of  
death,

And watch in dumb despair the shortening  
breath;

If chance directs him to this artless line,  
Let the sad mourner know, his griefs were  
mine.

Suppose we lay aside William the Conqueror for the present?

Miss K. I should like in a little time, Miss Eve, to take an excursion with you to Waltham Abbey, to see if there are yet any remains of the monument said to have been erected there to the memory of Harold.

Miss Eve. I took an airing one very fine day, about a month ago, in Essex. I alighted from my carriage just before I came to Waltham. The balmy gale, the fragrance of the May bushes, the lacy blossoms on some of the trees, the singing of the birds almost wild with joy and love, inclined me to walk a mile or two, and brought to my mind these lines in Thomson's *Spring*:—

And see the country far diffus'd around  
One boundless blush, one white empurpled  
show'r  
Of mingled blossoms, where the raptur'd eye  
Hurries from joy to joy, and had be death  
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

Miss K. To see this beauteous, fresh, fragrant season in more perfection than perhaps in any county of England, you should have been on an eminence in Herefordshire, a country noted for apple and other fruit-trees. There indeed you might have seen for many miles what that amiable poet means by "one boundless blush."

Miss Eve. I stood some time on the bridge that crosses the river Lee at Waltham, near the abbey, and fed some fish which were darting about, frisking, leaping, and twinkling like gold and silver in the sunshine. I had some Passover cake in my pocket, with which they seemed much delighted.

Miss K. The rivers of England abound with fish. Pope observes,

Our p'nteous streams a various race supply :  
 The bright-eyed perch, with fins of Tyrian dye;  
 The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd;  
 The yellow carp, with scales bedropp'd with  
 gold;  
 Swift trout, diversifed with crimson stains;  
 And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.

Miss *Ere*. While I was at Wal-  
 ham, I copied these lines from the  
 almshouse there :—

Birth is a pain; life, labour, care, toil, thrall;  
 In old age strength fails; lastly death ends all  
 Whilst strong life lasts, let virtuous deeds be  
 shown;

Fruit of such trees are thereby seen and  
 known

To have reward with lasting joys for aye,  
 When vicious nations fall to sure decay.

Of wealth's o'erplus lend money, stock, or  
 store,

In life therewith relieve age, needy, poor.

Good deeds defer not till funeral rites be past,

In life-time what's done is made more firm,  
 and sure, and fast.

This inscription has been there  
 probably two or three hundred  
 years. It is true, that those who  
 defer their gifts till after death,  
 seem rather to be liberal with other  
 people's property than their own.

Miss *K*. I am very fond of co-  
 pying such old inscriptions. Here  
 is one that I lately copied from an  
 almshouse at Tottenham : it pre-  
 sents a curious specimen of the  
 spelling of that time :—

1530.

NOT VNTO VS, O LORD—NOT VNTO VS,  
 BUT VNTO THY NAME—GIVE AUF GLORIE.  
 BALTHAZAR SANCHIZ, BORN IN SPAYNE,  
 IN THE CITTIE OF SHEREZ, IN ESTE-  
 MADYRA, IS THE FOVNDER OF THESE  
 EYCHT ALMES HOWSES, FOR THE RELIEF  
 OF EYCHT POORE MEN & WOMEN OF  
 THIS TOWNE OF TATTENHAM HIGH  
 CRASSE.

Miss *Ere*. You mentioned the  
 dates of some celebrated painters  
 to the birth of Queen Mary in 1517;  
 what masters of extraordinary ce-  
 lebrity in the art of painting were

born during the lives of Mary and  
 her renowned sister, the glorious  
 Queen Elizabeth?

Miss *K*. Antonio More was born  
 in 1519; Barrocchio and Mutiano  
 in 1528; Paul Veronese in 1532.

Queen Elizabeth, daughter of  
 King Henry VIII. by his second  
 wife, Anne Bolcyn, was born Sep-  
 tember 7, 1533, when her sister  
 Mary was 16 years of age.

Coringsloo and the younger Gi-  
 acomo Palma were born 1544.

Henry VIII. died in 1547, and  
 I do not recollect any celebrated  
 painter born in the reign of his suc-  
 cessor, Edward VI. except Chris-  
 topher Schwartz, called the Ger-  
 man Raphael, in 1550.

In the reign of Queen Mary  
 was born Ludovico, the first paint-  
 er of the family of the Caracci, in  
 1555; Isaac Oliver, an English  
 painter, in 1556; and Agostino Ca-  
 racci, in 1558.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth  
 many celebrated painters came in-  
 to existence.

Annibal Caracci, brother to Agos-  
 tino, and cousin to Ludovico; also  
 Schedone and John Velvet Breu-  
 ghel were born in 1560; Mark Gar-  
 rard, afterwards painter to Queen  
 Elizabeth and Ann of Denmark,  
 queen of James I. 1561; Domini-  
 co Tintoret, 1562; Orazio Genti-  
 leschi, 1563; Rottenhammer, 1564;  
 Michael Angelo Caravaggio, 1569;  
 Viola, 1572; Elsheimer, 1574; Gui-  
 do, 1575; Rubens, 1577; Albano,  
 1578; Snyders, 1579; Fouquien,  
 1580; Lanfranco and Dominichi-  
 no, on the same day, 1581; S. Vouet  
 and old David Teniers, 1582; Gilles  
 Hondeloeter and Antonio Carac-  
 ci, called Il Gobbo, the natural  
 son of Agostino C. 1583; Frank

Hals, 1584; Polemburg, 1586; Spagnoletti, 1589; Guercino, 1590; Velasquez, Nicholas Poussin, and Js. Jordaens, 1594; Van Goyen and Pietro da Cortona, 1596; Parcelles, 1597; Van Dyke, Van Utrecht, Van Miel, Pereda, and P. Soutman, 1599; Claude, Wynants, Gaspar Poussin, Valentino, and Jas. Blanchart, in 1600; Andrea Sacchi and Peter Oliver, 1601; and Evert van Aelst in 1602.

Miss Eve. I think, among the painters whom you have just named, the Caracci are called the principals of the school of Bologna.

Miss K. They are often called so; but Guercino, Dominichino, Guido, Tibaldi Viola, old Camillo Procaccini, and his sons, Giulio Cesari and Carlo Procaccini, were also born at Bologna, and their merits eminently entitle them to participate in this distinction.

The brothers, Agostino and Annibal Caracci, were sons to a tailor at Bologna; as was Andrea del Sarto to a tailor at Florence, from which circumstance he received his surname.

Miss Eve. From the Latin, as the muscle *sartorius* is so called, because it is in strong action in tailors when they sit cross-legged at work on their shop-boards.

I think Francis Vivarez, the best landscape-engraver there has been, was bred a tailor.

Miss K. He was.

Miss Eve. Have you any prints from G. Reni?

Miss K. I have several by Sir R. Strange, who had a peculiarly rich manner of discriminating flesh.

Miss Eve. I think you said, that J. G. Wille was very excellent in discrimination.

Miss K. Yes, in regard to bright

surfaces, such as glass, plate, satin, velvet, &c.; not in universal discrimination.

Miss Eve. From what master did Sir Robert Strange work?

Miss K. I have prints by him from Raphael, Guido, Guercino, Carlo Dolci, Schidone, Murillo, Andrea Sacchi, Salvator Rosa, Carlo Maratti, West, &c.

Miss Eve. It is singular, that Rubens should be called the Prince of the Flemish School when he was a German.

Miss K. Yes; he was born at Cologne.

Miss Eve. I think Reynolds justly describes Rubens' figures, when he says, they have expression and act with energy, but without simplicity or dignity, and that his colouring is too tinted.

Miss K. Yes; and, as you observed, from his being an ornamental painter, these defects are not so obvious as if he had aimed at a superior style. You also justly remarked, that this ornamental style is a combination of opposites reconciled by balancing, cold greys, &c. opposed to hot vermilions, bright lights or whites to the deepest shadows, luxuriant detail to sober breadth--pellucid objects, the warm colours towards the middle, great flowing lights, bright reds in the finest flesh; the shadows from objects very apparent, &c.

When I am by myself I often walk among my pictures, and consider what qualities they possess and what they want; and from the result of these cogitations, I endeavour to free them from defects; and from a fire or enthusiasm that at this time often seizes my mind, I frequently impart to them something that surpasses my anticipations.

Miss Eve. And that may be very gratifying to your feelings.—What prints have you from Guido by Strange?

Miss K. *Venus attired by the Graces—Liberality and Modesty—Cupid sleeping*—another *Cupid—Sigismunda*, which Hogarth attempted to eclipse--a *Madonna*, &c.

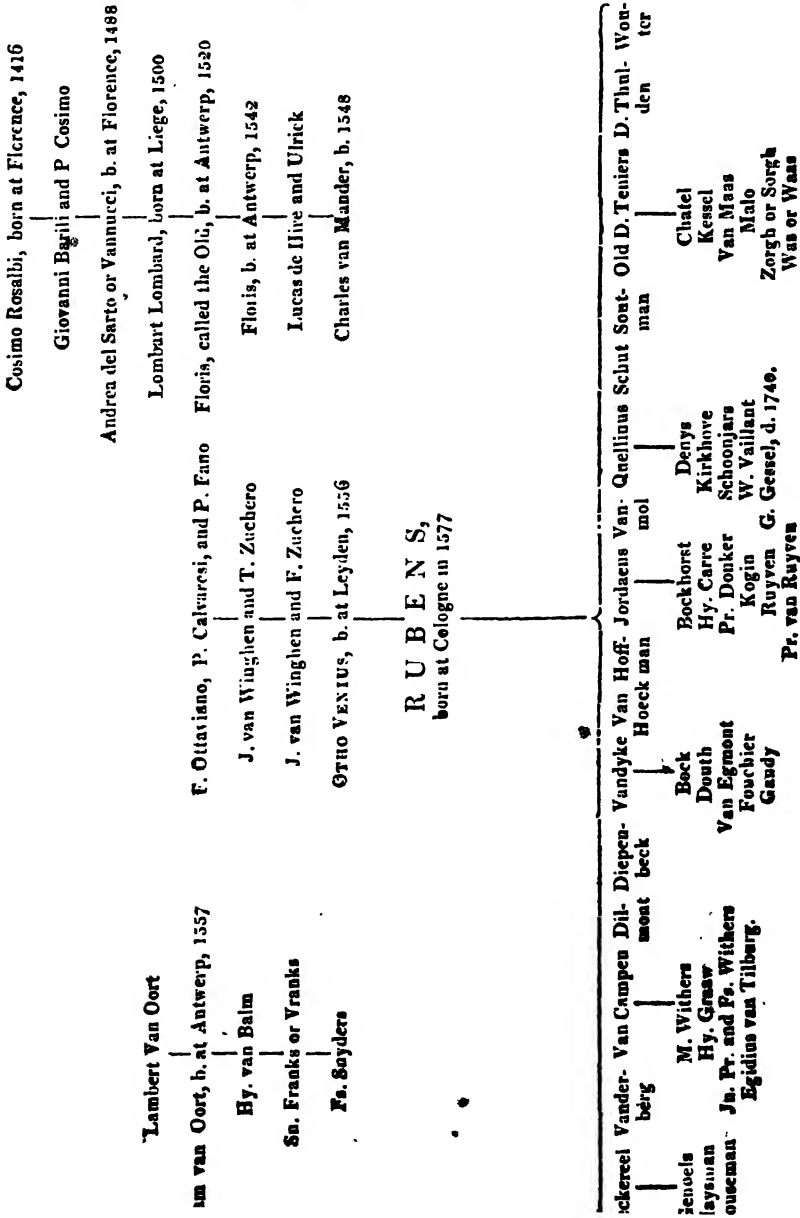
Miss Eve. It is remarked, that the silvery manner first observed in Guido's pictures represents female beauty better than the glowing,

golden tint of Titian, or the gaiety of Rubens' manner.—The great colourists had many pupils.

Miss K. Yes; Rubens alone had sixteen.

Miss Eve. Will you mention them?

Miss K. When I am somewhat fatigued with abstruse studies, I sometimes amuse myself with trifles, such as making a sort of pedigree of the great masters. Here is one of Rubens:—



Miss Ere. From this table I understand, that Adam van Oort, Otho Venius, and Charles van Mander were Rubens' three masters; and that the sixteen names which seem to proceed from Rubens were his pupils. Those who precede Van Oort, Van Venius, and Mander, were their masters, up to Rosselli, who was born at Florence in 1416, which is 161 years before Rubens was born.

Miss K. Those who make sketches, if I may so call them, of the pedigrees of the greatest painters, like this of Rubens, will gain a knowledge of their dates, their masters, pupils, &c. that will prove of great advantage in the study of the art. I never saw any thing of this sort attempted. This may seem trifling, but it takes little time, and that little is well bestowed.

Miss Ere. I will amuse myself at times in this way with Titian, Paul Veronese, Rembrandt, Raphaël, Michael Angelo, and other great names; also the Gothic masters up to Taffi.

Miss K. The writers on the arts place Cimabue first of these, though Taffi was born 27 years before Cimabue. The name of the latter sounds well, but Taffi like I know not what.

Miss Ere. Like the national appellation of the Welch.

Miss K. The Gothic masters, by whom the arts were revived after an interval of about 700 years, which separated them from the antique, date ~~from~~ after A. D. 1200; and the first ~~to~~ run in this order:

	Born
1. Taffi . . . . .	1213
2. Gaddi . . . . .	1239
3. Cimabue . . . . .	1240

	Born
4. Ruffalmaccio . . . . .	1262
5. Cassentino . . . . .	—
6. Giotto . . . . .	1276
7. Cavallini . . . . .	1285
8. Memmi . . . . .	1285
9. Lorenzetto . . . . .	1287
10. Taddeo Gaddi . . . . .	} 1300
11. Berni Sanesi . . . . .	
12. Florentino . . . . .	1301
13. Laurati . . . . .	1304
14. Ponte . . . . .	1306
15. Giovanni . . . . .	1307
16. Antonio Venetiano . . .	1310
17. Agnolo Gaddi . . . . .	1323
18. Giotto . . . . .	1324
19. Monaco . . . . .	1326
20. Aretino Spinello . . . .	1329
21. Pisano . . . . .	} 1329
22. Orgagna . . . . .	
23. Fabriano . . . . .	1332
24. Lippo . . . . .	1334
25. Uccello . . . . .	1349
26. Hugo Vander Goes . . .	1350
27. Bartoli . . . . .	1351
28. Sternina . . . . .	1354
29. Hubert van Eyck . . . .	} 1366
30. Paris Spinello . . . . .	
31. John van Eyck . . . . .	1370
32. Francesci . . . . .	1372
33. Bartolomeo . . . . .	} 1378
34. Ghiberti . . . . .	
35. Balduinetti . . . . .	1380
36. Massolini . . . . .	} 1381
37. Lazaro Vasari . . . . .	
38. Angelico . . . . .	1387
39. Bicci . . . . .	1390
40. Squarcione . . . . .	1391

Of these, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 10, 12, 14, 15, 17, 18, 21, 22, 24, 25, 28, 32, 34, 35, 36, 39 were born at Florence—consequently half of these Gothic masters were Florentines. Many of them were very ignorant of anatomy, of a variegated unity, of an elegant or extensive variety in the muscles. These in their works often appeared like so many

sand-bags. The 15th century gave birth to the best painters among the moderns—Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Julio Romano, Polydore; and also the best colourists—Giorgione and Titian, who were born in 1477, just 100 years before Rubens—also Correggio, one of the most graceful painters, and eminently remarkable for effect.

It may be observed, that the ornamental parts of the art were first introduced in the 15th century; and it has often been a subject of dispute, whether the ancients understood colouring in the degree Titian possessed it, or grouping the figures, or light and shadow, by joining light to light and shade to shade; or whether they brought the strength towards the central lights, which produces splendour. The fact is, that on all these points nothing certain is known.

Miss Eve. Do you think the borders of the picture should be in half tint as some say, or strong, to balance the strengths towards great light in the centre of vision, as others maintain?

Miss K. Strong; for the sake of force and balancing. I always consider the whole together in pictures. One grand object I aim at is, to make a universal balance of lights, shades, browns, objects, forms, colours, till I feel every thing, as it were, weigh equal.

Miss Eve. What defects generally attend beginners in drawing figures?

Miss K. They generally draw too straight, and the extremities too thick and very white: they don't attend to the little angles in the

outline. All children, when they begin to draw figures, make them up entirely of straight lines. Many, when they are considerably advanced, fall into another very great defect. Having learned that the gentle flowing line, such as Hogarth has described, confers grace, they on this account disregard just expression, and infuse into their figures what is justly called "the most hateful of all hateful qualities"—*affectation*. Several artists whom I could name, if they would but open their eyes to this defect, might from their own merits soon become R. A.s.; but this affectation, while adhered to, will keep them in the back ground for ever. They take that for grace which others know to be affectation.

Miss Eve. And some are very dry, while they think they are simple.

Miss K. These are really simple; and also meet with little encouragement.

Miss Eve. The ornamental department, though not of the highest class, obtains encouragement. \*

Miss K. Yes, almost all painters that have become rich by their profession, have been either ornamental or portrait-painters. An author who has written on painting, says, that those who desire titles or gold chains should pursue those branches of art. In this country, Rubens, Vandyke, Lely, Kneller, Reynolds, Beechey, have been knighted; while the historical department has produced but one person on whom that honour has been conferred, Sir James Thornhill.

## FRAGMENTS FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

(Concluded from vol. XI. p. 322.)

## SIMPLICITY IN ARCHITECTURE.

SIMPLICITY appears often to be considered as synonymous with plainness; but in order to attain simplicity, it is not necessary to exclude decoration. This quality will, if rightly examined, be found to consist in such a just arrangement of the parts, in such attention to the general effect intended to be produced, that the eye can embrace the whole composition at once, without being distracted by too great a multiplicity of discordant or trifling details. The parts may be elaborate and rich, yet, by a skilful disposition of them, so as to preserve a due balance of repose, the simplicity of the whole may be preserved.

A peristyle of Corinthian columns possesses as much simplicity as a range of pillars without any capitals or bases, although infinitely superior in elegance and richness. They are not equally plain; but plainness and simplicity are not synonymous; if they were, a mere dead wall would be the acme of simplicity. An artist of real talent will be able to display both variety and splendour, without destroying that *unity* of effect which constitutes simplicity.

The *façade* of Somerset-House towards the Strand will serve to illustrate the truth of this position. The details of that beautiful piece of architecture are exquisitely rich; notwithstanding which, there is no confusion, and the parts are sufficiently homogeneous not to destroy the unity of the *ensemble*.—Would its simplicity have been at

all augmented, if, instead of its present windows, the architect had left the apertures entirely bare? Certainly not. That unity of character which is now imparted to the whole, would in that case not only have been weakened, but altogether destroyed. There would then have been an obvious deficiency; and wherever this happens, we may, without hesitation, pronounce, that either the architect has not been left at liberty to complete his original design, or that he has mistaken nakedness for simplicity.

Horace has delivered a precept, which ought on all occasions to be attended to by those who wish to arrive at excellence, or secure to themselves a permanent reputation:—

“Denique sit quodvis simplex duntaxat et unum.”

That is, let an air of congruity pervade the whole performance, and the subordinate features not only be beautiful themselves, but analogous to and tending to increase the general effect.

Unfortunately, this maxim is but little observed: hence that crowd of abortive productions, which disappoint rather than please; poems, which contain passages of great beauty, yet abound in striking and various defects;—paintings, of which either the execution is inadequate to the excellence of the subject, or the subject inferior to the magic of the execution, of which parts are singularly good, yet the whole defective—“*infelix qui aponere nescit totum*,”—buildings, where accurate copies of the

best examples of antiquity are affixed to a plain structure, not at all surpassing a common dwelling. Of all these the authors appear to have sacrificed lasting fame to ephemeral popularity—either too careless to bestow upon their works the attention necessary to form that happy combination from which results an harmonious whole, that polish which conveys the idea of an easy and instantaneous execution; or not possessed of abilities equal to the task imposed.

The Crescent at Bath will not be found altogether faultless in this respect: it is without doubt a noble conception, its outline most beautiful, and it presents a grand *coup d'œil*, an uniform unbroken range of building, and that too sufficiently extensive to convey ideas of magnificence. It has been allowed to be the finest Ionic screen in Europe: yet to what is this beautiful range of columns attached? Plain, unornamented houses, which, however neat, are of a character so totally distinct, as to produce a discordant and unfinished appearance. It was doubtless the intention of the architect, to exclude all minor decoration, which might detract from, rather than add to, the general effect: yet by leaving the windows quite naked, he has not rendered them less conspicuous; if dressed, they would have been more in unison with the whole, at present they are blemishes. It has been contended, that, in modern architecture, windows impart an air of littleness to the design, detracting from its simplicity: yet as windows cannot be discarded, the architect ought either to decorate them, so as to accord with the

rest of the edifice, or reject ornament altogether, reserving the application of ancient orders to churches and such public buildings where windows in front may be dispensed with. Not that there is any necessity to adhere so strictly to precedent, as to attempt to give to modern buildings the air of exact copies of ancient edifices. Somerset-House is not a piece of Grecian architecture; neither is the Banqueting-House, or St. Paul's, or, in short, any of our most celebrated buildings: yet it does not follow, that their merit is less; they are at least of a character more consonant to our habits and associations than the heathen temples. The Parthenon is better suited to the meridian of Athens than of London. The portico of Covent-Garden Theatre may be a correct imitation of a classical prototype, nevertheless it is of a character little corresponding with the destination of the building; yet the whole elevation is noble and well composed. It were to be wished that the same could be said, with equal justice, of Downing College, at Cambridge, in which the architect has shewn himself a mere copyist: where he has added to his original, he betrays a poverty of conception absolutely bordering upon meanness. Parts, however beautiful, unless skilfully combined, will not form a beautiful whole. Buildings of this description will rather afford hints to the architect upon which he may improve, than models upon which he may form a correct taste.

ARCHITECTURAL MAGAZINE.

Almost every department of literature and science has its own



journal or magazine — theology, medicine, agriculture, botany, mechanics, the drama, and a long list of *et cæteras*. Even Newgate and Newmarket have their calendars; sculpture and architecture have none. Is it because they are subjects too barren to afford the *quantum sufficit* for a monthly publication? or because they are too uninteresting to excite the attention of the public? In so speculating an age as the present, when new magazines are started monthly, many hardly differing from their predecessors, except in title, it may reasonably excite some surprise, that architecture should have been overlooked or disregarded; or that, if ever contemplated, a magazine devoted to this art and that of sculpture, should not have afforded sufficient prospect of remuneration, to stimulate any one to the undertaking.

Even supposing, which I hardly can, that a monthly publication of this kind would not succeed, yet a quarterly or annual one might. Some plan like the following might be adopted: — Its first division might be appropriated to the biography of eminent men in both professions, either living or deceased.

The second department should contain original essays on whatever relates to the arts in question, either immediately or more remotely, either in theory or in practice.

The third, descriptions and criticisms of new buildings and statues. This part of the work might be embellished with plates; and as in works of this kind economy ought not to be disregarded, it

would be advisable to give graphic outlines instead of finished engravings, by which plan more subjects could be represented, which is no unimportant consideration.

The fourth division should review new publications; both those which are professional (and which are seldom, or at least but cursorily, noticed in other journals), and those which, although not directly relating to the subject, are yet connected with it; such, for instance, are tours, &c.

The fifth might be a miscellaneous section, containing anecdotes of the arts and their professors; notices of buildings, &c. about to be undertaken; queries of correspondents, &c. &c.

Such a work, well executed, would not only be acceptable to professional men, but to amateurs, and all who were engaged, or might intend to engage, in building.

It would open a ready channel to communication and discussion on many interesting subjects; and might probably tend to excite more general attention to these arts, and by influencing the public taste, repress some of those capricious absurdities which at present so frequently disgrace both the builder and his employer.

The biography would doubtless be more copious and detailed than those brief sketches inserted in other magazines, which often contain little more than dates, and which, although they may be sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of the general reader, will be found too jejune and meagre to supply the information desired by those with whom architecture is a favourite pursuit. A recent instance has oc-

curred in the notices of the late Mr. Wyatt in various diurnal and monthly publications: they rather tend to excite than satisfy curiosity. The life of an architect, ably treated, might prove a vehicle of useful criticism, as much so as that of a poet: yet it has happened (by what fatality I know not), that no biography of our architects has hitherto appeared. The Anecdotes of Walpole are too brief to deserve that appellation; they are but notes, and those sometimes very short ones. But a magazine of this kind would not only supply materials for whoever might wish to undertake the task, but it would in some measure atone for this desideratum, by collecting, as it were, into a focus, much useful information, which, when scattered about, appears trivial,—and by forming annals of the arts.

The Italians possess an interesting collection of Letters on Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. This is still a desideratum among us. Of late years, a mania has prevailed for publishing letters, whether belonging to eminent or obscure persons, or whether on interesting or uninteresting topics; however frivolous the subject, whether an invitation to a party, or a note to a tradesman—no matter, the editor found every *morceau* too precious not to be served up to the public; and yet notwithstanding this rage for epistolary writing, no letters of our artists have appeared. A magazine therefore would be an excellent method of collecting and

preserving original letters of both professional men and amateurs on the subject of the fine arts; and it may reasonably be supposed, that those who might have any such in their possession, would be ready to gratify the public by disclosing them.

In the first volume of Pratt's *Harvest Home* are the following just observations on cottages:—"Many of the rural dwellings embosomed in this sovereign wood, are of cottage form, and if you will smile on a demi-pun, I should say are of cottage fashion, though not *fashion cottages*; with a few exceptions, which, for the the sake of good nature, I might indeed have said of *candour*, shall be nameless; for every man has as much a right to follow his own opinion in architecture as in argument, in this free country at least. Most of the habitations encircled by or bordering on the forest, exhibit more or less of that simplicity which is in *keeping*, as the painters term it, with their scite. Here and there, indeed, a non-descript building pops upon you, that so absurdly mixes town and country, that I have applied to it Pope's censure of a certain part of the fair sex, as having 'no character at all.' I have seen more than one thing of brick and mortar, clay and stone-work, most outrageously jumbling and violating all styles of architecture by mixing them together: here a patch of the Ionic, there a dash of the Doric; now a morsel of thatch, and now of tiling," &c. &c.

## THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

## No. VI.

In marriage are two happy things allow'd,  
A wife in wedding-sheets and in a shroud.—  
How can a marriage state then be accur'd,  
Since the last day's as happy as the first?

STERLE.

THAT matrimony is the goal to which all single people press for happiness, seems only to be accounted for from the idea which nature has planted within us to carry on her plans; otherwise the disappointments which are invariably felt when two persons have gained their object, would deter others from entering on the like speculation. Perhaps, however, I may be mistaken (believing, as I do, that there are many very happy couples), and am like many other *wise-acres*, who condemn what they know but little about; and take upon them to blame the effect, when the cause is the only point of animadversion. I shall therefore say no more about it, than merely to fill up a sketch that I took from nature, and lay the finishing picture before my readers.

"It's very strange," said Mrs. Fretwell to her husband, "that you will always keep the snufflers on your side of the table. Do you think I am to poke my eyes out with such a long *wick* as this?" Mr. Fretwell was reading over a provisional assignment of some hundred lines; but dropping one side of the parchment, he complied so far with the wishes of his wife as to push the instrument of decapitation near her, at the same time keeping his eye on the paper in question. To reach the instrument, however, required some exertion. Mrs. Fretwell seemed determined to quarrel

before she sat down, and her husband, duly and from habit apprised of her intention, bore the gathering storm with calmness. It continued to rumble at a distance unheeded; but meeting with no impediment, was about to subside, when Mr. Fretwell endeavoured to raise a flame, in order that he might dry his feet, which a drizzling rain had wetted. He seized the poker for the purpose, but replaced it so carelessly, that it rolled against the grate, communicated its slippery propensity to the shovel, and, with the natural but provoking sympathy of fire-irons, they all fell with a tremendous clatter over a cut steel fender. This was more than the now becalmed, but late perturbed spirit of Mrs. Fretwell could bear; she inundated her deary with all the terms of feminine abuse and lady-like eloquence, taking care to mix in her rhapsodies a few bitter ingredients, and one or two rather *strong* asseverations, the which, had any one else been present, she would have bit her tongue in two rather than have uttered. Availing herself of the privilege of a matrimonial *tête-à-tête*, she was, on the contrary, only scrupulous to employ those epithets which might lay hold with the greatest strength upon the feelings of her helpmate, and make him feel his dependance upon her for happiness, or rather misery, in its fullest force. Mr. Fretwell had for

many years been entertained with his wife's fulminatory excesses, and he had endeavoured to bear them with christian patience. He was too indolent frequently to put himself in a passion, and he had found, that to procure any thing that even assimilated to peace, was impossible. In the war of tongues, however, he had no chance; what he had learned at Westminster Hall, at home stood him in no stead; the enemy, he knew, might capitulate for a time, but as quickly infringe any treaty. "There is nothing to be gained, sir," said he one day to his friend Sneak, "in a quarrel with a woman, all your reasoning powers here avail you nothing; nor does passion at all assist you; if you can come to a good battle, well and good. One party being subdued, all would be quiet; but women, sir, in these squabbles, are light troops, a sort of rifle corps, they hang on your rear—like a Cossack, they distress and rake your flank; they carry their point, not by an occasional skirmish, but by a continual warfare." Mr. Fretwell was, however, at this moment in a less placable humour than usual—he had been out all day; the worthy judge had cast some reflection on him in the matter of Playfair *versus* Ferret: some *impertinent* creditors had also called to press for their right; he had four times been obliged to take his eyes off the *skin* of vellum he was perusing, and had begun once more—"And the said Peter Tomlinson doth hereby promise for himself, his heirs, executors, and administrators"—when the storm of Poker *versus* Shovel and Tongs gave rise to a revival of female ex-

postulation. He then started, and, unable to conceal his pain, exclaimed, striking his fist upon the table, "Zounds! madam, is it not enough that I must be *bored* for everlasting with your *unlimited* tongue, at bed, at board, but that my hours of privacy—of business, must be intruded on by your confounded clatter? Would to Heaven, madam, they were at the devil who brought you and me together!—would"—but it would be really too great an insult to my reader to repeat the strain of invective which followed: suffice it to say, Discord waved her sooty wings; but as the lady's lungs were more powerful than the gentleman's, and as her cause grew worse she grew louder, his only resource was in a skilful retreat. He locked up his papers from felon hands, and snatching up his hat, strode to the door, and, in the whirl of passion, forgot the provisional assignment, and pondered upon a deed of separation. He stalked unconsciously to the Pewter Platter, and entered the parlour, rarified with clouds of real Virginia, and which, as the door opened, wafted a breeze, discovering the exciseman's red nose and the churchwarden's glum visage. Dick fetched him a chair; the common compliments passed; he answered the company's enquiries, by informing them, that the night was very boisterous. He then lit his pipe in silence; his whiffs were observed to be more rapid than usual, and the fume which he emitted incorporated with the cloud raised by the vicar, the apothecary, and the overseer.

It is said, that the old gentleman with the cloven foot is always at our

elbow; and that he is ever free to volunteer his services for any precious mischief that may begin to be engendering in our hearts. Wearied with the continued ill temper of his wife, whom no pains of his had endeavoured to sooth, he congratulated himself in finding some excuse for the depravity of a plan he was about to execute. Many of our *young* readers will no doubt be surprised when we inform them, that Mr. and Mrs. Fretwell were bound in the indissoluble bonds of matrimony, from what they called LOVE. *They were once* in love with each other; I will tell my readers in what manner; they will then see that many parents, like the couple before us, are just as wise as their children, who have only lived half the time they have.

*Their* parents then were friends; they often talked of their darlings, and long before the latter could possibly, even in this forward age, know the meaning of husband and wife, the children, who were yet at school and had not beheld each other, were not called by their proper appellations, but Master Tommy, if he behaved well, was to see his pretty wife; and Susan was as often encouraged in the like manner, by the hope of seeing her husband. The result plainly informs us, that it matters little what children are taught to expect as a reward, so as some object be cherished as a pleasure. Surely then—excuse me for the digression—they might as easily be taught what may be profitable to them, instead of holding up retributive favour in the shape of a new pair of shoes, the encouragement for going to school, the attainment of knowledge. Can

we expect the infant mind to love what is right, when we hold out the pursuit of duty as a punishment? It is not thus that they are initiated in accomplishments: then what pleasurable ideas could they as children entertain in the associated ideas of man and wife, I know not. Had Mr. Fretwell known as much as he does now, how he would have disdained the promised reward! But to return: the time did arrive when the young people met, and those fair anticipations to which they had looked forward, as is often the case, mocked reality. They were, it is true, at first pleased with each other; the second week they quarrelled, the third they hated each other, and with this mutual feeling returned to school. The parents were silly enough to be disappointed in this, and declared to the children, if they would not agree, force should compel them. But, as I have said, they returned sulkily to school, and their fathers were too much taken up with the political events and party squabbles of the day, to remember more of their children's preconceived welfare. Many years after, they met at the house of a mutual friend. At the age of 17, the same dispositions remained, but education and dissimulation had taught them, what as children they had deemed unnecessary—to disguise their feelings. The little sulky greedy boy of nine years old was really the same; and the young lady, had she allowed herself to shew her real propensity, would have convinced him, that all the school discipline she had undergone, had not driven a spice of the virago out of her. It was so order-

ed, that the young gentleman was to see the young lady home to her father's house: they talked, as they proceeded homeward, of old times; each related their foibles as things that were gone, as the faults of all during infancy: but well has the satirist declared, that

"Men are but children of a larger growth"

The young gentleman, on taking leave, was invited by the lady's father to his house; he was a man of politeness, and could therefore do no less, though of late much coolness had subsisted between the two heads of houses. They had opposed each other at a vestry, and it was hinted, that old Mr. Fretwell had somewhat injured his fortune by a mercantile speculation. As there were few of their own age residing near the Fretwell estate, the young people became really necessary to each other; they mutually contributed to each other's pleasure, and relieved the tedium of a country village life. Frequently were they now together. Matrimony had not yet entered their heads; but their parents again continued to engender this idea for them. The young lady's mamma cautioned her daughter how to behave to her friend; told her how much, she had no doubt, she had crept into his heart; and reminded her, how jealous Mr. Henry Fretwell was of the tall apothecary, and vowed she would never give her consent to the match.

Mr. Henry Fretwell was so pleased with some verses describing a despairing lover, that he verily believed they described himself. He longed himself to be a poet, and actually attempted once to put his wishes into execution; and hearing

his father once say, he hated the whole family into which he was formerly so anxious that his son should enter, he immediately sat down and wrote to a friend, something about fathers having flinty hearts; concluding, that he must marry his dear Cleora, or die in despair. Now was the mother to assist by her ridiculous conduct, which she designed as a preventive. She enquired of Mr. Henry why he came to see her daughter so often, and declared she would never consent that her child should marry a man whose father brought him up to no business. This at once bore down every obstacle; the murder was now out; the young people cogitated together, and by dint of opposition, novels, sonnets, and confidential servants and friends, at the joint ages of five and thirty, they were MARRIED. The parents were at first vociferous in their indignation, but family pride obliged them to assist their children, and after some little squabbling, the fathers came forward, and their ingrates were settled.

Mr. and Mrs. Fretwell had no children, on whose education contradiction and opposition of plans were to be employed. They had indeed often quarrelled about their offspring, in case they should have any; finding it, however, entirely useless, as they were disappointed of these blessings, their bickerings subsided on this score after a few years of matrimony, and they left the topic for the discussion of others equally futile or violent.

It is now high time to return to the Pewter Platter, where Mr. Fretwell, after many puffs, became himself again. He now determined

to set about a plan which he had long cherished, which some few whisperings of conscience had as yet prevented, but which this last *fracas* with his wife unfortunately accelerated. He had for some time cast an evil eye upon Dorothy Wright, his wife's maid of all work. Some hints of mutual inclination had already passed between them; and his now *grand* scheme of happiness was, to persuade her to leave her mistress for private lodgings with him. Thus, while he thought of changing his situation for the better, he little dreamt of the trite adage of "Out of the frying-pan into the fire." Dolly had a point to gain; no wonder, then, that she was more submissive than his wife. She had provoked a warning from her mistress, and was discharged without the smallest suspicion of the real reason. A small house was taken, a servant hired to wait on her, a garden stocked, the window-shutters painted green, and every thing was ready for the faithless swain about to prove untrue to the wife of his bosom. He was now the luckiest dog imaginable; he had found out the philosopher's stone of contentment, and, poor, silly man! hugged himself in his iniquity, and forgot, that pleasure could never long accompany vice. He now bore the vocal abilities of his wife with the most provoking *sang froid*; but, under pretence of professional avocations, seldom slept under the same roof with her, when at length arrived the long vacation. Hitherto he had seen his Dolly not so frequently as he had wished.

Mrs. Fretwell, who never interested herself in her husband's concerns, knew not that the long va-

cation was a cessation from business; and he, under pretence of attending the western circuit, in the causes long pending of Mumford against Bumford, took his departure for his dear cottage.

"There is a divinity doth shape our ends,  
Rough hew them how we will."

If youth may find excuse for want of rectitude, this could not Mr. Fretwell claim; he was near the age of fifty, had always been a good *living*, I mean, a *bon vivant*. He had already proceeded half his journey, his heart beating high with joy, when a sudden and violent paralytic seized his frame. From his address found in a pocket-book, some passers-by removed him to the house of his injured wife. Mrs. Fretwell, who always attended to the decencies of grief, went immediately into hysterics;—she would have done better to have sent for a doctor. One, however, came; he was bled, or rather attempted to be bled; at this he barely opened his eyes, shut them, and breathed his last!

\* \* \* \* \*

On opening his will, it was found he had left nothing to her whom he had sworn never to desert; for he had spent much in search of that comfort which he ought to have found at home; and the sagacious Dorothy had contrived, in their moments of gallantry, to get made over to her what little did remain; and when his wife found that she was left entirely destitute, she too late began to repent of her error. From these cogitations we may draw this inference, for the benefit of our fair married readers:—That man wants few excuses who has a

propensity to licentiousness: let them not, then, goad him on to vice, and make him urge, as an excuse for his dereliction, the obli-

gation of seeking abroad for those pleasures which he ought only always to meet with at home.

## THE UMBRELLA.

By AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

ON some joyful occasion or other fire-works were once exhibited in the Place des Gendarmes at Berlin. The morning had been fine; so it was too at noon; but towards evening the sky was overcast and threatened rain. The good people of Berlin, however, hoped—for they are great hopers—that the clouds would respect their pleasures, and not discharge their humid burdens till the last rocket had given them permission for so doing. Many thousands had collected with the pleasing idea—and at the same time their last for the day—that they had now nothing more to do but to gaze. Very few had thought of taking any precautions against the anger of the weather; indeed, they are sometimes omitted in cases of much greater importance.—Among those few was Assessor Pustrich, who never went abroad without an umbrella, let it be what weather it would. He employed this useful invention in all sorts of ways, against rain, sun, and wind. In boisterous weather he held the expanded umbrella horizontally before him, or behind, if the wind was on his back. In carrying it upright, he inclined it sometimes to the right, at others to the left, according as he was threatened on one side or the other by rain or sunshine. In short, he was the most expert umbrella-bearer in all

Berlin, but only in regard to his own precious person, not to the other pedestrians in the capital: for as he took up a considerable space in turning and winding this defensive weapon, he not unfrequently came in collision with people who were not at all disposed to be put out of their way. Now that the Place des Gendarmes was so full of heads that it would almost have been possible to perform the miracle of bringing several of them under one hat, he held his umbrella between his legs, and nobody even suspected its presence.

The fire-works commenced, but were scarcely half over when suddenly a pelting shower descended upon the gaping multitude, extinguished the matches, transformed the rockets into pap, the straw hats into dishcloths, and the light woollen shawls into heavy mantles, from the corners of which the rain trickled in streams. A shriek was set up—such as was raised at the rape of the Sabines, and perhaps still more piercing, for the danger was greater. All that could, crowded close to the houses, that they might at least obtain shelter under the projecting roofs. Here, however, not more than two rows of persons could find place; the third row came just under the droppings of the eaves. Naturally enough they did not much like this situation, but rather desired



to leave a sufficient space between themselves and the second row. The fulfilment of this wish, however, was prevented by the fourth and fifth, who, pressed by those before them, forcibly kept the third in their unfortunate position. It was a truly piteous spectacle. The complaints of those who were thus exposed to this involuntary shower-bath, formed a singular contrast with the laughter of the lucky wights who stood in the dry behind them. Among the latter was Assessor Pustrich, but he was much too kind-hearted to laugh at the sufferings of others. By the light of a lamp two paces from him, he perceived a handsome young female, simply attired, in the row most exposed to the pelting of the pitiless storm, and who seemed in great perplexity. She had taken off her neat straw hat, to save it if possible, but she had no where to shelter it except under her apron, by which means it was subjected to the pressure of the fourth row, and squeezed as flat as a pancake. Her fine light hair became dishevelled, and sent forth streams that trickled down her snowy bosom. The assessor, melted into pity, could no longer bear to see her in such a dilemma. By means of a vigorous use of his elbows, he obtained sufficient room to put up his umbrella, then stretching his arm as far as possible, he held the protecting canopy over the head of the pretty damsel, not unlike a black in Batavia attending his mistress with a parasol.

As soon as the fair-one remarked, that her rebaptism was suspended, she looked about to discover the cause, and soon perceived

the umbrella expanded over her, the hand which held it, and at last the officious person to whom that hand belonged. She gave him a kind and grateful look, which infused new strength into his arm, and enabled him to continue the painful exertion. But there were persons to whom this exertion was still more unpleasant than to himself; for while he sheltered the fair maiden from the torrent which descended from the eaves, he naturally let drip on those who stood before her, and who being of opinion, that they had already received a sufficient portion of this unwelcome gift immediately from the sky, began at first to grumble, then to abuse the holder of the umbrella, and at last to threaten him in very uncourteous terms. The assessor, however, let all these effusions of their anger go in at one ear and out at the other, like waves that break over the deck of a vessel and immediately run off again. When one arm was tired, he relieved it with the other: excepting this single movement, he stood like a statue. The pretty maid, on the other hand, began to feel extremely awkward, and was soon less afraid of the dropping of the eaves, than of the violence of the well soaked but unpolished fellows who had planted themselves before her. She therefore requested her esquire to furl the sail, and leave her to her wet fate: but no sooner did her sweet voice greet the ears of the assessor, than the muscles of his arm were reinvigorated; a friendly shake of the head was his reply, and the umbrella remained raised over her head as before. The contending parties would probably

have proceeded to manual explanations, had not the heavens themselves most seasonably interposed and shut up their windows; on which the spectators again crowded forward, and as the fire-works had been rendered unfit for service by the rain, gradually dispersed.

The assessor, however, was in no hurry to be gone, but very politely requested permission to convoy home his pretty *protégée*. For this purpose he offered her his lame arm, excusing this rudeness by confession, that the right was a little lame. He had, nevertheless, held the umbrella with this lame arm as firmly as with the sound one; an observation which his fair companion secretly made to his advantage, and, with the inward gratification of flattered vanity, tripped along by his left side. She soon perceived that he was infirm, not only in his right arm, but also in his left leg, because he beat with it a kind of time upon the pavement, which is commonly called limping.—“The place where I live,” said she, “is a great way off, and I fear you will be sadly tired.”

“O permit me!” rejoined he; “I feel as lightsome as a bird.”

To her, however, he seemed no such thing; and but for her hobbling conductor, she would certainly have been at home a full quarter of an hour earlier. She could not, however, determine to disengage herself from him, partly because he had deserved and gained her good-will, and partly because it would not be prudent to return home alone; for the servant girl who had accompanied her, had been parted from her during the shower by the crowd.

To shorten the way, they entered into conversation, the thread of which was soon broken again. They told each other who they were—he, the Assessor Pustrich; a name she had never heard—she, the daughter of a woollen-draper, who was equally a stranger to him, but with whom he secretly resolved to deal in future for all articles he should want in his line.

At length they arrived at the door of the residence of his fair companion. He knocked. The quick steps of several persons coming down stairs were heard. A whole group of mother and children had run to meet them. “Ah, Henrietta! are you here at last?” was the general cry. “We began to be frightened about you.”

Then followed a series of questions and explanations. Henrietta presented the assessor as the gentleman who had so kindly sheltered her from the rain, and now observed, by her mother’s candle, that he had but one eye. In other respects he was well made, and a certain good-nature was distinctly legible in his countenance. He was invited to walk up and rest himself a little. This invitation he accepted with pleasure; for, by the mother’s candle, which gave a much better light than the street lanterns, he had clearly perceived, that Henrietta had lost neither of her eyes, but that both of them sparkled most delightfully. Up stairs he found the old, honest father in his morning gown, smoking a pipe: he shook the assessor heartily by the lame hand, and thanked him for the kindness he had shewn to his daughter.

The acquaintance was soon

ed. A pipe was filled, and a glass of punch mixed for the assessor. He sat down by the old father, and while his lips conversed with the latter, his eye addressed itself to Henrietta, and his ears were divided between both. He observed, with pleasure, how the younger children crowded round Henrietta, one complaining that she had not cut it any bread and butter all day, another that she had not undressed it, and how she affectionately excused herself to them all, promising not to go abroad again for a long, long time. Such a good domestic creature he had long sought in vain in the Prussian capital, which, like most other capitals, has no superabundance of domestic qualities within its walls. It was twelve o'clock before he left the honest woollen-draper, and hobbled home upon flowers with which Hope bestrewed his way. Both

father and mother had given him a friendly invitation to call now and then. This now and then he himself changed into often; for though he called there every day, it seemed to him as if he only saw them now and then. Henrietta always received him with kindness: but he could not help observing, that the expression of her beautiful eyes could not be interpreted into any thing more. Her parents, however, beheld him with more signification; for they had made enquiries respecting him, and found that he was not only a man of excellent character, but in good circumstances. They therefore decyphered with no small satisfaction the language of his only eye, and had no scruple to leave him frequently alone with Henrietta.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XL.

Deserted by the man whose lures  
Led her from innocence astray,  
She now her bitter bread procures,  
The prostitute of every day.

Ah! whither will the wand'rer roam,  
Afraid of want, and wild with care?  
Repentance leads the mourner home,  
To find a friend and father there. — ANON.

THE following letter treats of a subject which has often suggested itself to my mind, as it must do to every humane and reflecting inhabitant of this metropolis; and without any further preliminary observation, I shall present it to my readers.

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

*Sir,*

I have drunk deep of the cup of affliction, and it is from

time and religion alone that I look for relief. But I am disposed, sir, to hope, that, by unfolding this sad tale to you, it may afford you an opportunity of giving advice to others who may have relatives in a state of misfortune similar to her's whose memory now pierces my heart, and, by pointing out how she might have been spared much of her sufferings, confer a benefit on social life. But it will be ne-

cessary for me to communicate some previous account of my family and myself.

At the age of fifteen, I went to Bombay with a person who promised to provide for me there. He was my godfather, and had very generously assisted in my education. My father was a reputable shopkeeper in a distant county town; but he died when I was only four years old, and, with an infant sister, was left to the care of my mother, who, in an early time of her widowhood, married her shopman, a circumstance that rendered my life completely miserable. My proposed voyage to India would, therefore, have been one of the most desirable things in the world, if the reflection, that I must part from my sister had not embittered it. Unhappy in our parents, we had confided our little afflictions to each other; and any pleasures within our reach were only enjoyed when we enjoyed them together. Our separation, therefore, was a scene of agony to us both.

I shall not trouble you with an account of my voyage, the particulars of which have nothing to do with my story. The most interesting circumstance was the kindness of my protector. Unlike those, of whom there are too many, who promise but to deceive, his word was the truth, his heart humane and benevolent, and his actions proceeded from the purest principles of honour and integrity. He lost no time on our arrival in India, in placing me in a commercial situation, where, by care and attention, I might gain a very comfortable maintenance; though without any of those golden prospects

which that country has presented to adventurers thither. In a few years my friend fell a sacrifice to the heat of the climate; but he did not forget his friendship to me at his death, as he left me a thousand pounds.

With the aid of this money and my own assiduity, but not with that ease with which wealth is generally supposed to be acquired in the Eastern world, I gained twenty thousand pounds. This accumulation of fortune, which to me was no small one, I determined to enjoy in my own country; and I indulged in the pleasing hope, that my sister, if she were alive, would share it with me; though I had my apprehensions on the subject, as several years had passed away since I had received any answers to the occasional letters which I had written to my friends in England.

My returning voyage was favourable; and during the course of it my fancy was continually amusing me with the happiness I should enjoy in my native place, when established there among my early friends and playmates in ease and independence. In this picture my sister was always the principal figure; and as I left her a delightful little girl, I had now transformed her into a charming and lovely woman.

I no sooner arrived in England, than I hastened with a sleepless eagerness to the place which had given me birth: but the nearer I approached it, my spirits lowered, and a kind of despondency, which I never felt before, prevailed, as I drew nearer to the place on which I had rested as the scene of all my future comforts. When I entered

the town, its appearance seemed to me changed, as I thought, and not for the better; and the weather, which had been fine throughout my journey, became cloudy and lowering. When I stopped at my mother's house, I was surprised to see the shop turned into that of an apothecary. As I got out of the chaise, the church clock struck twelve; and though it sounded in my ears like the voice of an old friend, it did not seem to comfort me. On enquiry, I heard that my mother was dead, and that my father-in-law had quitted the place. I begged permission to walk in the garden, where I saw the old grass-plot, the scene of my infant gambols, cut and carved into a variety of shapes, and planted with shrubs and flowers. I walked to the old elm at the bottom, where I had carved my sister Anna's and my own name. I then, in a mood as melancholy as when I left the place, proceeded to call on several of its inhabitants whom I formerly knew. Many of them were no more, some were bent with age, and others were pining with sorrow. Of the few who were in a state to recognize their old acquaintance, part looked at me with astonishment, as if I had risen from the dead; and part as one whom they were to court with a cringing respect. How different was this from the reception which my fancy had formed! and, to close the succession of my disappointments, I was told of the general belief, that my sister was dead; and that she had abandoned herself to a miserable state of prostitution in London, according to the late accounts any body had received of her in the country. The

humane will judge of my feelings on the occasion, and as I write for persons of that character, I shall not describe them.

After the repose of a few hours, I bade adieu to a place, which I have seen for the last time, and went immediately to London, where I endeavoured to forget my sorrows among the pleasures with which it abounds; and one evening, as I was passing along the Strand, I was accosted by a wretched female, in a tone so feeble that she could scarcely be heard, and who in the endeavour to stop me, by seizing my coat, fell prostrate at my feet. Compassion induced me to raise her up; as she appeared to be actually expiring, I attempted to take her into a shop which happened to be open, but met with a most severe rebuke from the woman of the house for venturing to introduce such an abominable creature into it. I, however, had the means of calming her anger, and, at length, she was persuaded to assist me in conveying her into a back room, where proper assistance was procured to restore her.

It was some time before she discovered any symptoms of life. At length she was capable of expressing her acknowledgments to those around her.—“If, sir,” said she, “you have daughters or sisters, may they reward your goodness, and never feel the horrors which I have experienced!”—At the name of sister a kind of foreboding shudder seized me. I then tried to sooth her, and enquired to whom I could send.—“Alas! sir,” said she, “I have not a friend in the world. In my early days I had a brother, and he may have forgotten

me: though, indeed, I am no longer worthy of his remembrance. It is many years since I have heard of him: he went to India, and perhaps may be in a better world: and if so, I am not in a state to meet him there; for it is my faults, more than my miseries, that oppress me now."—"What was his name?" I wildly exclaimed; when she answered, "*George Goodman*."—"O my dear Anna," I replied, "and is it thus we meet? Behold him that brother, who still lives, and will, if it pleases Heaven, restore you to health, to virtue, and to happiness."—She fainted on hearing my words, and I thought at the moment, that her afflicted soul had taken its flight forever. She, however, recovered; and, though so many years and so much sorrow had intervened, I could trace the features of my little Anna, and enough yet remained, to prove that she had been very beautiful. At length she said, "My dear George, how I am humbled, and to what am I reduced! But as a brother has forgiven me on earth, may I not trust in the mercy of a Father which is in heaven?" I desired her to compose herself, and to rest assured, that nothing should be left undone by me to restore her to health and happiness.

She was very weak, as might well be supposed, when it is known that a small loaf of bread and the water of the pumps in the streets had been her sole sustenance for three days. The woman of the house was now induced to give her a bed, and a physician was called in, who gave but little hope of her recovery. It appeared to him, that disease and trouble

had worn out a frame no longer able to sustain either. She remained quiet during the following day, and, appearing to be a little better in the evening, I suffered her to speak of her situation, which she seemed very anxious to do. It was occasionally interrupted by her feelings; but this was the purport of her melancholy story.

Her home growing daily more and more uncomfortable from her mother's and father-in-law's treatment of her, she determined to go to service, and received a recommendation, which she then, poor girl, thought a fortunate one, to wait on a lady of fashion in London. The late hours of the family occasioned very frequent *tête-à-têtes* with my lord's valet. He appeared to be superior to the generality of servants; and, at length, obtained her promise to marry him, as soon as he had saved sufficient to enable him to maintain her. She believed all he said, and acknowledged in return her affection for him. Of this he took the most treacherous advantage, and, by stratagem and opportunity, at length seduced her. Soon after he went abroad with his lord, where he was dismissed, and she has never since seen or even heard of him.—"But," she added, "I forgive him. He alone possessed my heart; though I hope that it is my religion, and not my love, that is his advocate."

When her lady discovered her situation, she was instantly ordered to quit the house. The whole of her savings she expended during her confinement; but fortunately the child died, and when her health was sufficiently re-established, she endeavoured to procure another

service; but a character was necessary to recommend her, and that she could not obtain. At length, the woman with whom she lodged persuaded her to receive the proposals of a gentleman; and when he left her, she got into the clutches of one of those abandoned women who live by the misery and ruin of the most unfortunate of their own sex, and common prostitution closed the scene. Death, she said, she had often prayed for, unfit as she was to meet it. But her request, she trusted, had in mercy been denied her, that her dear George might close her eyes, and calm the anguish of her departing spirit.

She lingered on for some weeks, patient, penitent, and resigned; and blamed no one for the ills that had befallen her. She said, indeed, that the heaviest of them would have been prevented, if her mother would have received her, which she might have done without imputation, as her misfortune was not then known; or if her lady, who knew her story, and rather appeared to pity her, would have condescended to give her a character. She solemnly declared her abhorrence of vice, and that many unhappy women, like herself, might be saved, if less rigour was exercised towards them on their first error. She died in my arms, and, after having blessed me for my fraternal kindness, and taken a most affecting farewell of me, she expressed her perfect confidence in the mercy of Heaven, and closed her eyes for ever. She has, however, left me the consoling reflection of having afforded her comfort in her last days:—days, though of painful remembrance, yet, I hope, they were not passed unprofitably to myself,

as, from her pious and religious conversations, I have acquired a more serious turn of mind than I ever before experienced, and the fruit of which will, I trust, prove of lasting advantage to me.

As I reflect, Mr. Spectator, on the unhappy fate of my lamented sister, I am inclined to believe, and I wish to be informed, if your sentiments coincide with mine, that the helpless young women whose minds are not naturally depraved, and ~~from~~ hope are, who are drawn aside by too much sensibility or confidence in their seducers, might on their first offence, if penitent, become respectable members of society, if they were not deserted by their own family, or tortured with reproaches by those to whose kindness they apply as friends: and though they certainly ought to be made sensible of their offences, yet, surely, they should be treated with mildness, and, if they manifest a real disposition to return to a virtuous life, should be free from insult or upbraidings. Abstracted from what must be considered as a religious duty, it is sound policy to encourage any means of checking the growth of vice, and turning the offender from the error of his way.

Woman, in the language of the immortal poet, is "Heaven's last, best work;" and, without enlarging upon the comforts which social man receives from her kindness and affection in the journey of life, it is a leading duty, first to protect her from error, and then, if she should unwillingly swerve, to lead her back to virtue. I am

Your obedient, humble servant,

GEORGE GOODMAN.

# NAPOLEON AGONISTES:

## A FRAGMENT OF A MELO-DRAME.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Apollyon.  
 Napoleon.  
 King of Rome.  
 King Joseph.  
 King Jerome.  
 King Joachim.  
 Mother Goose (the part kindly volun-  
 teered by Mr. James Madison).  
 First Gander, Mr. Hull.  
 Second Gander, Mr. Wilkinson.  
 Third Gander, Mr. Dearborn.  
 Fourth Gander, Mr. Harrison.  
 Governor of Hamburgh.  
 The Cardinal Primate.  
 The Prince de la Moskwa.

Dukes of Tarentum and Belluno.  
 Rouston.  
 Head Nurse to the King of Rome.  
 Miss Platoff.  
 Miss Patterson.  
 Attendant Nurses, Aid-de-Camps, &c.  
 Dance of the Conservative Senate.  
*Grand Scene-Shifters*, Messrs. Schwartz-  
 enberg, Blucher, and Bernadotte.  
*Dressers*, Messrs. Wittgenstein, Von  
 Yorck, Wrede, Kleist, Winzingerode,  
 Wurtemberg, Thielmann, &c. and  
 their Assistants.  
*Machinists*, Messrs. Talleyrand, Bour-  
 nonville, Jaucour, &c.

### SCENE 1.—*Road from Moscow.*

Enter ROUSTAN, booted and spurred.

SONG.—Gallopping dreary Dun.

A MASTER I have, and I am his man,  
 Gallopping dreary dun;  
 We're running away as fast as we can,  
 Gallopping dreary dun.  
 With my gamboraily, none so gaily,  
 From Tchernicheff, Tchitchagoff,  
 Lest they should twitch us off,  
 Midst all the jeers and scoffs  
 Of all the other offs—  
 By Mahomet, we're both undone!  
 I saddled his steed as fleet as the wind,  
 Gallopping, &c.  
 He was off in a trice, without looking  
 behind.  
 Quoth I, 'Tis high time to run.  
 With my gamboraily, none so gaily,  
 There's the devil and all to pay,  
 Victor, Macdonald, Ney,  
 Marmont, and Mortier,  
 Scampering all away,  
 Après sa majesté,  
 Draggle-tail'd dreary dun.  
 No. LXVII. Fol. XII.

I fear all our trophies will do us no good,  
 Gallopping, &c.  
 Here we all are astray, like the babes in  
 the wood,

Gallopping, &c.  
 With my gamboraily, none so gaily,  
 Here's Yorck, Kleist, and Sacken  
 Will send us all packing;  
 Platoff, Winzingerode,  
 All are upon the road,  
 Muscovite, Swede, and Hun.

### SCENE continued.

Enter the Prince de la Moskwa and the  
 Dukes of TARENTUM and BELLUNO.

### GLEE.

We be soldiers three,  
 Pardonnez moi, je vous en prie.

We be marshals three  
 (Misericorde, je vous en prie),  
 Running away from the north countrie,  
 With the devil a drummer to follow.  
 "Charge 'em again, boys, charge 'em  
 again!"  
 "Pardonnez nous," reply our men,



For our emperor has no more heart than  
a hen,  
And we are beaten quite, hollow."

SCENE 2.—*Russia.*

Enter Miss PLATOFF from a Tent.

AIR.—Nobody coming to marry me.

Last night the dogs did bark,  
I look'd from the tent to see;  
And there was a brisk young spark  
With the head of little N. B.  
Oh! what have you caught, my love,  
And oh! what is it I view?  
'Tis a sweet pretty bauble I've brought,  
my love,  
As a wedding present for you.  
My father's a fighting old Tartar,  
I'm a damsel so fair and so free;  
I hold myself ready to barter  
For the head of little N. B.  
Oh! what have you, &c.

SCENE 3.—*The Thuilleries.*

VAUDEVILLE, by a *Poissarde*.

AIR.—At the Baron of Mowbray's.

At the barrier gate was huddled in  
An emperor king in a sack;  
He hugg'd and he kiss'd his empress  
queen,  
For joy to get safe back,  
His sword was bright, for he dar'd not  
fight,  
And he sung this merry lay:—  
"How jollily lives an imperial knight,  
"He brags and he runs away!"  
"I own I turn'd pale, and my courage  
did quail,  
"When the Tartars appear'd in view;  
"When the pikes advanc'd, and the sa-  
bres glanc'd,  
"I felt in a piteous stew.  
"Stand firm as a wall, my merry men all,  
"I'll return and join the fray;  
"So I slipp'd aside, and off I hied,  
"And left them to slash away."

The empress heard, with sore surprise,  
Her recreant lord thus sing;  
A flash of scorn burst forth from her eyes,  
And she turn'd on her heel with a fling:  
"And didst thou plight thy honour bright,  
"Thy merry men to betray?  
"Get out of my sight, thou loathly wight,  
"Thou dastardly runaway!"

SCENE 4.—*America—Congress Cham-  
ber at Washington.*

Members tumultuously assembled.

Enter MOTHER GOOSE, in deep mourn-  
ing, the golden commercial Egg borne  
before her, addled; her train sup-  
ported by four Ganders, plucked and  
basted by English Cooks.

AIR.—*Mother Goose.*

Goosy Gander.

Goosy, Goosy Gander,  
Where did my wits wander?  
Why did I cackle so  
In the Congress chamber?

*Semi-Chorus of Members.*

Oh! Jemmy Madison,  
Betake thee to thy prayers;  
For we'll take thee by the left leg,  
We'll take thee by the right leg,  
We'll take thee by the both legs,  
And kick thee down stairs.

AIR.—*Mother Goose.*

Goosy, Goosy Gander,  
I laugh'd at right and candour;  
I sold myself to Nap for pelf,  
And turn'd ambitious pander:  
Where now is Nap?  
In Blucher's trap;  
And Hetman Platoff swears,  
He'll slit his ears and nose, sir,  
And dress him in old clothes, sir,  
To fright away the crows, sir:  
This comes of boasting airs.

*Chorus.*

Mighty commander,  
Thou art a very gander;  
Thou shouldst have kept thy fools at  
home,  
And kept thy tongue from slander.  
Oh! Jemmy Madison, &c.

SCENE 5.—*Baltimore.*

Enter the King of WESTPHALIA, in a pair of tattered trowsers; stops before the door of Miss Patterson.

*Recitative.*

Relent, my injur'd dear, my Yankee beauty!

Lo! Jerry Sneak returns to love and duty:

But if thy sire's relentless doors are barr'd, Chuck me out sixpence, or 'tis very hard!

*Air—The Willow Tree.*

Oh! take me to your arms, my love,

For I've no where else to go!

I'm return'd from war's alarms, my love,

As bare as brother Joe.

I've lost my throne, my honour's blown,

My queen has jilted me;

I've nought to do but sponge on you,

Or go again to sea.

(Miss PATTERSON looks out of the garret window.)

*Recitative, con furia.*

I chuck thee sixpence? I will see thee d——d first,

Wretch! that could'st dub thy lawful child a bastard!

Faithless, ungrateful reprobate! degraded, Pitiful outcast!

(Shuts the window.)

BALLAD.

JEROME.—*The Cabin-Boy.*

I learn'd to row, and reef, and steer,

On board a country hoy;

And thus commenc'd my high career,

An awkward cabin-boy.

Promoted to a queen and throne,

I jump'd for very joy;

And left at Baltimore to moan,

My wedded wife and boy.

But, ah! that throne is now no more,

I'm out of all employ;

I am but what I was before,

A dirty cabin-boy.

SCENE 6.—*Paris—the Imperial Nursery.*

King of ROME asleep under a canopy supported by trophies.—Head Nurse and Assistants.

Air, NURSE.—*Lullaby, Baby.*

Lullaby, King of Rome,

Sleep like a top;

Dad says he's coming home,

Platoff to stop.

But should the Hetman

Get first to our wall,

Down tumbles baby,

Kingdom, and all.

King of ROME, disturbed in his sleep, shrieks out—

"Oh! dear! oh! dear! papa's tumbled from his hobby-horse and broken his neck."——Wakes, and grasps violently at his crown and rattle.

*Recitative—Nurse.*

Prophetic visions daunt the royal boy!

Haste, sisters, haste, and tune his soul to joy!

In dreams of glory steep his every sense, And sing the heav'nly powers of eloquence!

GLEE—When Arthur first.

When first the King of Rome began

To leave off hanging sleeves,

His guards of honour he review'd,

And most of them were thieves.

Arm'd cap-a-pie, appeared he,

At his window that fac'd the street;

And the curtain hid the leading strings

That held him up on his feet.

Shoulder your arms! the serjeants cry;

Loud roll'd the signal drums;

And the band struck up right gallantly,

"See the conqu'ring hero comes!"

The captains all they louted low

Before the state balcony;

The royal babe for joy 'gan crow,

And threw them diavoloni.

Largesse! proclaim the heralds loud,

And shouts of joy forth break;

Then silence aw'd the list'ning crowd,

As the king essay'd to speak.

He laid his hand on his wooden sword,

And shook his silver rattle;

And told them a story of cock-horses' glory,

Sugar-candy, drums, trumpets, and

• battle.

" My pretty mamma shall coax papa,  
 " To buy me a new tin gun ;  
 " And I'll go and surprise those naughty  
     allies,  
 " And shoot them every one."  
 " Thou Mars of the age," quoth each  
     leader sage ;  
 All stood in mute amaze ;  
 The people admir'd, the cannon fir'd,  
 And Paris seem'd all in a blaze.  
 King is gradually composed to sleep ;  
 the crown and rattle drop from his hand,  
 and are broken.

SCENE 7.—*Hamburgh.*

Enter the GOVERNOR.

BALLAD,

*Sung by the Governor of Hamburgh,*  
*Accompanied by SFRÈNE's musical Starling.*  
 —See *Tristram Shandy*.

AIR.—My Harp alone, from Rohetz.

My master is a connoisseur  
 At any butcher work ;  
 And I a cut-throat staunch and sure  
 As Moor, Malay, or Turk.  
 His foresight passeth all compare,  
 I cannot doubt ;  
 But wish he had not plac'd me where  
 I can't get out.  
 Great Satan ! we, to humour thee,  
 Have burnt full many a church ;  
 Yet, Satan dear, I've cause to fear  
 Thou'st left us in the lurch.  
 My master's credit's grown but small,  
 His troops in rout,  
 He cannot get within his wall ;  
 I can't get out.  
 Against me came, with soul of flame,  
 The stout Prince Bernadotte ;  
 And Sir Thomas the Græme of knightly  
     fame,  
 With many a stalwart Scot.  
 I hardly knew my foes from friends,  
 Though erst so stout ;  
 For my valour and arts at my fingers  
     ends  
 Were quozing out.  
 But courage ! quoth I ; my master's  
     nigh,  
 And he'll be here ere long :

And I grew more bold ; for though  
     rough and old,  
 I saw that the walls were strong.  
 How then mean time to fill my skin,  
 I cast about ;  
 For corn no longer could get in,  
 Nor I get out.  
 Now the bourgeois is a reptile low,  
 For conqueror's uses born ;  
 His proper calling is to grow,  
 Not gormandize his corn.  
 Was it my duty to maintain  
 Each greedy lout ?  
 How then to act ? The way was plain—  
 Why, turn 'em out !  
 I sat like my master on a throne,  
 And ap'd his gracious smile ;  
 And I made 'em a speech just like his  
     own  
 In substance and in style.  
 " Burghers ! prove worthy of your sires ;  
 " Be bold and stout !  
 " Your emperor's destiny requires  
 " We should hold out."  
 " The emperor's genius, all sublime,  
 " Hath deem'd this measure best ;  
 " Six days I grant ye ample time  
 " To do this small behest.  
 " Provide good cheer for half a year,  
 " Smok'd beef and kroust ;  
 " Else, lest ye breed a famine here,  
 " Burghers ! get out !"  
 Out then and spake an aged wight,  
 As he knelt upon his knee,  
 And well one night arcad his plight  
 By the tear-drop in his e'e.  
 " I have no more than six week's store,  
 Or thereabout ;  
 So ere I'm shot at my own door  
 I'd best get out.  
 " But, for that household stuff is dear,  
 And, to buy, would break my heart,  
 Oh ! grant me, to transport my gear,  
 One little market cart."  
 " My commissaire will play thee fair,  
 I make no doubt ;  
 So leave the chattels to his care,  
 And get thee out."  
 " Well, sith it must be so," quoth he,  
 I dare no more gainsay ;

Yet grant to me small rations three,  
To feed me on my way."  
I heard with rage and high disdain  
Th' audacious flout ;  
Scarce could my angry toe refrain  
To spurn him out.

" Traître au Grand Napoleon !  
Peste ! dar'st thou caw for meat ?  
Art yet to learn his men alone  
Possess the right to eat ?  
Allez vous en ! with brats and wives,  
Ye rabble rout !  
Imperial mercy spares your lives—  
'Sblood, get ye out !"

" Yet now, ye bantlings, with your sires,  
Depriv'd of bread and home ;  
Ye matrons, from your kitchen fires  
Compell'd abroad to roam ;  
Ye maids, adrift, some with one shift,  
And some without ;  
I'd pawn my plate to buy your fate,  
I can't get out !"

SCENE 8.—*Paris.*

Enter King JOSEPH and VALET.

*Val.* My duty, please your highness,  
bids me speak ;  
And sooth to say, so sudden a departure  
May give licentious scope to jeering  
tongues.

*Jos.* Long service, and that same ple-  
beian gift  
Which men call honesty, hath giv'n,  
methinks,  
A marvellous scope to thine. Go to,  
Sir Valet,  
And know thy duty better ; know be-  
sides,  
Firm as Olympos' base our purpose  
stands :

Know better, too, our motives, which  
t'impart  
Is matchless condescension ; and as such  
Should be receiv'd by thee in humblest  
silence.

Thinks't thou, poor fool, that fear can  
weigh with us,  
Sole conqueror of the mighty Welling-  
ton ?

'Tis that our dignity brooks ill the  
thought  
To wait, and be like kitchen-pilfering cur  
Kick'd ignominious hence ; nay, worse,  
perhaps,

To kick our royal heels aloft in air  
Like pendent cut-throat ; for this soul  
forebodes  
Such are the dev'lish schemes of Alex-  
ander.

Was it for this on red Vittoria's plain—  
*Val.* My liege, I was not there. "

*Jos.* We know thou wast not ; !  
We left thee at Bayonne. But hadst  
thou seen

How on that day with this dread single  
arm

We turn'd the heady current of the  
fight,

And drove whole thousands headlong to  
the sea,

Thou wouldst have better weigh'd those  
potent motives

Which actuate a hero's soul. Go, then,  
And let the trusty vehicle await us  
Within an hour ; select from all our  
stud

The fleetest steeds, and from our royal  
cellar

Twelve bottles of our choicest *vin Bar-*  
*sac.*

But mark me well ! on thy allegiance,  
fellow,

Bruit not my purpose to the simple mob :  
Their well-meant zeal might else escort  
us hence

With tears and plaudits ; and thereby  
distress us.

Our kingly moderation liketh not  
These pageants of brief popularity.

*Val.* My liege—

*Jos.* Speak boldly, man : I think thee  
faithful.

*Val.* Counts then your majesty as naught  
Our veteran garrison ? Brave, disciplin'd—

*Jos.* Tut, tut ! the relics of the *Moscow*  
frost,

With half a nose a piece ; and some with  
none ;

And not one set of toes and fingers perfect.

*Val.* What of our thirty thousand lad  
of Paris,

A force as yet unbroken?

*Jos.* Raw recruits.

*Val.* But ev'n these raw recruits, led  
to the charge

By that dread single arm which at Vitoria—

*Jos.* Death! hell! and furies! dost  
thou mock me, rascal?

*Val.* Dread sovereign, I presum'd but  
to repeat

Your majesty's own words.

*Jos.* Infernal traitor,

I'll thrust them down thy throat—

[Draws, and in pursuing the Valet meets  
the Cook coming in.]

My Friandeau!

'Tis ever thus. In anger or in sorrow,  
Thy shining kitchen face, thy snow-  
white apron,

And goodly bill of fare, have still the  
pow'r

To cheer these eyes, and to my clouded  
soul

Bring back the sunshine of complacency.

*Cook.* An't please your highness,  
shall I dress to-day,

With sauce piquante, that quarter of  
house lamb,

To match the turkey-poults?

*Jos.* (Starting). Oh! woe is me!

*Cook.* Princess Zenaide was wont to  
love it thus.

*Jos.* Her plump and rosy looks bear  
testimony

To thy unceasing care; yet—oh! my  
heart!—

*Cook.* Your majesty seems indispos'd  
at stomach;

If so, a quail, or some such lighter dish,  
Might better—

*Jos.* Turkey I, nor luscious quail  
Shall touch on this sad morn. Oh! good  
my Cook,

I go sudden, but a long, long journey:  
*Cook.* we must part; and at that sadden-  
ing thought

A gushing flood of tenderness unmans me:

For thou alone, my faithful, humble  
friend,

Hast still to me been kind and comfortable.  
No busy blustering aid du camp art thou,  
Clamorous for orders; no ill-omen'd  
courier,

Palsying my senses with his long blank  
face,

And bugbear tales of Cossacks, Calmucks,  
Croats.

The cares of empire and disastrous war  
Have failed as yet to crush my soul, up-  
held

By thy sweet unobtrusive ministry,  
Which, constant still on each revolving  
day,

With balmy influence gave me second  
life,

"And screw'd my courage to the sticking  
place."

There's gold for thee—be prudent. Thou  
mayst thrive

A plump *restaurateur*; whilst I, alas!—

But truce to tears. There is a time for  
all things.

One service more I ask: bear to my chaise  
That monument of thy unrivall'd art,  
The pye of Perigord; bear with it too  
The ham of Westphaly.

*Cook.* The last of those  
King Jerome sent unto your majesty!  
There's but one left. *Jos.* The same.  
Now fare thee well!

[Exit Cook.]

Yes, dear memorial of a brother's love,  
An exil'd brother. I'll not leave thee here,  
Bath'd with my parting tears, to be en-  
gulf'd,

All unresisting, in some Tartar's maw.  
No, I'll obey the donor's will, and eat thee,  
Though retrospection sad mar every mor-  
sel.

Alas, poor Jerome! unsuspecting he  
Corded that hamper with his royal hands,  
Which bore thy luscious freight. In ten  
short hours

The spoilers came, and drove him trem-  
bling forth,

A houseless wanderer, as I soon must be.

SONG.—King JOSEPH.

Oh! had I been by fate decreed  
Some thriving British swain,  
To shear my sheep, my calves to feed  
On Lincoln's fenny plain;

I might have rear'd the fattest geese  
In all the country round,  
Have eaten my roast beef in peace,  
And every night slept sound.

My only speeches then had been  
At vestry to my neighbours;  
Squabbles 'bout game and petty tithes,  
My only hostile labours.

O Sancho! I can feel for thee,  
When Rezeo's magic wand  
Made each tid bit successive quit  
Thy eager, grasping hand.

For Wellesley he, without a fee,  
Provided for my health;  
Each bit I eat, in my retreat,  
Was gobbled down in stealth.

When in my city of Madrid,  
At breakfast I was seated,  
With butter'd rolls, and chocolate  
Just nicely froth'd and heated,

A revel rout of roaring blades  
Came dashing through the town,  
Ere I had time to cool my cup,  
Or gulp one mouthful down.

No ollas rich, no kid well fed,  
Regaled my hungry maw,  
But mouldy ammunition bread,  
Chick peas, and onions raw.

No Xeres wine, or sweetmeats fine,  
My drooping heart to raise,  
But Wyndham's leaden sugar-plums  
Came whistling thro' my chaise.

No siesta he allowed to me  
In Buen Retiro's bowers,  
He said that wholesome exercise  
Would brace my stomach's powers.

I would I'd acted on the plan  
Of Lucien, happy dog!  
The only man among our clan  
Who's sure of constant prog.

Oh! were I near his country seat,  
His pity might prevail,  
To grant me now and then a treat  
Of British beef and ale.

But hark! I hear alarms near,  
Like rolling thunder's peal,  
Perhaps I may not live to eat  
Another quiet meal.

Enter an AID DU CAMP.

SONG and DIALOGUE.—The Campbells are coming.

*Aid du Camp.* The Austrians are crossing  
at Meaux, at Meaux,  
The Austrians are crossing at Meaux,  
Their loud rub-a-dubbing  
Betokens a drubbing,  
Be quick with your orders, King Joe!

Enter a 2d AID DU CAMP.

*2d Aid du Camp.* The Prussians are coming,  
King Joe, King Joe!  
With Blucher, your brother's old foe:  
The emp'ror's not partial  
We know to the marshal,  
He makes but a word and a blow.

Enter a crowd of POISSARDES.

*Poissardes.* The Russians are coming,  
King Joe, King Joe!  
To pay off the scores of Moscow.  
They'll burn without pity  
Our beautiful city,  
And smoke us like hornets, King Joe!

Enter several CITIZENS.

*Citizens.* The Cossacks are coming,  
oh, woe! oh, woe!  
The Cossacks are coming, oh, woe!  
They'll roast us a straddle  
Betwixt horse and saddle—  
Arm, arm, and protect us, King Joe!

Enter a COURIER.

*Courier.* The English are coming!  
*King Joseph.* Oddso! oddso!  
*Courier.* Red hot with the grape of  
Bordeaux.

*Poissardes.* Bull, sober or mellow,  
Is a desperate fellow,  
He'll toss us and gore us, King Joe!

*All.* Oh, stay and defend us! *King Joseph.* Oh, no! oh, no!  
My fix'd resolution's to go;  
I've no inclination  
To keep my high station,  
And wait to be shot like a crow.

SCENE 9.—*Fontainebleau.*

Enter *APOLLYON*, reading Napoleon's Abdication.

*Apollyon.* When first thou took'st possession of thy throne,  
Folks said, that thou hadst my luck and thy own \*;  
Nay, there were doctors who appear'd to know,  
That thou wast nothing less than my bye-blow.  
Our names not much unlike; the same our natures;  
And some ev'n traced resemblance in our features.—  
I heard thee without shame proclaim'd my heir,  
While thou and thine gay bold-fac'd villains were,  
And kept the world in constant fear and motion—  
At least, I did not contradict the notion.  
But since in some poor nook, thou dastard elf,  
Thou'lt live on alms, and hoard up sordid pelf,  
Let brother Mammon own thee, if he will:  
Thou rule an empire!—rather rob a till!  
I must confess I never found thee shy,  
When braver men were to be risk'd to die;  
But now the rod's in pickle for *thy* back,  
No ass so tame, no dunghill bird so slack.  
Yet after all, to do the fellow right,  
He serv'd me well both morning, noon,  
and night:  
And since with us a settlement he's gain'd,  
And from our rates henceforth must be maintain'd,  
And since the rogue will stick to his old sport,  
And ev'n in h—ll, will be for holding court,

\* See the old proverb applicable to gentlemen whose good fortune exceeds their honesty.

We'll e'en provide a mansion large and new,  
Spacious enough to harbour the whole crew.  
Mean time, as I must keep him in my eye,

I'll look him out some snug abode hard by.  
Let's see—there's Elba has a pleasant air;

I often call to trade for sulphur theret;  
'Tis near my principal Sicilian shop;  
We overlook it from the chimney-top:  
And when in state I visit his abode,  
My imps can take the *Ætna* turnpike-road;

Or if, incog. I tilburize it from below,  
I'll take the short cross-country cut by *Strombolo*.

But here he comes—I'll not betray my huff:

Poor lad! he surely seems chop-fall'n enough.

Enter *NAPOLEON*.

*Nap.* Here's a pretty come down,  
From my sceptre and crown!

*Ap.* But, sirrah! 'twas I sav'd your bacon:

So trust your old crony,

My dear little Boney,

And depend on't, you'll not be mistaken.

*Nap.* Oh! those bull-dogs that live in the island!

That curs'd little termagant island!

*Ap.* Come, my dear fellow, come,

You shall ne'er want a home,

As you often have done upon dry land,  
While I have an inch left in *my* land.

Think, when you sneak'd off  
From the bold *Kutusoff*,

Who sweated and slav'd as your carrier;

While *Platoff* behind,

As fleet as the wind,

Stuck close to your brush like a terrier.

Remember who brought you to dry land,

When you fled from the tars of the island,

When you skulk'd from the Nile

In that glorious style—

*Nap.* I confess, 'twas revising to spy land.

† One of its principal productions.

*Ap.* But, egad, I must go  
To prepare things below,  
For you'll take the best rooms in our city :  
Now let's think of a place,  
Since you can't shew your face—  
I have it ! I'm sure it will fit ye.  
'Tis Elba, that sweet little island,  
Within hail of your own native island ;  
'Tis a snug little place  
To conceal your disgrace ;  
You'll be better off there than on dry  
land.

As in spite of your boast,  
You have found to your cost,  
No place is so safe as an island—  
Quick, be off ! make your peace,  
And get Elba on lease,  
Till I've furbish'd your chambers in my  
land.  
Come, come, 'tis a snug little island,  
You'll be better off there than on dry  
land ;

'Tis a rare skulking-place  
To conceal your disgrace ;  
You may live like a king in your island.  
Now your lion-skin's slit,  
And there's not left a bit  
To conceal your true ass's complexion,  
You may graze at your ease,  
As long as you please,  
They'll not make the smallest objection ;  
In clover you'll live in your island,  
There's choice both of moist and of dry  
land.

'Tis a rare skulking-place, &c.

And do not despair  
Of amusement when there ;  
For tho' you've no men to destroy, sir,  
You may ring your own hogs,  
And cross your own dogs,  
These are pastimes that never can cloy,  
sir.  
You may kill all the calves in your island,  
Or whip all the boys in the island,  
Impale all the frogs you can find in the  
bogs,  
And live the Jack Ketch of the island.

For less active delights,  
For the long winter nights,  
*No. LXVII. Vol. XII.*

A choice set of books shall be there, sir :  
God's revenge against murder,  
My own life, and further,  
The works of my fav'rite Voltaire, sir :  
You'll have time to grow wise in your  
island,

'Tis a quiet retir'd little island,  
'Tis a place very charming  
For reading and farming,  
Abounding with lowland and highland.  
But should the joys grow flat,  
Don't despair for all that,  
You've still choice of employment at  
home :

There's your consort to kick, •  
And your servants to lick,  
And to flagellate poor little Rome.  
You may kick up a dust in your island,  
As you often have done upon dry land ;  
And when you have made it a hell upon  
earth,  
You'll be still the more welcome to my  
land.

NAPOLÉON solus.

" For me and for my family,"  
As the poet well doth say,  
" I've claim'd their hearing patiently"  
Thro' Caulaincourt and Ney.

I'm glad I've got within my nest,  
The Austrian eagle's egg ;  
For I'm grown too lazy now to work,  
And far too proud to beg.

As a princess cannot feed on scraps,  
Or be lighted with candles' ends,  
I may get a decent sum perhaps  
Through the interest of her friends.

Tho' Ney has promised for the rest  
A handsome word to speak,  
I don't expect they'll get at best  
'Bove half-a-crown a week.

I must help them out with cheese and  
bread :—

'Tis a woeful tumble down,  
From a golden crown on every head,  
To live on half a crown.

Ourself will fill a good arm-chair,  
As becometh well our station ;  
For sooth to say, imperial fare  
Hath giv'n us a corporation.



From thence we still can rule the roast,  
Despotic as a Turk,  
And see that each is at his post,  
'And takes his share of' work.

But Letty will be past her work,  
So she is out of the question,  
'The parish may take care of her—  
Faith! that's a bright suggestion.

For as to duty and parents' claims,  
They 're only old wives' themes;  
My friends must work if they would eat:  
So now for other schemes.

My sisters have had a famous rest  
For the last eleven year,  
But they can't have forgot to boil the pot,  
Or brew the table-beer.

Louis was always apt to shirk,  
He is but a sniveling chap,  
Yet he'll let alone what's not his own,  
So I'll give him the key of the tap.

My brother Joe can cook I know,  
And that would save some pelf;  
But then he's such a guttling hound,  
He'll clear the dish himself.

The gardens of my friend Borghese  
Have famous been of old,  
So he may raise the cabbages,  
And trench the garden mould.

A little scrub we must maintain  
To clean the knives and shoes,  
Ay! Jerry's my man for a dirty job,  
I know he'll not refuse.

I can't be secure with Caulaincourt,  
My business no more needs him,  
He's a savage dog, and must wear a clog,  
Or he'll bite the hand that feeds him:

But since his secret practices  
Procur'd me much enjoyment,  
And as he'll be hang'd if home he hies,  
I'll find him some employment.

An attorney I know in Ajaccio,  
That I long since cut the connection,  
I remember when I stole a hen,  
He sav'd me from detection.

To him my friend I'll recommend,  
And strain a point to wheedle,

His parts and face would aptly grace  
The post of bridewell beadle.

He might help it out by little jobs  
In his usual cut-throat way,  
Train fighting cocks, knock down an ox,  
Or carry a butcher's tray.

And since in all my bloody works  
I've found him a bully rock,  
From my privy purse I'll enough disburse  
To buy him a new blue frock.

But hold! the lawyer ten to one,  
If I play my cards with sense,  
May help to do for Louis too,  
And save me his expence.

When I chose him my grand constable,  
He made but a sorry figure,  
But if chosen as a petty one,  
He may act with greater vigour.

We can make a shift without him,  
Till Rome is older grown,  
The Loy will soon be sharp enough,  
To draw the beer alone.

I shall not be surpris'd, if my present  
spouse  
To follow should not chuse;  
And 'tis very well known, I can't sleep  
alone,  
For fear of the bugaboos.

So if she cuts, old Josephine  
Must join the family party:  
Tho' not in the bloom of sweet eighteen,  
She still is stout and hearty.

Habit is strong, and perhaps ere long  
I may come to words with my sweeting,  
And I've often tried my former bride,  
And know she can stand a beating.

So after all, the tough old dame  
May suit my purpose better;  
If I box the ears of my present flame,  
She may write her papa a letter:

And should my weekly allowance stop,  
I shall be in a glorious hobble,  
I must fain set up a huckster's shop,  
Or take in shoes to cobble.

SCENE 10.—*Naples—the Palace.*

King JOACHIM.

I'm taught to fear, by my gazetteer,  
That my name's in no good savour,  
Since I fac'd about, when Nap fell out  
Of fickle Fortune's favour.

So I'll now unfold, like a monarch bold,  
My private wrongs and reasons,  
Lest by plain folks I should be told,  
I'm a server of times and seasons.

I'm free to own, he gave me a crown,  
But faith! 'twas no sinecure place;  
For he tack'd to the cargo a precious  
embargo

Of discomfiture and disgrace.

Yet still I was but a man of straw,  
Though seated on a throne;  
For every one saw Nap's will was my law,  
And my soul was not my own.

Of souls I make but small account,  
'Tis the fashion of the day;  
But 'tis a hard thing for a crowned king  
Never to have his way.

At Portici I had plann'd a stye,  
And thought my pigs to kill,  
And roast my mutton royally  
On red Vesuvio's hill.

But like many a man who lays a plan,  
I found myself mistaken;  
And had plenty to do, in the hurly-baloo,  
To save my own poor bacon.

For scarcely was I snug in bed,  
When to Moscow we must go;  
Where the cold nights froze my royal  
nose,  
And chilblain'd every toe.

In the fam'd retreat I dress'd my meat,  
And clean'd my horse—no matter;  
For I knew from a boy the stable employ,  
And could scrape a dirty platter.

No flesh and blood can e'er conceive  
The life we marshals led;  
We were kick'd and cuff'd, and rated  
and huff'd,  
And glad to sleep three in a bed.

But this was a *Moscow* luxury;  
For, when our backs we turn'd,

We bivouack'd in the open sky,  
And for fuel our bedsheads burn'd.

So finding the game was nearly up,  
And nothing more to be got,  
I thought it no harm to take the alarm,  
Lest *I* too should go to pot.

So home I went, with a full intent,  
(Let who that would cry, "fye on!")  
To stroke the mane and lick the foot  
Of the royal British lion.

Yet I linger'd long, and my doubts were  
strong,

Whether Europe united could beat us,  
Till the Leipsic mishap, dear brother Nap,  
Decidedly made your quietus.

Pity has given what justice denied,  
And a rare allowance you've got,  
Enough to warm your snug fire-side,  
And keep the oven hot.

Yet though indeed you can give a feed,  
Your guests will not be plenty;  
And therefore I'd fain, since it gives  
me no pain,

Do something to content ye

I'm just in the mind to return in kind  
One half of the obligation;  
So the difference I'll split, and my queen  
I'll quit,

And stick to my royal station.

Like Shakspeare's queen, when with lan-  
guage keen

Her hair-brain'd son arraign'd her;  
"I'll throw away the worser half,"  
And thrive on the remainder.

So Caroline, my spouse divine,  
Shall make way for a younger sample;  
You cannot blame, for you did the same,  
And set me the example.

As it would not be right to cut you quite,  
Be sure, for old sake's sake,  
On each Twelfth-day, come what come  
may,

I'll send you a bouncing cake.

Then you may renew with Caroline  
The joys that once have been;  
And, with Joey and Jerry, may make  
yourselves merry,

By drawing *King* and *Queen*.

SCENE 11.—*A Room in the Thuilleries fitted up for an Auction.*

Enter the CARDINAL PRIMATE, in close conversation with an ABBE.

Card. In disguise? and within half a mile of Paris? Run this instant, for Heaven's sake, to the Prince de Benevento, and tell him to put a padlock on the crown jewels, or there's no knowing what may happen.—(Ex. AB.) Such trinkets are more portable than the Brandenburg gateway, or the Farnese Hercules, and may, for ought I know, have shared their fate ere this. In the mean time, I'll divert myself with the inventory, out of which I may possibly secure something cheap by private contract, according to my old system of *Chacun pour soi-même*.

SONG.

AIR.—I'll still be Vicar of Bray, sir.  
Sage Machiavel, I like thee well,  
I con thee twice a day, sir;  
One may drive by thy aid a thriving trade,  
Like me, the Vicar of Bray, sir.  
When gowns and cassocks went to pot,  
I toss'd my own away, sir;  
And there was not a stauncher *sans-culottes*,

Than the sturdy Vicar of Bray, sir:  
But the weather grew colder, and I grew older,

And 'twas not the way to riches;  
So I how'd at the throne of Napoleon,  
And mounted a pair of breeches.

When the sun shines bright, it seems but right,

That men should make their hay, sir;  
So none could be more loyal than me,  
The courtly Vicar of Bray, sir.

Like a patriot stout, I fac'd about,  
When all was at rack and manger;  
For I thought it but fair to secure my share,

And keep my old bones from danger.  
I love to have two strings to my bow,  
'Tis far the safest way, sir;  
And thus, however politics go,  
I'll still be Vicar of Bray, sir.

Now then let's see what will sell me among this lumber.—(Reads the catalogue.)—"To be sold, the whole live and dead stock of Napoleon Buonaparte, run away from his creditors in consequence of the failure of *extensive speculations* and the loss of his *capital*."

"Lot 1. Don Carlos, a thorough bred Castilian gennet, aged —."—Aye, and foundered too, and past his work, to my knowledge.

"Lot 2. Ferdinand, by the former."—And a fine mettled colt he was, when first turned out to grass here; but I suspect that his five years' run has not mended his soundness.

"Lot 3. Reyna, dam of the above, aged —."—I am glad to find that they have the modesty not to warrant that spavin'd old jade (who did her best to kick her own colt's brains out) free from *vice*\*.

"Lot 4. Josepho, a strong useful cart-horse, quiet, and in good condition."—What a pity that horse was ever sold as a charger! If the late possessor had not been blind to the faults of a colt bred by himself, he might have perceived the moral impossibility of breaking him to stand fire; and instead of sending him abroad on an idle speculation, to be only returned on his hands, would have sold him to a scavenger in the first instance.

"Lot 5. Viceroy, a noted fast hunter."—Rather too fast a horse, if report does justice to his runaway tricks in the Smolensko hunt. I believe him after all to be hardly a better charger than the last.

"Lot 6. A few couples of old blood-hounds from the St. Domingo kennel."—Staunch dogs, I warrant them; but their old worrying propensities will make it hardly prudent to let them run loose.

"Lot 7. Of old iron—the crown of Lombardy."

"Lot 8. Sundry broken chains, worn formerly by the free Cisalpine, Batavian, and Swiss republics."

\* See the account of this worthy old lady's attempt to prove the illegitimacy of the P— of A— in the Journals of 1808.

"Lot 9. The sword and balance of Justice; the former somewhat rusty for want of use, the latter wanting one scale."

—By St. Denis, an honest and fair description of the thing!—Some honest blacksmith will probably get the three last lots cheap, to forge into hobnails; as the future tenant will have no occasion for the two former, and intends, I hear, to have the latter made new on the improved English construction.

"Lot 10. Standards taken at Leipzig."  
—I'll mark this lot as worth the attention of Blucher, with whom it may not be amiss to curry some favour, as the times go; and indeed I can recommend them as perfectly new, having in person superintended their manufacture against our late public thanksgiving. 'Twere pity to let such excellent imitations of German stuff go a begging; though, on second thoughts, the sturdy veteran may prefer returning to Berlin with his old-fashioned tatterdemalions, riddled as they are with bullet-holes, like a Dublin gentleman's old pistol-target.

"Lot 11. The star of Napoleon set in mud."

"Lot 12. Napoleon's own choice edition, bound in *Russia*, and printed on imperial paper, of the Campaigns of the Grand Army, up to the end of the year 1814, containing a full and circumstantial account of the burning of Munich and Vienna. Bound up with complimentary odes and manuscript addresses from certain patriotic English papers."—Faith! I'll buy the book in compliment to my old friend, and rebind it with the Adventures of Jack the Giant-killer.

"Lot 13. The lives of Attila, Nero, and Nadir Shah: a very curious, scarce book, with manuscript annotations by N. for his son's use."

"Lot 14. The whole decorations of a splendid puppet-show, got up by Napoleon, but which failed in the representation; consisting of imperial mantles, crosses of the Legion of Honour, cordons, eagles, &c."—"Tis ten to one but

I find something here to supply the place of my old purple coat, which, to say the truth, has been twice turned, and will hardly be splendid enough, even with white facings and the new fleur-de-lis button, for our approaching coronation; so I'll e'en go and have a look at the concern. [Exit.]

SCENE 12.—*The National Gallery at Paris.*

*Apollo Belvedere, Venus de Medicis, Farnese Hercules, the Torso, and Laocoon, discovered.*

*AIR.*—Could you to Battle march away.

*Venus to Apollo.* Shall we to Florence march away,

And leave the French complaining?

They can't expect us here to stay,

Now Nap has done campaigning.

*Apollo.* Ah! si, si, si, cara Medici,

We'll return and live in clover—

Ah! si, si, si, I'll be your cicisbee,

And follow you all the world over.

*Apollo to Hercules.* But before we go I should like to know,

If you, sir, will join the party?

*Hercules.* You cannot doubt, I'd fain get out,

And follow you, my hearty.

*Ap. Ven. and Her.* Marchons! marchons!

Ah! pauvre Napoleon,

The reign of thieves is over—

Allons! allons!

Adieu, fanfaron!

We'll return and live in clover.

*Hercules to the Torso.* But, poor Torso, would not you like to go?

Come, stir your lazy stumps, sir!

*Torso.* I'd soon be off, I fegs!

But I've neither arms nor legs,

So here I must stay in the dumps, sir,

*Chorus.* Marchons! marchons! &c.

*Hercules.* Why 'twould but be unkind

To leave you behind,

So I'll take you pick a pack, man,

And tho' you're plaguy large,

And a deuced heavy charge,

I'll have you to Rome in a crack, man,

*Chorus.* Marchons! marchons! &c.  
*Her. Venus, Ap. and Torso.* Thensince  
 we're all agreed  
 Directly to proceed,  
 We'll claim Alexander's protection.  
*Apollo to Laocoon.* So, Mr. Laocoon,  
 We are off this afternoon.  
*Laocoon.* I can't have the smallest ob-  
 jection.  
*All.* Marchons! marchons! &c.

SCENE 13.—*The Barrier-Gate of Paris.*

MARCH.—Over the Hills and far away.  
 Way cleared by the two Gladiators  
 mounted on the horses from Venice,  
 and bearing a banner.  
 "The Doge shall have his mares again,  
 And all will yet be well."  
 APOLLO handing VENUS, with his lyre  
 under his arm.  
 LAOCOON and Sons.  
 HERCULES wheeling off the Papal chair  
 on castors, and carrying the Torso on  
 his back,

The rear brought up by the Branden-  
 burgh gateway; the hat of Frederic the  
 Great on its head, and his sword by its  
 side.

SCENE 14.—*A grand Square—Paris.*

Dance by the Conservative Senate.  
*Air—Battle of Austerlitz.*  
 Hands all round the statue of the Em-  
 peror.  
 Alarm of drums and trumpets.  
*Air—The Fall of Paris.*  
 Tous balacent.  
*Air—Sauve qui sauve peut, or the Devil  
 take the hindmost.*  
 Cross over, change sides, which brings  
 them all back to their places.  
*Air and Dance—La Cosaque.*  
 Promenade off in triumph, dragging  
 the statue of the Emperor after them,  
 crying, "A bas le Tyran! Vive le Roi!"

2

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

It has been suggested, that the  
 approaching Thanksgiving-day for  
 the return of the blessings of peace,  
 might be converted into an excel-  
 lent opportunity for alleviating  
 some portion of the misery occa-  
 sioned by the unparalleled ravages  
 of the late destructive war; and  
 that the produce of a general col-  
 lection, made throughout the Bri-  
 tish dominions, after divine service  
 on that day, cannot be more legi-  
 timately applied than to the relief  
 of the suffering Germans, whose  
 distresses baffle all description, and  
 whose misfortunes paved the way  
 to the deliverance of Europe and  
 the repose of the world.

Proposals have been issued for  
 furnishing busts, in marble and

plaster, of the Emperor of Russia  
 and Marshal Blücher. The model  
 for the former is executed by M.  
 Houdon, one of the most eminent  
 sculptors in Europe, member of  
 the Ancient Academy of the Fine  
 Arts, and who is particularly dis-  
 tinguished for giving truth and an  
 air of life to his portraits. These  
 busts he engages to deliver to the  
 subscribers in marble, in about six  
 months, at the rate of fifty guineas,  
 and in plaster immediately, at four  
 guineas. The model for the bust  
 of Blücher, which is a perfect re-  
 semblance, was executed by M.  
 Bosio, a celebrated sculptor of  
 Paris. The latter will be furnished  
 at forty guineas in marble, and two  
 guineas in plaster. Subscriptions

for both are received by Mr. Ackermann.

Mr. Bird, of Bristol, historical painter to the Princess Charlotte of Wales, through the permission of the Duke of Clarence and Lord Melville, enjoyed the opportunity of witnessing the embarkation of the King of France and the Duchess of Angoulême, in order that he might execute a grand historical picture of that event for an exalted personage. He afterwards accompanied the royal family across the Channel, and remained three days at Calais, to take their portraits and those of the persons of their suite. The other royal personages who were present, have sat for their portraits; and as Mr. Warren is engaged as the engraver, it is expected that the prints will reflect credit on the arts in this country.

Mr. West, the worthy President of the Royal Academy, has furnished Mr. Galt with materials for a History of his Life, comprising a great number of original anecdotes of the most celebrated characters of Europe and America during the last sixty years. It will be interesting to artists and students for the development of the principles which the president has followed in his career, and for his critical opinions on the remains of ancient sculpture, and the great paintings of France and Italy. Mr. Galt having himself visited many of the finest collections, will also interweave in the narrative the observations of ingenious men with whom he has been acquainted in his travels. No work, equally comprehensive respecting the present state of the fine arts, has yet ap-

peared, and it will be as minute in its biographical details as though it had been executed by Mr. West himself.

The Rev. G. S. Faber, so well known in the literary world by his various works on the prophecies, has nearly finished for the press, *The Origin of Pagan Idolatry*, ascertained from historical testimony and circumstantial evidence. It is announced by subscription, and will form three 4to volumes.

The Rev. John Owen, gratuitous secretary to the British and Foreign Bible Society, proposes to publish, by subscription, in two 8vo. volumes, *The History of the Origin, Progress, and Present State of that Institution*.

A pair of *Celestial Hemispheres*, projected by Mr. T. Heming, of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, on a plan which combines accuracy with elegance, and science with simplicity, are engraving by Mr. Lowry, and will be accompanied with an explanatory treatise, intended together to facilitate the acquirements of astronomy.

Mr. Sharon Turner is printing the first volume of *The History of England*, which will extend from the Roman conquest to the reign of Edward III.; and comprise also the literary history of England during the same period. It is composed, like his History of the Anglo-Saxons, from authentic documents, and will be published in December.

Dr. Holland is preparing for the press, *A Narrative of his Travels in the South of Turkey*, during the latter part of 1812 and the spring of the following year. It will be the principal object of this work

to afford sketches of the scenery, population, natural history, and antiquities of those parts of Greece which have hitherto been but partially known or described. The narrative, therefore, will chiefly regard the author's journies in the Ionian Isles, Albania, Thessaly, and some parts of Macedonia; together with an account of his residence at Joannina, the capital and court of Ali Pasha; with a more cursory sketch of his route through Attica, the Morea, &c. This work will probably be ready for publication towards the end of the present year.

The Rev. Mr. Card has in the press, *An Essay on the Holy Eucharist, or a Refutation of the Houdryan Scheme of it.*

Mr. Stevenson, of Norwich, is preparing *A Supplement to Bentham's History and Antiquities of Ely Cathedral*; to be embellished with beautiful engravings, and printed uniformly with the new edition of that celebrated work. It will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers to cover the expence are obtained.

Mr. Chambers, of London-street, has been preparing, for the last seven years, a *Biographical Dictionary of Artists who have practised in England*, including painters, engravers, statuaries, architects, &c.: compiled from documents original and collected, in his own possession, and partly contributed by artists themselves and their relatives. He proposes to illustrate it with portraits from original pictures; for which purpose he has had prepared drawings of more than 200 portraits, which have never yet been engraved; but has not determined

in what manner the work shall be published.

Mr. William Linley, late in the civil service of the East India Company, has in the press, *Sonnets, Odes, and other Poems*, by the late Charles Leftley, together with a short account of his life and writings.

Mr. John Busby, of Dundrum, in the north of Ireland, civil engineer, will shortly publish, by subscription, an account of a method discovered by him for sinking through quicksand and clay, which promises to be of great utility in sinking coal and other mines, and wells. It will also be of general service in cleaning out the foundations for bridges and piers under water. An experiment of the efficacy of this process has been made at the new vitriol-works at Belfast, where a well, 25 feet deep and 4½ in diameter, was sunk through quicksands and clay, with the well full of water. The method of working will be illustrated by engravings.

Mr. Richard Knight, of Clapton, has communicated to Dr. Thomson, editor of *The Annals of Philosophy*, a method of destroying the aphids on apple-trees, which he has practised for some years with complete success. As soon as the insect makes its appearance, which is in general early in the spring, by exuding a white cotton-like substance upon such of the rough knotty surfaces of the bark as have afforded it shelter during the winter, he cuts away with the pruning knife all the dead bark from the parts affected, and covers the wounds, by means of a brush, with a composition of oil of tar and yellow ochre, of the consistence of cream.

Such is the pungency and penetrating property of the oil of tar, that it effectually destroys both insect and ova in the most secret recesses, without injury to the tree, and for some months secures the parts from future attack. The application may be used at all seasons; and, by the addition of lamp-black, may be made to correspond in colour with the bark of the tree.

M. Millin, the learned editor of the *Magazin Encyclopedique*, is at present engaged in a tour through Greece. He has recently transmitted to Paris an interesting account of the travels in Greece of two Danish gentlemen, Messrs. Koes and Bronsted. They were at one period the fellow-travellers of our countryman, Mr. Cockerill. M. Bronsted undertook, in 1812, to dig into the ruins of Cathaia, in the island of Zea, near Attica. He obtained three female torsos, one of which is of most singular beauty; a torso of a colossal statue of Apollo Musagetes; the trunk of a horse; and several interesting inscriptions, which were engraved on the pilasters of the temple. These inscriptions contain treaties of peace or alliance, written in the Doric language, with the Ætolians of Naupactos, the Athenians, and the Carysthians of Eubœa. These fine inscriptions, which furnish some novel ideas upon the sites of the four ancient cities of the island, are the property of M. Bronsted, who is well qualified to decypher them.

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MUSICAL REVIEW.

*Les Regrets, Duo pour Harpe et Piano-Forte, dédié aux Manes de J. L. Dussek, et composé par son No. LXXVII. Vol. XII.*

*And F. J. Naderman. Op. 30. Pr. 7s. 6d.*

THIS is one of those finished, solid, and classical compositions, which the frivolous taste for ephemeral trifles, so general at the present day, has almost banished from the musical press; it is an offering to the memory of the great Dussek well worthy of his name. The work, comprehensive as it is, consists of an andante in G minor, an allegro in the same key, a minuet in B major, with a trio followed by the subject of the minuet, arranged as a canon, an andante in the style of an invocation, in E B major, and, finally, a rondo in G minor; the whole comprised, for the harp part, in nineteen closely printed pages. With such a mass of matter before us, and of matter so rich in every thing that is good in harmony, it is totally beyond the compass of our limits to enter into any thing like a critical detail; and our readers must take our word, pledged on our credit with them, as to the transcendent merits of this valuable performance: science, feeling, skill, elegance of expression, and inexhaustible richness of ideas; in short, all that constitutes musical worth, is here happily combined: and a trial by two able performers (absolutely requisite in this instance) will, we are sure, convince every ear of refined taste, that we have not said one word too much in praise of this grand duet.

No. 1. (of) *Three Sonatas for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Stephenson, by J. Woelfl. Pr. 8s. 6d. Op. 31.*

The whole of this sonata is worthy of the memory of its author,



and some of its portions are of a nature to reflect additional lustre on his great name. It consists of a short adagio, an allegro, and an andante with variations: the adagio, in  $\frac{3}{4}$  time, is conceived with exquisite feeling; and the allegro, of precisely the same subject, in  $\frac{6}{8}$  time, replete with the most select ideas, strung together and combined with masterly contrivance, especially in the numerous imitative and responsive touches; and in the very original modulations of the second part, pp. 4 and 5. A beautiful simplicity distinguishes the theme of the andante, particularly as to the 1st part; the 2d part deviating, in some degree, from that noble simplicity. Of its several variations it would be difficult to speak in terms of too great praise; they exhibit, among other merits, a model of powerful and excellent bass support: but the last variation, a presto in  $\frac{3}{4}$  time, appears to us so superlatively great, that, were we to speak from feelings of individual taste, we should be tempted to call some of its strains truly divine; in our opinion, the last page stands almost unrivalled. From what has been stated it is perhaps needless to add, that none but advanced performers can do full justice to this composition.

*Twenty-eight familiar Airs and two easy Duets for the Piano-Forte, with Preludes in major and minor Keys, composed, and arranged in a manner calculated to facilitate the Progress of young Performers, by T. Haigh. Pp. 6s.*

After the pupil has been familiarised with the scales of the different keys, and with the knowledge of time, rests, &c. this book

may immediately be adopted as the guide of his further progress. It is not only unexceptionable, but we may venture to say, we know of no other we could preferably recommend. The selection of the lessons from good modern music shows as great judgment and taste, as the accompaniments evince a correct feeling of harmony. The pieces augment, as the work proceeds, in length and difficulty; and some of the last, such as Nos. 25, 27, 28, are really of a stamp to please the most cultivated and matured ear. Of the two duets at the end, one of which consists of a portion from the overture to *Lodoiska*, we can speak in terms equally favourable; in short, this is precisely the kind of book we should wish for, if employed in the tuition of first beginners.

*Overture to the Opera of Don Giovanni, composed by Mozart, newly adapted for the Piano-Forte, with the Coda as performed at the Philharmonic Concert, by M. Clementi. Pr. 2s. 6d.*

Often as we have seen this master-piece of operatic introduction arranged for the piano-forte, we are bound to declare, we never met with any arrangement which conveyed so completely the essence of the full score, as is the case in this instance. Of skill we will not speak; that was to be expected from a veteran like Mr. C.; but the care, the judgment employed in concentrating and apportioning every essential component feature of the whole, is eminently conspicuous. The new coda, rendered necessary by detaching this overture from the opera, merits distinct mention. It is so skilfully

deduced from the strains of the overture itself—so merged into and blended with its texture, that without referring to the original score, it is difficult to trace the beginning of the new addition. Mozart himself could not have devised a conclusion more in the spirit of his conception.

*The Barrier of Paris, Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to the brave Marshal Blücher, by W. H. Cutler, B. M.* Pr. 2s.

Exercising that degree of indulgence which trifles of this kind, launched on the occasion of the moment, may claim, we have reason to be satisfied with the general complexion of this rondo. Its subject, although not quite new to us, is very agreeable; the portion in G (p. 3) creditable, and the minor, p. 3, appropriate; although in the 5th page the entry into B minor (l. 2), and the preparation to return from it into the original key (l. 3), is not such as we could have wished it to be. The whole is easy and fit for the practice of rising abilities.

*A Voluntary for the Organ, in a familiar Style, suited to Church Service, composed and selected by S. F. Rimbault (No. 1).* Op. 5. Pr. 1s. 6d.

Although the two pieces constituting this publication, a Siciliana and an allegro, are neither absolutely of a description to be classed

with what we conceive to be *voluntaries*, nor of a sacred character, we are warranted in speaking favourably of them. The Siciliana is a neat and tasteful movement; and the allegro, which we deem fitter for the field of battle than the church, is spirited and striking. In its arrangement too, especially the alternations between both hands (p. 4), we observe a respectable portion of skilful contrivance; and the harmonies are throughout appropriate and correct.

*The Crown-Prince of Sweden's Military Divertimento for the Piano-Forte, composed by S. T. Rimbault.* Pr. 2s. 6d.

This divertimento consists of two movements, a "solemn march" and a "military air," in E b. The march proceeds in a style of grave precision and a fulness of scope calculated to produce a striking effect. The allegro is throughout pleasing, well varied in its digressive portions by a proper succession of ideas, a pertinent change of keys, and occasional active passages; a decent minor is introduced, p. 6; and the end is brought about with suitable brilliancy. All is respectable in this composition, and as no peculiar difficulties obstruct the exertion, it ought to be recommended to performers of even moderate proficiency, as a useful and entertaining aid towards further improvements.

## RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

### BONAPARTE.

THE treaty entered into at Paris, on the 11th April last, with the dethroned Emperor Napoleon, by

Austrian, Russian, and Prussian plenipotentiaries, has been made public. Of its twenty-one articles, the principal stipulations are

in substance as follows:—Bonaparte renounces his right of sovereignty over all countries previously possessed by him, excepting the Isle of Elba, which he is to hold in full property and sovereignty during his life; he retains the title of emperor, and his brothers and relations are to retain the titles of princes of his family, and their private property as individuals. The government of France is to make good the following annual pensions:—

	Francs.
Napoleon . . . . .	2,000,000
(1,000,000 of which shall be in reversion to the Empress Louisa)	
Madame Mere . . . . .	300,000
King Joseph and his queen	500,000
King Louis . . . . .	200,000
Queen Hortensia and her children . . . . .	400,000
K. Jerome and his queen	500,000
Princess Eliza . . . . .	300,000
Princess Paulina . . . . .	300,000
Empress Josephine . . . . .	1,000,000

Annual total . . . . . 5,500,000  
equal to about £230,000: besides which France is to pay gratifications to the extent of 2,000,000 of francs (about £83,000), to such persons as Bonaparte shall include in a list to be prepared by him; Maria Louisa to receive the duchies of Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla in full sovereignty, with succession to her son and descendants.—The British government, however, is no party to this treaty, Lord Castlereagh having declined his signature to any of its stipulations, except the articles which give Elba to Bonaparte and the Italian duchies to Maria Louisa.

Without entering upon the question of the expediency of so liberal a provision for the Napoleon family, we shall merely add, that it is already diminished in one of its members. The Empress Josephine died at Paris on the 20th May, after a very short illness, in the arms of her children, Eugene and Fanny Beauharnois.

On the 3d May, in the evening, the Undaunted British frigate arrived in the roads of Porto Ferrajo, with Bonaparte on board. Some preparations being made in the night for the reception of the future Elbese sovereign, on the 4th, in the morning, a flag was sent by him to be hoisted on the castle. This flag had a white ground interspersed with bees, and in the centre appeared the arms of Bonaparte and those of the isle, united by a rose-coloured stripe. Some time after, he landed, amid a salute from the forts and the frigate, and, preceded by three fiddlers and two fifers, made his *solemn* entry. Having arrived at the house of the mayor, he gave audiences to the authorities of the island, and after some repose, inspected the fortifications. Of the further proceedings of this extraordinary character we have no intelligence. Gen. Bertrand, who accompanied him to Elba, is returned to France; and he, as well as letters received from the island, are stated to concur in representing his mental faculties as completely disordered.

#### FRANCE.

On the 30th of May the grand treaty of peace between the allies (Austria, England, Russia, and Prussia,) and the King of France, was signed at Paris. The basis of

this act of general pacification is the treaty between Austria (for herself and the allies) and France, which consists of, thirty-three, and one additional, articles; the other powers having signed separate treaties with France, of the same date and tenor, with some additional articles relating to their individual interests. As this charter of the independence of Europe, conquered on our part by an arduous struggle of twenty years, is to secure our future repose, we hope for many years, it becomes necessary to abstract its principal stipulations.

The 2d article generally fixes the frontier of France such as it was on the 1st of January, 1792, commencing from the North Sea between Dunkirk and Nieuport, and ending at the Mediterranean between Nice and Cagnes; with some augmentations. The 3d article defines these augmentations, which are of no great extent, and may be considered rather as arrangements of convenience. The canton of Saarbrück, the principality of Montbéliard, the subprefecture of Chambery, and the Contats d'Avignon and Venaissin, form the principal additions: the Spanish frontier remains as before. In the 4th article a free communication is insured between Geneva and the Swiss cantons, to which that city reverts. By article 5 the navigation of the Rhine is free, subject to duties to be agreed upon. The 6th article holds out an accession of territory to Holland, but prohibits its sovereign from wearing any other crown. The independence of Germany under a federative league is also proclaimed; and Italy, with the ex-

ception of what reverts to Austria, is to be composed of sovereign states. Article 7 gives Malta and its dependencies to England. In the 8th article Great Britain restores to France all colonial conquests, except Tobago, St. Lucia, and the Isle of France, with its dependencies, viz. Rodrigue and the Sechelles, which she retains. In article 9 Sweden consents that Guadaloupe be restored to France; and in the 10th French Guyana is restored to her by Portugal. The 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th, relate to the time and manner of making the colonial restitutions, and provide that France shall erect no fortresses in the East Indies. The 15th and 16th restore to France two thirds of the shipping in the harbours given up beyond her frontier, principally referring to Flushing and Antwerp. The articles from 17 to 31 contain the usual stipulations for the protection of all property and interests which may be affected by the territorial changes. Article 32 provides that, within two months, the contracting powers shall send deputies to a congress to be held at Vienna, in order to regulate the arrangements necessary for completing the dispositions of the present treaty. Of the additional articles affecting the allied powers individually, that, entered into with England, respecting the abolition of the slave trade, is of the chief importance. France recognizes the justice and expediency, promises her co-operation in prevailing upon other powers to abolish the slave trade universally, and as to herself engages to discontinue it in five years.—The ratifications of the above treaty were exchanged

at London on the 17th June; where the peace with France was proclaimed, with the usual solemnities, on the 20th following.

This treaty, as generously favourable to France as the one before mentioned is to Bonaparte, is on the face of it conclusive as to France only. Her future extent at home and abroad is definitively settled. Not so the possessions and limits of the other powers. The fate of the Cape of Good Hope, of the Ionian Islands, of Belgium, of Poland, of Northern Italy, of Saxony, and of Germany, remains to be decided, or at least is not officially known. Much therefore remains to be done for the impending congress at Vienna.

Meanwhile the internal concerns of the French monarchy are gradually approaching from its chaos of tyranny towards a system of order and regularity. The young reign of Louis XVIII. has already distinguished itself by numerous dispositions which evince the wisdom and good intentions of that monarch, whose situation must be admitted to be one of unexampled difficulty. His first cares were directed to the army, whose state of turbulence and dissatisfaction at the new order of things, seemed to threaten serious re-actions. Its leaders, the marshals, being in the first instance conciliated and attached to the new government, commissioners were appointed for reorganizing the whole military force, and reducing it to a peace establishment, rather considerable, of 201,240 men of all arms; a measure which thus far has proceeded without opposition. The military order of St. Louis was distributed

to almost all the marshals and to many inferior officers of merit; and pensions, or retired allowances, were granted to a great number of veteran officers. But the most important of all measures was the new constitution which Louis had promised when he rejected the charter framed by the senate. The 4th of June is the memorable day on which the king opened the sittings of the legislative body. His speech to the deputies was dignified and highly eloquent: the peace just concluded with the allied potentates is justly dwelt upon as a boon France owes to her monarch; and much stress is laid upon the retention of the master-pieces of art, which, although plundered by the *sans-culottes* from Italy and other countries, the allied sovereigns were generous enough to permit to remain in France. Louis knows the nation he governs; he is aware that the Parisians would almost rather have parted with a department, or a West India island, than the Venus de Medicis. After the speech, the chancellor read the new constitution; the last we hope of the nine or ten that have succeeded each other since the Revolution. Its preamble is remarkable, because it represents the constitution as a voluntary gift conferred by the king on the nation, not as a matter of right which the people could claim. As we cannot give even an abstract of it, it may be sufficient to state, that it is framed upon the model of our own, deviating from it chiefly in the greater power it leaves to the monarch. The nation is represented in a parliament of two houses, the Chamber of Peers and the Chamber of Deputies of Depart-

ments. But the peers are nominated by the king without any limit as to number, either for life or hereditary, and their discussions are secret. The deputies of the lower house must be forty years of age, and pay direct taxes to the amount of 1000 franks. They are chosen for five years (one fifth to go out and be replaced annually), by the electoral colleges, whose president the king appoints; and the electors themselves must pay 300 franks in direct taxes. The king alone has the right of proposing a law; but either of the chambers may request the king to propose any law, and this request must previously have been discussed in a secret committee.

This constitution, as far as our information goes, has given almost universal satisfaction; the king has received the thanks of the legislative body for having granted it to France; and the gratifying epithet of the "wished-for" (*Louis le désiré*) has been officially given to him by that body. In consequence of the powers thereby secured to him, he has since nominated the peers that are to compose the upper chamber. Among the 151 members thus selected, we observe 102 of the new nobility, especially of military rank. Almost all Bonaparte's marshals are included; but we do not find Massena, Davoust, or Soult in the list. Forty-six more peers are expected to be created at the king's coronation, which is reported to be fixed for the day of St. Louis (26th August), when the king is expected to swear to the constitution.

The allied armies have entirely evacuated Paris, and, in a great

measure, France itself. The British army has likewise retired from Toulouse, and the greatest part of our cavalry are traversing France to return across the Channel.

#### SPAIN.

The affairs of Spain have taken a sudden and very unexpected turn. King Ferdinand, previously to leaving Valencia for Madrid, issued a most important proclamation on the 4th of May. In this extraordinary document he accuses the Cortes of having encroached upon the royal prerogative, and of having, in their constitution of 1812, had in view to give Spain a democratical government, founded upon the revolutionary principles of the French school, a government in which the power of the king would be a mere shadow. To cut the matter short, Ferdinand, with a stroke of the pen, annuls not only this constitution, but all the acts of the present and preceding Cortes, dissolves their assembly altogether, and declares every one a traitor that should disobey this royal decree, or obstruct its execution. The Cortes, although they had augured no good from the king's reluctance to enter Madrid, and his silence to two or three respectful entreaties they had addressed to him to hasten his arrival, were thunderstruck at the appearance of this decree; but they were still more astonished, when, almost immediately after its promulgation in Madrid, a column of troops, under General Eguia, entered the capital, and, in the name of the king, arrested and conveyed to prison Senors Agar and Ciscar, two members of the Regency; and all the members of the Cortes, not in the in-

terest of the king, that had not prudently sought their safety in previous flight : and even those were pursued by royal mandates into the provinces, and arrested wherever they could be traced. On the 11th May, Madrid is *stated* to have declared in favour of the king ; and, on the 14th, he made his public entry, accompanied by the Duke of Infantado, Generals Elio, Copons, O'Donnell, Zayas, and other well known military commanders. As our intelligence goes no further than the 25th, we are informed of but few further proceedings of Ferdinand's new government. All we know of it is, that, to the latest date, the arrests of the Cortes and of other persons of note, suspected of democratic principles, were incessantly continued ; that, by a royal decree, all suppressed convents were restored, and replaced in possession of their sequestrated property ; and that, by another order, the tribunal of the Inquisition was re-established.

As far as we are informed, these vigorous and rigorous proceedings have hitherto met with no manner of obstruction. The time has been too short, and our intelligence too scanty and partial to enable us to form an opinion, whether, as the court party boast of, the general mass of the people feel satisfied with it. The army, we rather think, are on the side of the king ; since, without their support, he could not have acted as he did. The soldier, trained up to implicit submission, is in all countries favourable to absolute power, were it even downright despotism. Bonaparte's army has recently proved the truth of this ; and the conduct of the French

army, at the *beginning* of the revolution, does hardly disprove it. It was ready to defend its king, and would have asserted his rights, had he chosen to accept of its devotion. With Ferdinand's summary mode of proceeding, Louis XVI. might have reigned at this moment, and the world been spared twenty-five years of misery and bloodshed. Not that we will stand up the advocate of the former's measures. Supposing much of the charges against the Cortes to be well founded, the conduct of a brother Bourbon, of Louis XVIII. afforded a praiseworthy example for altering any thing objectionable in a conciliatory manner ; and some consideration, on the score of gratitude, was due to a body of men, who, under six years of unexampled difficulties and struggle, preserved to their absent, imprisoned sovereign his country and a throne, which foreign usurpation had compelled him to sign away by treaty, and which, but for their efforts, he would never have ascended again.

The Duke of Wellington arrived at Madrid on the 24th May, and is coolly said to have been graciously received. But from the total silence in the official articles from Madrid, in regard to the services he, his brave army, and his generous country have rendered to Spain, we imagine those services will be considered as having rather been devoted to the dispersed Cortes, and that consequently less weight will be attached to them. We have, therefore, not heard of any effect the presence of his grace has produced ; and we know he is on his return to England, where his arrival is anxiously expected by

every Briton, who justly feels proud in being the countryman of such a hero.

#### ITALY.

Our former statement of the arrival of the Pope in Rome was premature. His holiness made his public entry into that capital on the 21th May, attended by the aged ex-king of Spain, his consort, Godoy, the ex-prince of Peace; the Queen of Etruria, the King of Sardinia, and other distinguished personages. One of his first acts was to interdict Cardinal Maury from his functions, and to summon him to Rome. He has also sent Cardinal Gonsalvi to England, with a letter of congratulation to the Prince Regent.

Lord William Bentinck has returned from Genoa to Sicily, preparatory to the evacuation of the island by our troops. The court of Palermo has formally protested against the cession of Naples to King Murat; and the Duke of Orleans has arrived in England to appeal against it on behalf of the king, his father-in-law; who is, however, to receive an indemnity, some say the Ionian islands, for the loss of his dear Naples.

Some further cases of the plague have occurred in the island of Gozo, close to Malta, and rendered a renewal of strict quarantine necessary.

#### GERMANY.

We will not enter into the reports circulated, and the speculations on foot, regarding the definitive settlement of the affairs of Germany, and the territorial changes and exchanges it is to undergo. The congress at Vienna, which is stated to be fixed for the 10th July, will, we

trust, give permanent repose and happiness to the princes and the brave people of a country that have recently contributed so much to the emancipation of Europe.

Hamburg is once more free. The senate resumed its functions on the 26th May, after the French garrison of nearly 20,000 men had evacuated the city. Davoust had previously set off in a private manner. A detailed account of the losses suffered by the city during the last twelvemonth, by requisitions, contributions, demolitions, &c. amounts to nearly four millions sterling.

#### SWITZERLAND.

Geneva has been received into the confederacy of the Swiss cantons. Much discontent, however, prevails in some of the cantons respecting certain articles in their new constitution; and the animosities have broken out in bloodshed. On the 7th June, the city of Soleure was taken by storm by 250 armed peasants! and the burghers, in their resistance, experienced a loss of four killed and twenty wounded.

#### SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

A Swedish army is assembling on the frontiers of Norway; but no acts of open hostility have as yet taken place; probably from a wish to await the effect of a deputation of Russian, Prussian, and English commissioners that has been sent to prevail upon the Norwegians to submit to their fate, and upon Prince Christian, who, on the 19th of May, was proclaimed their king, to desist from further opposition to the will of the allied sovereigns.

Meanwhile Sweden, which was to have exchanged Pomerania against Norway, has published its intention



of keeping possession of the former country, until it shall have actually obtained the sovereignty of the latter.

#### AMERICA.

On the 30th March a part of General Wilkinson's army made an attack upon our outposts, but was, by the alertness of our troops, repulsed without difficulty. The whole of the ports on the coast of the United States have been placed under strict blockade by Admiral Cochrane. Our expedition against America has not yet sailed from Bourdeaux, its place of equipment; and Lord Hill, who is to command it, remains still at London.

#### DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

On the 7th of June arrived in London their Majesties the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia; Field-Marshal Blücher, Count Platoff, Princes Metternich and Lichtenstein, Count Hardenberg, Generals Barclay de Tolly, von Sacken, von York, von Bulow, von Winzingerode; Counts Wronzow and Tolstoy; and many others of the great captains and statesmen whose labours during the last two years have been the theme of admiration to every patriotic breast, whose names have become the property of history.

The first act of the King of Prussia, on reaching Dover, was to create Marshal Blücher a prince, by the title of Prince de Wagstadt; General von York, Count de Wartenburg; General von Bulow, Count de Dennewitz; General von Kleist, Count de Culm; and Count Hardenberg, Prince de Hardenberg.

The enthusiasm with which the British nation has received these

exalted monarchs and the other great personages in their train, not only upon the road, but, above all, in the metropolis, baffles all description, and is as honourable to the British character, as it must appear flattering to them. Blücher, above all, seems to be the man whom his conduct and his glorious deeds have endeared to every Briton. To catch a glimpse of the hero is a boon so much envied by high and low, that the court-yard before his apartment in St. James's palace is incessantly thronged with spectators, whom he good-humouredly gratifies by appearing at intervals in the window; his carriage is drawn by the people, and he cannot venture out on foot without risking suffocation, from an excess of the public admiration and curiosity. The Hetman Platoff shares these demonstrations of the public sentiment, although not in the same extraordinary degree.

Immediately after the arrival of these august visitors, the illuminations for the peace commenced in London, and continued during three nights with unprecedented splendour; and ever since, the town has been in an uninterrupted state of joyful bustle, kept up by a succession of festivities and pompous solemnities. The 9th of June will be remembered as a remarkable day in our annals. Three great monarchs (Russian, Prussian, English) held courts in London: the Prince Regent received, through the hands of Prince Metternich and Count Meerveldt, the ancient Austrian order of the Golden Fleece, never before bestowed on a Protestant sovereign; as also the order of the Black Eagle from the King of

Prussia: and his Royal Highness, in return, created the Austrian and Prussian monarchs Knights of the Garter; an honour which Lords Liverpool and Castlereagh shared at the same time.

It will not be expected that we should give a diary of the various excursions and occupations of our crowned visitors, and of the display of royal magnificence with which the taste of the Prince Regent studied to accompany all their movements. Of the many objects among us which their active curiosity honoured with notice, we cannot omit Oxford, where the two sovereigns received the degree of LL. D. At Woolwich Warren, they attended an exhibition of the dreadful effect of the Congreve rockets. On the 17th of June, the whole royal party honoured Merchant-Taylor's Hall with their presence to dinner; and on the day following, the two monarchs, as well as the Prince Regent, went in grand pageant to partake of a splendid banquet which the city of London had the honour of giving them. Never before did the city of London entertain such an assemblage of illustrious guests; it is a matter of historical interest to record the most distinguished of them in our Retrospect. Besides the Prince Regent, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia, there were the Duchess of Oldenburg; the Princes of Bavaria,

Wurtemberg, Oldenburg, and Coburg; the Prince Royal of Prussia, Prince William, the king's second son; Princes Frederick, Henry, William, and Augustus of Prussia; Prince Charles of Mecklenburg; the Prince of Orange, and the Dukes of Orleans and Saxe Weimar; Princes Radzivil, Hardenberg, Blücher, Metternich, Lichtenstein, Gagarin, Tcherbatoff, Czartoriski; Prince and Princess Volkowsky; Generals Platoff, Tolstoy, Czernicheff, Woronzow, Barclay de Tolly, Potemkin, von York, von Bulow; all the foreign ministers and the British officers of state, ministers, judges, and many of our most distinguished generals, such as Lords Hill, Beresford, Combermere, Lynedoch, &c. It wanted but the great Wellington to leave nothing great to be wished for.

On the occasion of the signing of the general peace, a great string of promotions in our navy and army has just taken place: the half-pay of our brave naval officers, throughout every rank, has received a considerable augmentation; and the same reward for past services is expected to be given to the army by their grateful country.

A further loan of 24 millions has been contracted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the service of the current year.

#### PLATE I.—LONDON BRIDGE.

HISTORIANS inform us, that, for some centuries after the Christian æra, the only communication between the two banks of the Thames,

at London, was by means of a ferry at the spot where it is now crossed by London Bridge. As the city increased in importance, the ferry

became proportionably lucrative. The last ferryman, who acquired considerable wealth, left the property of it to his daughter, who built a nunnery near the site of St. Mary Overy's church; and at her death bequeathed the ferry to that institution. The nuns were some time afterwards displaced, and their house converted into a college of priests; who, becoming opulent by the profits of the ferry, erected the first bridge, which was of timber. The exact date of its construction is not recorded, but it must have been before the end of the tenth century; since William of Malmesbury informs us, that, in the year 994, Sweyn, King of Denmark, who attacked London, was so valiantly opposed by Ethelred II. and the citizens, that many of his troops were drowned in the river, because they took no heed of the bridge. This structure, which is said to have crossed the river from Eotolph's wharf, was consumed by fire in 1136, but again repaired so as to be fit for use. In 1176, the first bridge of stone was begun on the present site by Peter of Colechurch, and finished in 1209. A very short time after its completion, this bridge became the scene of a most tragical catastrophe. On the 10th July, 1213, a great fire broke out in Southwark, and the flames were communicated by means of a strong wind, to St. Mary Overy's church and the south end of the bridge. The citizens hastened from the opposite side in crowds to extinguish the fire, but were unable to force a passage to the Surrey side; and when the bridge was thronged with people, the north end, by some unaccountable acci-

dent, likewise took fire. The people were thus prevented from advancing or receding; and notwithstanding all the assistance that could be afforded, upwards of 3000 persons were either drowned or burned to death.

The arches of this edifice, nineteen in number, were of unequal dimensions, and greatly deformed by the sterlings. On the centre the master mason erected and endowed a chapel at his own expence, and other buildings were afterwards added, till at length a regular street with posterns was formed, and continued till the middle of the last century. These houses, on each side, overhung and leaned in a terrific manner, in most places hiding the arches, so that no part of the bridge but the rude piers could be discovered. In the middle was anciently a draw-bridge, at the north end of which was, in 1426, erected a tower, that served to repel the bastard Falconbridge, when he assaulted the city in 1441, under pretence of rescuing the unfortunate Henry VI. then confined in the Tower: sixty houses were burned on the bridge upon this occasion. It also served to check and ultimately frustrate the ill conducted attempt of Sir Thomas Wyatt against Queen Mary. The top of this tower used in turbulent times to be shambles of human flesh, and covered with heads or quarters of unfortunate partisans. In 1598, Hentzner, the German traveller, counted on it above thirty heads; and the old map of the city, drawn in 1597, represents them in a most horrible cluster.

It was from a house on this bridge that Edward Osborne, the founder of the present ducal house of Leeds,

then apprentice to a cloth-worker, leaped out of a window to save his master's daughter, who had accidentally fallen into the river. He was fortunate enough to preserve her life; and the father, in gratitude for this service, rejected many splendid offers that were made him for his daughter's hand, declaring, that "Osborne had won her, and he alone should wear her." They were accordingly married; and, in her right, he became possessed of a large fortune, and was afterwards sheriff and mayor of London between 1574 and 1582.

The state of the bridge, at the beginning of 1632, is thus recorded by Burton:—"This bridge, with a chapel on the east side, and a gate on the south end, was built all of stone, and houses of timber over the stone piers, and arches on both sides thereof; yet there were and still are in the whole length of the bridge three vacancies, with stone walls and iron grates over them, on either side opposite to each other; through which grates people, as they pass over the bridge, may take a view of the river, both east and west; and also may go aside more to each side, out of the way of carts and coaches, the passage being but narrow, and not only troublesome, but dangerous. These three vacancies are over three of the middle arches; for all the piers are not of a like thickness, nor stand at equal distances one from the other; for those under these three vacancies are much wider than the rest, and are called Navigable Locks, because vessels of considerable burthen may pass through them. One of these is near unto the gate, and is called

the Rock Lock; the second is under the second vacancy, where the draw-bridge anciently was, and is called the Draw-bridge Lock; and the third is near the chapel, and is called St. Mary's Lock. There is a fourth, between St. Magnus' church and the first vacancy, and is called the King's Lock; for that the king, in his passage through this bridge, in his barge, goes through this lock."

On the 13th of February, in the last-mentioned year, a tremendous conflagration broke out, through the carelessness of a female servant, who placed a tub of hot ashes under the stairs of a house at the north end. By the next morning, forty-two houses from that end to the first vacancy, were consumed. The Thames was frozen over, and owing to the scarcity of water, the fire continued burning in the vaults and cellars upwards of a week. From this time the bridge remained in a desolate state till 1646, when the houses were rebuilt of timber, in what was then considered a very substantial and beautiful manner. The south end did not partake of these improvements, but appeared a heterogeneous mass of awkward structures, the street being there not above fourteen feet wide, in some places, indeed, not more than twelve, whilst at the opposite extremity it was twenty feet broad. The great conflagration of 1666 again desolated the north end, while the old buildings, erected in the reign of King John, again escaped destruction. The damage sustained by the structure on this occasion, rendered the repair of the stonework absolutely necessary, and arrangements were adopted for re-

building and repairing the whole street upon one uniform plan.

This street, even thus improved, is described by Mr. Pennant, who well recollected it, as narrow, darksome, and dangerous to passengers, from the multitude of carriages. Frequent arches of strong timber crossed the street from the tops of the houses, to keep them together and from falling into the river. Nothing but use could have allowed repose to the inmates, who soon grew deaf to the noise of the falling waters, the clamours of watermen, or the frequent shrieks of drowning wretches. Most of the houses were tenanted by pin or needle-makers, and economical ladies were accustomed to drive from the west end of the town to make cheap purchases.

It was at length discovered, that, besides its great inconvenience, this street had become a losing concern, insomuch that ten houses erected at the cost of the city paid no more than two per cent. for the money. It was therefore proposed to take down the whole; and an act of parliament was obtained for the purpose in 1756. A temporary bridge was erected for the accommodation of passengers while these improvements were going on, which was wholly consumed by fire on the 11th April, 1759.

The work was in consequence prosecuted with the utmost diligence, and the bridge very soon finished, in its present improved form, at an expence of nearly £100,000. Eighty houses out of 105 of which the parish of St. Magnus had previously consisted, were demolished, for the purpose of opening the avenues.

London Bridge is 915 feet long, 45 broad, and 60 high at its centre, having on each side a spacious foot-pavement and a massy stone balustrade. It is supported by 19 arches, no two of which are alike. The centre arch, 72 feet in diameter, is semicircular, and was built in 1756, by throwing two into one. The others are of different forms, and run from 8 to 20 feet wide. Mr. Gwynne, near 50 years ago, demonstrated the impolicy of repairing the old structure, instead of taking the whole down and building a new bridge. "The space occupied by the piers and steelings of London Bridge," says that writer, "is considerably greater than that allowed for the passage of the water; consequently more than half the breadth of the river is in that place entirely stopped; and it is needless to mention the effects of this obstruction, since the most melancholy instances are too frequently experienced to need a repetition. The truth is, this wretched bridge ought to have been entirely demolished ages ago, and a greater mistake never was committed than that of making the late repairs, and endeavouring to improve so intolerable a nuisance, the execution of which has manifestly proved its absurdity, since the main design of those improvements (which was to lessen the fall at the ebbing of the tide) has been entirely defeated. Indeed, at the time when it was become necessary to add steelings, to preserve the foundation of the piers and prevent the superstructure from falling, at that very time the whole bridge should have been demolished, and rebuilt in an elegant and commodious manner."

The free passage of the water is not only obstructed by the wretched contrivance of the bridge itself, but experiences a farther impediment from the water-works, which occupy four of the arches. Those on the north-west side, which supply a considerable part of the metropolis with water for domestic purposes, were first established in 1582, at which time a horse-wheel set the works in motion, and threw the water into a reservoir constructed on the top of a tower built of timber, 120 feet in height, whence it descended by pipes into the several mains that run through every street. This tower was burned down in 1779, when an apparatus was erected, by which the water is thrown 150 feet high, generally by the mere force and action of five large water-wheels turned by the tide, but with the occasional assistance of a steam-engine. There is also one water-wheel on the same side, but at the south end of the

bridge, for the supply of the borough of Southwark.

Such is the danger attending navigation from the causes alluded to above, and so heavy the fall of water at this bridge, that, according to evidence submitted to Parliament, between 20 and 30 lives, and property to the amount of between £30,000 and £40,000, are annually lost in the vortex created by this unscientific edifice. Its demolition has been for some time contemplated, and it is to be hoped, that it will not long be suffered to remain as a reproach to the present enlightened era and the most opulent city in the universe.

The intercourse carried on by means of this bridge, is truly prodigious. By an account taken from actual observation in July, 1811, it appears, that, in the space of 24 hours, it was passed by 89,640 foot-passengers, 1240 coaches, 485 gigs and taxed carts, 769 waggons, 2924 carts and drays, and 764 horses.

## MEDICAL REPORT.

AN account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of May to the 15th of June, 1814.

*Acute Diseases.*—Catarrh, 8.... Measles, 10.... Hooping-cough, 4.... Erysipelas, 1.... Tic douloureux, 1.... Acute rheumatism, 3.... Fever, 2.... Inflammation of the bowels, 1.... Acute diseases of infants, 8.

*Chronic Diseases.*—Asthénia, 6.... Head-ach and giddiness, 4.... Palsy, 2.... Dropsy, 3.... Colic, 2.... Diarrhœa, 3.... Dysure, 1.... Lumbago, 2.... Chronic Rheumatism, 4.... Pleurodynie, 3.... Cough and dyspnœa, 19.... Hæmorrhage, 3.... Pulmonary consump-

tion, 2.... Dyspepsia, 6.... Gastrodynia, 3.... Enterodynia, 2.... Cutaneous eruption, 4.... Female complaints, 5.

Measles have of late been unusually frequent and severe. The fatal cases which I have noticed, however, have rather been from debility, fever and cough continuing after the disease had terminated, than during the period of the eruption. The reason of this seems to be, that, in general, the disease is mild, and runs its course without much danger, or necessity for medical interference. But there is great tenderness in the lungs; and

improper diet and exposure to cold often excite pulmonic inflammation, of which children frequently die. The occasional coolness and changes of the weather, considering the advanced season of the year, may in some degree account for this. If possible, children, both during the eruption of measles, and the cough consequent upon it, should keep in chambers of the temperature of 60°.

The term head-ach and giddiness, in these reports, often includes severer cases than the name might imply. They not unfrequently are symptomatic of serious disorder in the system, and though sometimes so slight as to require little medicine, occasionally portend great mischief. A gentleman, above eighty years of age, who had been actively engaged in business, and was accustomed to much society, became afflicted with head-ach, giddiness, and pain in the stomach, loss of appetite, great

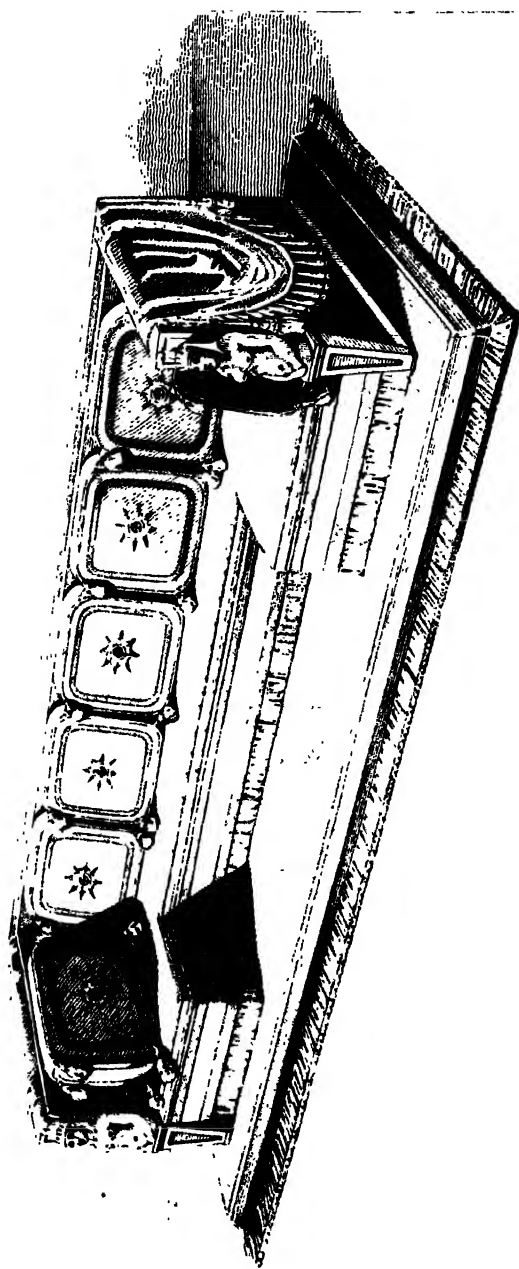
debility, and confusion of thought. His nights were restless, and when rational, he was extremely irritable. The action of the heart, however, was little impaired; there was evidently a breaking up of power in one part of the system, whilst the other seemed calculated for longer life. He had continued in this way, rather declining, for two months, before I saw him, and was regarded as labouring under an incurable disease in the head, the means to relieve which had failed. By strict attention to diet and suitable medicines, however, the patient recovered gradually, and is now convalescent, although it is likely he must suffer some diminution of strength. The plan was, to give nutriment in small quantities, assist the flagging action of the stomach, soothe and gently stimulate the nervous system, without exciting inflammatory action, and induce natural sleep, without having recourse to opiates.

## PLATE 2.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

THE present plate of splendid furniture is the design of an artist for an Ottoman couch or sofa.—This article, although susceptible of great diversity of form and arrangement, and an unbounded variety of decoration, is yet so simple in its general figure, and so easily understood in all its parts, from a judicious drawing, that our present plate requires no explanation.

We may here, however, be allowed to repeat, what we have already so frequently alluded to, that taste in matters of decoration, in whatever mode of application, or

to whatever subject, is only to be acquired by, or expected from, that general and miscellaneous knowledge, which it is the avowed and constant object of our publication to recommend and promote. Our manufactures must now have, not merely that strength of fabric and that durability of texture, in which once consisted their highest praise; but they are required to possess elegance of design, novelty of pattern, and beauty of finishing: to effect these, all the aid of improved and refined art is essentially necessary.



DESIGN FOR AN OTTOMANE COUCH.

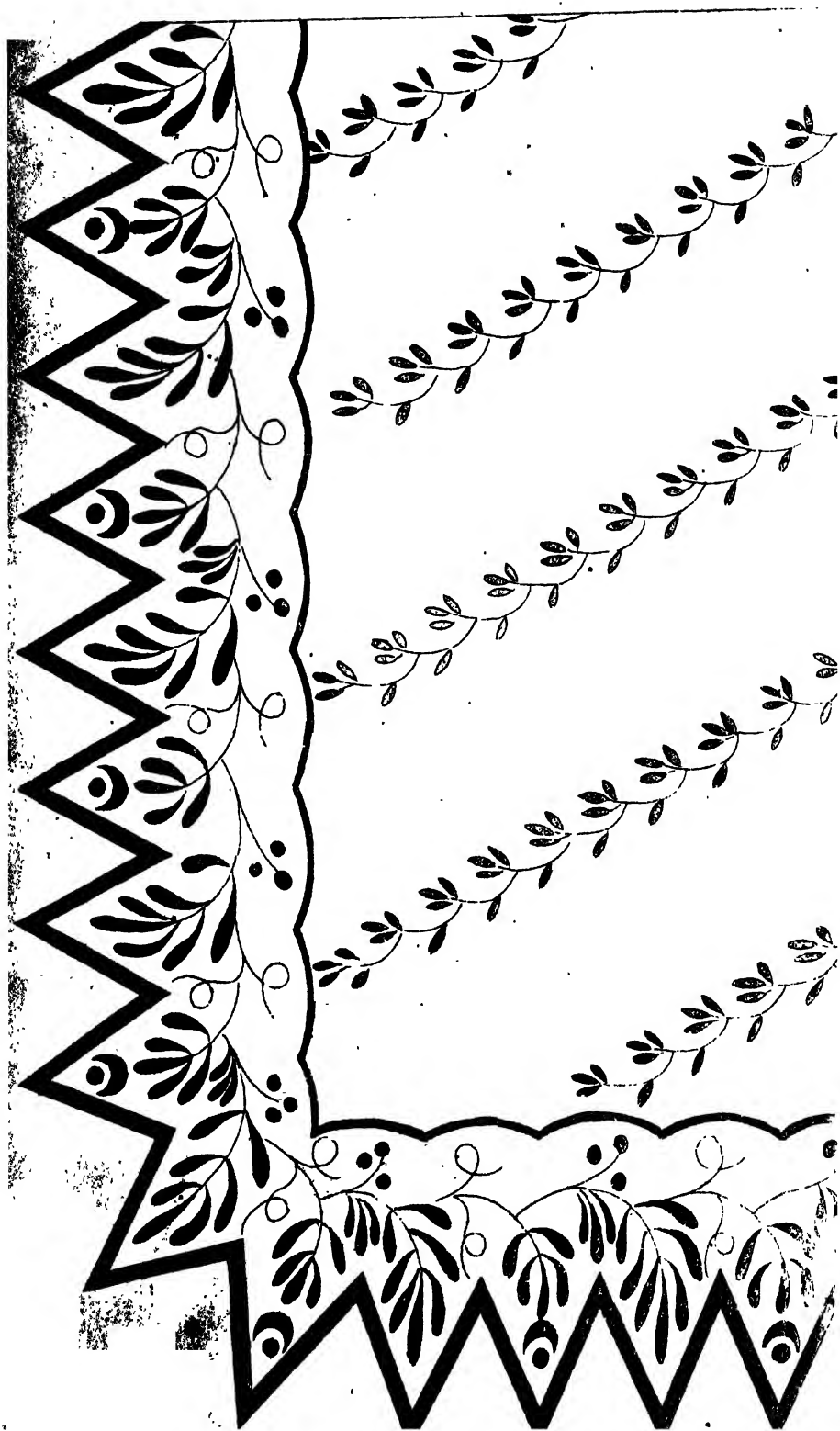
















## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE growing weather through the whole of last month, has produced a particular and very interesting appearance in the corn crops of this island, and that at a time when the public mind was much agitated by some proposed alterations in the laws relating to the commerce of corn; the difficulties attending which would vanish, were the arable lands of this country drained of their injurious bottom water, and the whole corn produce economically preserved, and perfectly separated from the straw and chaff. All those soils where the water percolates freely from the surface, are clothed with the most luxuriant vegetation; but those situations, even in the same furlong, where there has been no difference of cultivation for many years, but which retain too much bottom water, are partially covered with a poorsickly yellow diminutive plant, which will hardly produce the quantity of the seed sown. The diffi-

culty and waste attending its separation from the straw and chaff, are known to every observing farmer.

Wheat, with the above exceptions, is a full crop, the ear large and strong, but its produce cannot yet be ascertained.

Barley, with the above exceptions, a full crop, a large ear, with a great bulk of straw, and much down.

Oats, with the above exceptions, a very heavy crop, the straw like reeds, and the bell prolific.

Beans, peas, and all the leguminous species, a large and promising crop, with long halm and abundant blossom.

The soiling crops have been greatly productive, and the weather has been highly favourable for the whole of the brassica tribe.—The young turnips are a strong plant, and not much injured by the fly.

Hops are promising; but the apples are a partial crop.

## FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

## PLATE 3.—MORNING DRESS.

A ROUND robe of fine cambric or jaconot muslin, buttoned down the front and trimmed at the bottom with Vandyke lace, or needle-work, headed with a double border of cotton ball fringe; full body, inlet with lace or needle-work, confined by several drawings to fit the shape; falling collar, principally composed of lace or needle-work, terminating at the edge with Vandyke trimming; long sleeves of considerable fulness, confined

four or five times down the arm by ball fringe, and at the wrist by a border of broad lace, vandyked to correspond. The Orange cap, composed of plain net, trimmed with a full quilling of narrow lace, and ornamented in front with bows of lace, appliqued with edging. Slippers of primrose-coloured kid; gloves *en suite*.

## PLATE 4.—EVENING DRESS.

A blond lace train, richly embroidered in silver lama, with a superb border of the same, over a



coat of pink or salmon-colour; a silver body, trimmed the top with a quilling ornament, edged with silver; a short full sleeve of blond lace, the fullness drawn in and confined at the bottom by an embossed silver ornament; rich silver cord, and large bullion tassels, tied on the side in long loops and streamers. The hair, worn less over the face, continues to be divided on the forehead by a cluster of flowers, and appears in full short curls upon the crown of the head. Diamond necklace and ear-rings; armlets and bracelets to correspond. Gloves and slippers of white kid.

### MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

#### LUDICROUS MISTAKE.

IN a work, entitled *A General History of Connecticut*, we meet with the following droll anecdote:—The author, speaking of the town of Windham, says, “One night in July, 1758, the frogs of an artificial pond, three miles square, and about five from Windham, finding the water dried up, left the place in a body, and marched, or rather hopped, towards Winnonantic river. They were under the necessity of taking the road, and going through the town, which they entered about midnight. The bullfrogs were the leaders, and the pipers followed without number. They filed a road forty yards wide by four miles in length, and were for several hours passing through the town, unusually clamorous.—The inhabitants were equally perplexed and frightened: some expected to find an army of French and Indians; others feared an earthquake and dissolution of nature. The consternation was universal. Old and young, male and female, fled naked from their beds, with worse shriekings than those of the frogs. The men, after a flight of above a mile, finding no enemies in pursuit of them, made a halt, and summoned resolution enough to venture back to their wives and children; when they distinctly heard, from the enemy’s camp, these words:—*Heigh, heiderken, dier tété*. This last they thought meant *treaty*; and, plucking up courage, they sent a triumvirate to capitulate with the supposed French and Indians. These three men approached in their shirts, and begged to speak with the general; but it being dark, and no answer given, they were sorely agitated for some time betwixt hope and fear: at length, however, they discovered, that the dreaded hostile army, was an army of thirsty frogs going to the river for a little water.”

# LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from May 30 to June 4.

TOTAL 7,382 quarters.—Average, 71s. 1½d per quarter, or 18 8d. per quarter lower than last return.

Return of Flour from June 1 to 10.

TOTAL, 12,699 sacks.—Average, 63s. 11½d per sack, or 1½d. per sack lower than last return.

Average of England and Wales, June 11.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat	70	7	Barley	36	2
Rye	42	6	Oats	25	5

## CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	s.	Tares, per bushel	s.	s.
Wheat white, per quarter	45	78	Turnip	7	10
—red—	42	73	Mustard	18	24
—foreign—	40	66			
Rye —	30	35	Canary, white	12	20
Barley, English	29	36	—white—	8	15
Malt —	50	75	Canary, per q.	116	140
Oats Feed —	14	98	Hempseed —	62	72
Friesland —	—	—	Linseed —	56	120
Poland —	15	27	Clavet, red,	—	—
Potatoe —	24	30	—white—	40	80
Beans, Perim —	42	45	—foreign—	7	105
Peas, Isoling —	46	60	—red—	50	82
—Grey—	40	43	—white—	7	103
Flour per sack	66	62	Trefoil —	10	34
—Swards —	50	55	Caraway —	95	102
—Scotch —	45	50	Coriander —	15	21

American Flour — s — per barrel of 196 lbs.  
 Reaped, per last — £32 a £39 a £40.  
 Oil Cakes, per thousand, £12. 0s to £19. 0s.

## SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

Muscovade, fine 100 a 110  
 good 99 a 109  
 ordinary 84 a 91  
 East India white 109 a 110  
 yellow 99 a 109  
 brown 84 a 109  
 MOLLASSES 44s. 6d. a —

COFFEE, Banded.  
 Dominica, Surinam, &c. 75 0 a 85 0  
 Fine 70 0 a 74 0  
 Ordinary 67 0 a 69 0  
 Triage 50 0 a 50 0

REFINED SUGAR.  
 Double Leaves 200 a 220  
 Hambro' ditto 125 a 135  
 Powder ditto 145 a 150  
 Single ditto 145 a 150  
 Canary Lumps 170 a 180  
 Large ditto 125 a 135  
 Bastards, whole 99 a 109  
 —faced 95 a 105  
 —middles 85 a 95  
 —tips 82 a 92

COCOA, Banded.  
 Trinidad and Caraccas 90 0 a 100 0  
 Plantation 65 0 a 80 0

SPICES and PEPPER, per lb.  
 Nutmegs 18 0 a 24 0  
 Cloves 10 0 a 11 0  
 Cinnamon 30 0 a 42 0  
 Mace 5 3 a —  
 Pepp, white 5 3 a —  
 —black 5 3 a —  
 Pimento 9 0 a —

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 68s. 1½d.  
 The arrival of the Leeward Island fleet has put a stop to all business in our market. Refined goods are almost equally dull.

HOPS in the Borough.  
 Kent — 0 6 a 9 0  
 Sussex — 5 12 a 8 10  
 Essex — 0 0 a 0 0  
 —Carnham — 10 10 a 14 14

## CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	June 11	Wheat	Barley	Oats	Beans	Peas
Newcastle	11	56 a	71 30 a	35 20 a	25	—
Northampton	—	—	—	—	—	—
Canterbury	—	—	—	—	—	—
Leves	18	54 a	68 32 a	—	34	—
Chesham	11	53 a	92 40 a	45 95 a	33	—
Ashbourne	11	72 a	80 —	—	28 a	39 60 a
Guildford	18	—	—	—	—	—
Gainsboro'	14	63 a	70 34 a	35 10 a	32 46 a	32 52 a
Louth	15	54 a	60 38 a	32 14 a	15 34 a	50 —
Huntington	11	43 a	65 30 a	34 26 a	24 30 a	36 —
Newark	15	66 a	72 36 a	36 52 a	26 40 a	44 —
Spilsby	13	50 a	60 31 a	—	—	—
Ryegate	—	—	—	—	—	—
Derizes	10	50 a	74 31 a	33 30 a	32 42 a	44 —
Reading	18	49 a	84 32 a	33 24 a	30 45 a	46 —
Swansea	—	—	—	—	—	—
Benley	10	50 a	71 52 a	34 19 a	30 38 a	45 40 a
Waltham	—	—	—	—	—	—
Salisbury	11	56 a	65 35 a	39 10 a	29 44 a	46 —
Penrith	14	78 a	33 —	—	—	—
Hull	—	—	—	—	—	—
Basingstoke	15	43 a	76 30 a	32 22 a	28 44 a	47 —
Wakfield	17	37 a	67 27 a	31 18 a	23 35 a	40 —
Andover	—	—	—	—	—	—
Warminster	18	50 a	64 23 a	34 23 a	28 46 a	34 —

## SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Brandy, Cogn.	6	9	Mol. Spirits,	13	10
—Spanish—	5	0	—British—	10	8
Hollands, Gin	8	0	—Irish—	0	0
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	—Scotch—	0	0
—Lew, Isl.	3	8	Spirit of Wine	34	0

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR MAY, 1814.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1814.	MAY	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
			Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
	1	S W 1	30,40	30,22	30,310	59,0°	49,0°	54,00°	cloudy	—	—
	2	S 1	30,40	30,40	30,400	61,0	42,0	55,50	brilliant	100	—
	3	S W 2	30,41	30,17	30,290	61,0	38,0	49,50	fine	—	—
	4	E 2	30,17	29,90	30,035	53,0	40,0	46,50	cloudy	146	.090
	5	E 3	29,90	29,45	29,675	53,0	34,0	42,00	cloudy	—	—
	6	E 2	29,90	29,30	29,450	46,0	34,0	40,00	cloudy	—	—
	7	Var. 2	30,10	29,60	29,850	60,0	40,0	50,00	cloudy	—	—
	8	S W 1	30,30	30,10	30,200	59,0	46,0	52,50	fine	.158	—
	9	N E 1	30,62	30,53	30,575	57,0	40,0	48,50	fine	—	—
	10	E 3	30,85	30,60	30,725	52,0	36,0	44,00	fine	—	—
	11	N E 2	30,85	30,83	30,840	56,0	34,0	45,00	fine	—	.115
	12	N E 2	30,83	30,65	30,750	56,0	36,0	46,00	fine	.366	—
	13	N E 2	30,39	30,36	30,375	56,0	42,0	49,00	fine	—	—
	14	N E 1	30,30	30,20	30,310	54,0	41,0	47,50	brilliant	—	—
	15	S W 1	30,26	30,10	30,180	60,0	37,0	48,50	brilliant	.280	—
	16	W 1	30,19	30,10	30,145	63,0	44,0	53,50	gloomy	—	—
	17	W 1	30,42	30,19	30,305	62,0	50,0	56,00	gloomy	—	—
	18	E 2	30,13	30,12	30,425	60,0	48,0	57,00	brilliant	.240	—
	19	E 2	30,20	30,22	30,240	60,0	42,0	54,00	brilliant	—	—
	20	E 2	30,32	30,22	30,160	68,0	44,0	56,00	brilliant	—	—
	21	E 2	30,10	30,10	30,050	58,0	40,0	49,00	brilliant	.460	—
	22	N E 3	30,00	30,00	29,970	54,0	40,0	47,00	brilliant	—	—
	23	Var. 2	29,94	29,04	29,810	55,0	40,0	47,50	variable	—	—
	24	N E 2	29,84	29,72	29,780	52,0	40,0	46,00	cloudy	—	—
	25	N E 2	29,98	29,72	29,860	57,0	43,0	50,00	cloudy	—	—
	26	Var. 2	30,62	30,74	30,000	59,0	42,0	50,50	cloudy	.500	—
	27	S 1	29,99	29,98	29,990	64,0	44,0	54,00	cloudy	—	—
	28	S 2	29,82	29,74	29,780	64,0	49,0	56,50	brilliant	—	.345
	29	S W 2	30,64	29,74	29,890	62,0	40,0	51,00	cloudy	—	—
	30	S W 1	30,22	30,04	30,130	65,0	48,0	56,50	brilliant	—	—
	31	N E 3	30,18	30,24	30,210	67,0	44,0	53,50	cloudy	.520	—
			Mean 30,149			Mean 50,68				2,770	550

## RESULTS.

Mean pressure, 30,149—maximum, 30,85, wind N. E 2.—Minimum, 29,30, wind E 2.—Range, 1,55 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .50 inch, which was on the 7th.

Spaces described by the curve, formed from the mean daily pressure, 5,5 inches.—Number of changes, 13.

Mean temperature, 50,68.—Maximum, 68°, wind E. 2.—Min 34°, wind E. 2.—Range 34.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 28°, which was on the 20th.

Water evaporated (from a surface of water exposed to the effects of winds and the sun, but not to its direct rays), 2,770 inches.

Fall of rain, .550 of an inch—rainy days, 5—snowy, 1—hail, 1.

## WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
0	9	8	0	3	6	2	0	3	0

Brisk winds 4—Boisterous ones 0

Notes—5th. Rain in the evening; during the day the pressure lost .45 of an inch—7th. Continued easterly wind till this forenoon, when it changed to the opposite point, in consequence, the temperature was much augmented, and there was drizzly rain the most of the day. Slight fall of snow yesterday morning—8th. A nimbus cloud appeared in the north-east, which very much darkened one half of the sky, and the gentle breeze subsided to a complete calm; there was every indication of a heavy storm; in the course of half an hour the wind rose and blew very strong, but it again subsided, and the thick clouds dispersed without the least fall of rain.—9th. A fine clear starry evening, wind N. E. and chilly—29d. Wind shifted from east by north to west; about noon there were slight showers of snow, hail, and rain; but in the evening, the latter fell in heavy showers. Temperature much increased in consequence of the west wind—31st. Although the sun has great power, the strong north-east and east winds are extremely cold, particularly in the evenings.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR MAY, 1814.

*Conducted by Mr. J. GIBSON, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.*

1814	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
MAY.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	S W	30,19	30,19	30,190	71°	50°	60,5°	fine	—	—
2	E	30,19	30,08	30,135	60	44	52,0	cloudy	—	—
3	E	30,08	29,97	30,025	64	42	53,0	fine	—	—
4	N E	29,97	29,70	29,835	51	39	45,0	bleak	—	—
5	N E	29,70	29,47	29,585	55	42	48,5	stormy	—	—
6	S W	29,85	29,49	29,670	63	41	52,0	showers	—	—
7	N E	30,04	29,85	29,945	62	49	55,5	cloudy	.77	.65
8	N W	30,19	30,04	30,115	64	43	53,5	cloudy	—	—
9	N E	30,30	30,19	30,245	55	35	45,0	cloudy	—	—
10	N E	30,44	30,30	30,370	55	35	45,0	cloudy	—	—
11	N E	30,44	30,36	30,400	57	35	46,0	cloudy	—	—
12	N E	30,36	30,16	30,260	56	39	47,5	cloudy	—	—
13	N E	30,16	30,06	30,119	50	40	45,0	rainy	—	.26
14	N E	30,06	30,05	30,055	50	42	46,0	cloudy	.61	—
15	N E	30,00	29,95	29,975	57	34	45,5	cloudy	—	—
16	E	30,10	30,00	30,050	59	39	49,0	cloudy	—	—
17	E	30,10	30,10	30,130	72	42	57,0	fine	—	—
18	E	30,16	30,10	30,130	71	40	55,5	fine	—	—
19	S E	30,10	30,05	30,075	69	38	53,5	fine	.56	—
20	S E	30,05	29,99	30,020	72	39	55,5	fine	—	—
21	S E	29,99	29,87	29,930	61	43	52,0	fine	—	—
22	S E	29,87	29,75	29,810	52	39	45,5	cloudy	—	—
23	N W	29,75	29,67	29,710	54	41	47,5	cloudy	—	—
24	N W	29,70	29,66	29,680	46	40	43,0	rainy	—	.2,17
25	N W	29,66	29,70	29,680	52	33	42,5	fine	.65	—
26	N E	29,96	29,94	29,950	60	33	46,5	fine	—	—
27	N E	29,94	29,78	29,860	65	37	51,0	fine	—	—
28	N E	29,97	29,76	29,775	68	51	59,5	fine	.34	—
29	N W	30,06	29,79	29,925	65	51	58,0	fine	—	—
30	N W	30,09	30,06	30,075	63	49	56,0	fine	—	—
31	S W	30,08	30,00	30,070	67	47	57,0	cloudy	.42	—
		Mean		29,997	Mean		50,6	Total	3,35in.	3 08in.

RESULTS. — Prevailing winds, easterly — Mean height of barometer, 29,997 inches; highest observation, 30,44 inches; lowest, 29,47 inches. — Mean height of thermometer, 50°, 6; — highest observation, 72° — lowest, 33° — Total of evaporation, 3,35 inches. — Total of rain, 3,08 inch.

Notes. — 5th. A very cold strong wind from the N. E. — a shower of hail about 11 o'clock A. M. — rainy day — 6th. Fine morning — 17th. Foggy morning. — 24th. Rainy day — 25th. A stratus on the marshes at night.

*Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for JUNE, 1814.*

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22	—	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	97 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	3 1/2	—	—	—	9 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
23	250 1/2	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	97 1/2	16 1/2	21 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	196	10 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
24	250 1/2	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	97 1/2	16 1/2	21 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	195	11 Pm.	5 Pm.	July 19	68 1/2 a 1/2
25	250 1/2	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	97 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	195	11 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	69 1/2 a 1/2
26	250 1/2	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	97 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	195	11 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	68 1/2 a 1/2
27	250 1/2	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	97 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
28	249 1/2	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	97 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
29	249 1/2	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	97 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
30	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
31	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
June 1	—	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2	16 1/2	21 1/2 Pm.	—	—	70 1/2	—	194 1/2	10 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	68 1/2 a 1/2
2	949	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	Shut	—	194	10 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	68 1/2 a 1/2
3	—	67 1/2 a 1/2	66 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	Shut	10 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	—
4	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
6	—	Shut	66 1/2	81 1/2	98 1/2	16 1/2	—	64 1/2	—	—	—	—	9 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1/2 a 1/2
7	248	—	66 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2	16 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	7 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	68 1/2 a 1/2
8	248	—	67 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2	16 1/2	20 1/2 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	68 1/2 a 1/2
9	250 1/2	—	69 1/2	82 1/2	98 1/2	16 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	3 Pm.	4 Pm.	—	69 1/2 a 1/2
10	—	—	69 1/2	83 1/2	100	16 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	3 Pm.	4 Pm.	—	70 1/2 a 1/2
11	—	—	70 1/2	83 1/2	100	17 1/2	20 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	4 Pm.	4 Pm.	—	70 1/2 a 1/2
12	—	—	70 1/2	83 1/2	100	17 1/2	20 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	5 Pm.	4 Pm.	—	71 1/2 a 1/2
13	—	—	70 1/2	83 1/2	100	17 1/2	20 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	8 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	71 1/2 a 1/2
14	—	—	70 1/2	83 1/2	100	17 1/2	20 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	10 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	71 1/2 a 1/2
15	257	—	69 1/2	83 1/2	100	17 1/2	20 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	10 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	71 1/2 a 1/2
16	—	—	69 1/2	83 1/2	100	17 1/2	20 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	10 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	71 1/2 a 1/2
17	258	—	69 1/2	83 1/2	100	17 1/2	20 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	10 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	71 1/2 a 1/2
18	258	—	69 1/2	83 1/2	100	17 1/2	20 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	10 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	71 1/2 a 1/2
20	—	—	69 1/2	83 1/2	100	17 1/2	20 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	9 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	71 1/2 a 1/2

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 VOL. XII.

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*We regret to find, from the Letter of our intelligent correspondent, W. H. that any thing from his pen should have failed to reach us; and that this is the case he may be assured, from the ready insertion which his favours cannot but command. The best thanks of the Publisher are also due for his valuable suggestions.*

*Mr. Ball's MS. shall be returned to any person authorized to receive it.*

*S. S. will find in our Political Retrospect, what we consider a sufficient notice of the transactions to which he alludes.*

*Curiosus, who wishes to know the name of the author of the spirited burlesque melo-drame of Napoleon Agonistes, inserted in our last Number, is informed, that we are only at liberty to mention, that it is from the pen of a lady of some distinction in the fashionable world.*

*We should gladly oblige the C—— of S\*\*\*, had not the change of circumstances deprived her Narrative of all its interest.*

*The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.*

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For AUGUST, 1814.

The Sixty-eighth Number.

—————The suffrage of the wise,  
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd  
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNIUS.

(Continued from p. 7.)

MISS EVE. You said you would make some further observations respecting anatomy.

MISS K. In easy positions, such as figures sleeping, the limbs are bent; because then both the extensor and the flexor muscles contribute towards sustaining a figure in such a position, and produce the effect of great ease. Raphael always drew sleeping figures in this way.

MISS EVE. What do the scientific say of sleep?

MISS K. Dr. Davidson of Berlin says, "Those who have a great deal of labour either of mind or body, ought to sleep much longer than those who live at their ease. The melancholy passionate require long sleep; it is their only balm. Children and old men ought to sleep long. Persons who digest with difficulty are the better for sleeping after dinner, and should

take their nap half sitting, half lying towards the right side. In general, it is better to sleep on the side than on the back. When people wake in the morning, they ought to rise immediately."

MISS EVE. I think it very gratifying not to get out of bed directly when I awake, but to lie and doze; though it is true, that what is gratifying is not always proper.

The hag-ridden girl in the print entitled the *Night-mare*, by Fuseli, is in a very unhealthy position.

MISS K. Yes; you can hardly mention a design by modern artists superior to this for genius and an unostentatious display of the harmony of lines.

MISS EVE. In your design of *The Battle of Hastings*, William the Conqueror seems to be in the prime of life.

MISS K. William was born in 1026, and at this conquest was



achieved in 1066, he ought to seem about forty years of age, but a man is in his prime at thirty.

Miss *Eve*. This figure, though so strong, has no clumsiness, but is very elegant. Did you borrow it from an antique statue, or from some of the most graceful of the modern painters?

Miss *K*. I borrowed this figure of the Norman Conqueror from a footman as drawn by a modern writer—from Joseph Andrews, as described by Fielding in the novel with that title.

Miss *Eve*. Will you read the passage?

Miss *K*. You will observe, that I have made him older than the description; but this is the model from which I copied, with such deviations as the image I had formed in my mind of this conqueror required.

“Joseph Andrews was now in the one and twentieth year of his age; he was of the highest degree of the middle stature; his limbs were put together with great elegance, and no less strength; his legs and thighs were formed in the exactest proportion; his shoulders were broad and brawny, but yet his arms hung so easily, that he had all the symptoms of strength without the least clumsiness. His hair was of a nut-brown colour, and was displayed in wanton ringlets down his back; his forehead was high, his eyes dark, and as full of sweetness as fire; his nose a little inclined to the Roman, his teeth white and even, his lips full, red, and soft; his beard was rough only on his chin and upper lip; but his cheeks, in which his blood glowed, were overspread with a thick down; his

countenance had a tenderness joined with a sensibility inexpressible. Add to this the most perfect neatness in his dress, and an air which, to those who have seen many noblemen, would give an idea of nobility.”

Miss *Eve*. What say anatomists of the skin?

Miss *K*. That it is six times thicker than the scarf-skin, and much thicker on the sole of the foot than on the hands, face, and other parts. In summer it is softer, because the pores are wider; in winter it is harder and more compact, because the pores are closer: therefore the hair of beasts sticks faster, and furs made of their skins are better, in that season.

In some persons the skin is white, in others black or tawny, which probably arises from the different colours of the mucosity that covers the parenchyma; for the fibres of the skin are white in all, and there is little or no difference in the colour of different bloods. Blacks have an additional skin.

Miss *Eve*. How chalky are the observations of many poets, when, in describing a beautiful woman, they compare her neck and bosom to driven snow, alabaster, and the like. What defective colouring is this! like the works of bad engravers.

Miss *K*. Yes; such descriptions are frequently found among poets and others, especially novel-writers. Here is one of Voltaire's:—“As to her bosom, a rose-bud on an ivory apple, if set in competition with her spotless whiteness, would have appeared like madder upon a shrub; the spotless wool just out of the laver would seem but of a light brown hue. Her neck; her

large sparkling eyes, that, languishing, rolled with the lustre of a tender fire; her lovely cheeks glowing with white and red; her nose, which resembled the tower of Mount Lebanon; her lips, which appeared like two borders of coral inclosing two rows of the best pearls in the Arabian Sea. She displayed a soft, plump, naked arm, which for whiteness rivalled the snow."

Miss *Eve*. I like ivory. This gives me an idea of the colouring of Rubens and beautiful nature; but spotless white wool and snow are too white. If with a pen and ink we draw the figure of a face on one of our finger-nails, and push the nail backward and forward, this gives the colouring of a face, and also seems to blush. Miniature-pictures are therefore painted on ivory, because it makes such a good half tint for flesh.

In your *Battle of Hastings* I observe some of the figures are running away and others pursuing them.

Miss *K*. These are the Normans feigning to fly from the English. They had a peculiar way of fighting with long bows, and as the English were strangers to this method, they fought at a great disadvantage. Historians relate, that the main body of the English consisted of bill-men, and their army kept so close together, that no efforts of the enemy could break them, till the Normans, by pretending to fly, brought them into disorder, and by this stratagem won the battle. Some attribute the defeat of the English to other causes, and assert, that the uninterrupted peace which they had enjoyed for the preceding fifty years, after delivering them-

selves from the oppression of the Danes, had caused them to neglect the military art, and abandon themselves to luxury and idleness; that the clergy of that time were negligent, the nobility effeminate, gluttonous, and oppressive, and the common people drunken and disorderly. Others say, that it was owing very much to Harold himself, who, rendered insolent by his success at the battle of Stamford, had kept the plunder there gained, and not distributed any of it among his soldiers, which made them discontented and unruly, and greatly contributed to the loss of this battle.

Miss *Eve*. Do you think it was true, that William first established the curfew?

Miss *K*. That is uncertain.

Miss *Eve*. His character stands high as a warrior.

Miss *K*. Yes: he was laborious, seasoned to all the hardships of war, patient of heat and cold, hunger and thirst. He had a great soul, an elevated mind, and a prodigious genius, which suffered nothing to escape its researches. He delighted in war, understood it well, and was successful in it; but when he was roused to anger, it was difficult to appease him. This the English found to their cost; for though he began to rule them with much mildness, he became wearied out with their frequent insurrections, and afterwards governed them with a rigour that deserved the name of tyranny.

Miss *Eve*. The conqueror of a kingdom never yet enjoyed a peaceable reign in that kingdom. Is it not related, that William stumbled and fell on his first landing on the English coast?

Miss K. Yes ; but he had the presence of mind to turn the accident into an advantageous omen, calling out aloud, that thus he took possession of the country ; and a soldier, running to a neighbouring cottage, plucked from it some thatch, which, as if giving him seizin of the kingdom, he presented to his general.

Here is a finished picture of the death of William II. called Rufus, third son of William the Conqueror, who was accidentally killed in the New Forest by an arrow discharged by one of his own domestics, named Walter Tyrrell, a French knight, August 2, A. D. 1100, aged 41.

Miss Eve. Yes ; there he lies, with the horrid grin of an untimely death upon his countenance. You have made him seem to sweat, as if bedewed with his death sweat. I know of no colourist of this time, besides yourself, that can produce this effect. Even the greatest of our modern artists want the science to accomplish this.

Miss K. Most of the great painters have despised colouring perhaps too much. It may seem a paradox, that some of the greatest painters could scarcely paint at all. It is observed of the greatest painter among the moderns, Michael Angelo, that his colouring, which was very bad at first, became worse afterwards, like a mixture of brick and charcoal. Raphael was never excellent either at colouring or effect ; and many other great artists, such as Julio Romano, Polydore, &c. might be mentioned, who were very defective in this part. Michael Angelo is reported to have been used to say, that " colouring is an employment fit only for wo-

men and children." If this be true, I act agreeably to the character of my sex, to trifle some of my time away in this inferior department of the art.

Miss Eve. I observe you almost always place your warm colours, red and yellow, towards the great central mass of light.

Miss K. Yes. The best colourist that ever lived in this country, except Rubens and Vandyke, says, that had even Titian, or any other great colourist, pursued a contrary method, as many of the Italian masters have done, they would never have been able to produce a rich, splendid effect of colours. I always put a large mass of light toward the centre. I can make this what shape I chuse, by joining light to light ; by plenty of warm colours and very deep shadows, especially if the picture is of the ornamental class, and I wish to have it very brilliant.

Miss Eve. Some of these persons seem highly gratified at the untimely death of this unfortunate king.

Miss K. It is related, that William II. was so vicious, ferocious, and tyrannical, that many thought the arrow which caused his death, and which glanced from a tree, was an instrument in the hand of God to rid the English of his oppression. Others rejoiced, and observed, that his father, William the Conqueror, had been guilty of extreme violence, in expelling the inhabitants of Hampshire from the New Forest ; and that Providence, by a just retribution, had rendered that place fatal to several of his posterity, as I have already mentioned.

*Miss Eve.* How very picturesque you have made the landscape! What a noble tree is that from which the arrow is supposed to have glanced!

*Miss K.* The same principles that give greatness to a composition of figures, are equally efficacious in producing a great style in landscape; the harmony and length of lines, and the convex forms of the trees. 'Tis these, in a great degree, that render Claude's landscapes so superior to most others; 'tis these that contribute much to make St. Peter's and other works of Michael Angelo so superior to performances executed without science or selection. It should be added, that there is sentiment in all nature. The various trees, &c. produce their peculiar sensation; storms, sun-shine, gleams, wind, rain, hail, and other accidents of nature, may be employed by those who comprehend their various powers, to affect the mind in the same manner as a chemist and druggist can act upon the body by various drugs. This, in a high degree, confers that quality which is called genius; without it, the highest finishing is labour in vain; the piece will never be interesting. This made Claude Lorraine's landscapes so romantic and desirable, that we almost wish to become inhabitants of the Arcadian scene.

*Miss Eve.* It is observed of some of the landscapes of Diderich, that we almost hear the water murmur, and see it tremble along the sides of the river, and of the boats upon it. In the battles of Borgognone, we are really apt to fancy that the trumpet sounds;

as the water which runs in the front of your picture seems to ripple.

*Miss K.* You may observe; that some of the persons who have uncovered William's bosom, seem to have endeavoured, by sprinkling him with cold water, to revive or refresh him.

*Miss Eve.* Of what use is that, when his spirit is fled, when his eyes are dim in death?

*Miss K.* He may be supposed to have not been so dead a few minutes ago, when this experiment commenced, as he is at present. As this event happened in August, if the scene had not been a forest, I should have introduced corn nearly ripe. Thus in spring, I endeavour to shew, according to the time, the forwardness of vegetation, the early trees perhaps in leaf, the backward ones only in bud, or not even so far advanced. I mark the character also of the time in summer; likewise in autumn, when dying vegetation produces so many red and yellow leaves, and employ those warm colours that have been used with so much success by Titian, Tintoret, Rubens, Reynolds, and some others of the best colourists, especially as revivers or balancers of the colours in the great masses.

*Miss Eve.* I think Reynolds was very fond of introducing the beech-tree in his landscapes.

*Miss K.* Yes; many painters have their favourite trees. In Mutiano's landscapes is generally to be found the chesnut, in Lotin's the oak. As our country is famous for the latter, I have, as you see, made the arrow glance from an

oak-tree. Waterloo's landscapes are generally forest scenes. In this *New Forest* I have borrowed from that excellent master. So you see I am always stealing; as Reynolds observes, "always copying, always original; and the more we copy, the more original are our productions."

Miss *Eve*. This would appear as algebra to the conception of the unscientific.

Miss *K*. Yes; but it is not the unscientific that are entitled to decide: besides, these would steal in such a crude, artless way, that their theft would be easily detected, and they would be convicted by the Spartan law, to which artists and authors alone are subject. It may be observed, that some painters have thus introduced a waterfall in their pictures, others an old fallen tree, almost always in the front of their landscapes; and other favourite peculiarities are to be found in the works of many painters.

Miss *Eve*. When did the greatest number of celebrated landscape-painters among the moderns first receive the breath of life?

Miss *K*. About 200 years ago.

Miss *Eve*. That was during the reign of James I. Will you mention the eminent painters born in his reign?

Miss *K*. Cuyp, 1605; Rembrandt, 1606; Dispenbeck and Colombini, 1607; Brouwer, 1608; Mola, 1609; Old William Vander Velde, Young D. Teniers, and J. Both, 1610; Hobbima and Du Fresnoy, 1611; Murillo, Artois, Bamboccio, Gerard Douw, and Gysbrecht Hondekoeter, 1613; Salvator

Rosa, 1614; Sol. Ruysdaal, Old T. Wycke, Castiglione, Carlo Dolci, and Sebastian Bourdon, 1616; Waterloo, 1618; Le Brun, 1619; Wouvermanns, Swaneveld, or the Hermit of Italy, Van Huysum, and William Van Aelst, 1620; Everdingen and Pynaker, 1621; Filippo Laura and G. Brandi, 1623; Berghem, 1624; Carlo Maratti, Drilenburgh, and Paul Potter, 1625. This last artist was remarkable for chaste colouring and high finishing. He died at the early age of 29; and his pictures fetch a very high price.

Miss *Eve*. I think Gysbrecht Hondekoeter, so famous for painting fowls, was son to Gilles H.

Miss *K*. Yes, and father to Melchior. They were the three best painters in this confined department of the art (that of painting fowls and other birds) that ever existed.

Miss *Eve*. I suppose the father often takes great pains, or rather pleasure, to impart the rules by which he paints, to his children; for in many instances whole families have had great success in painting. Thus the Van Huysums were eminent for their skill in delineating flowers.

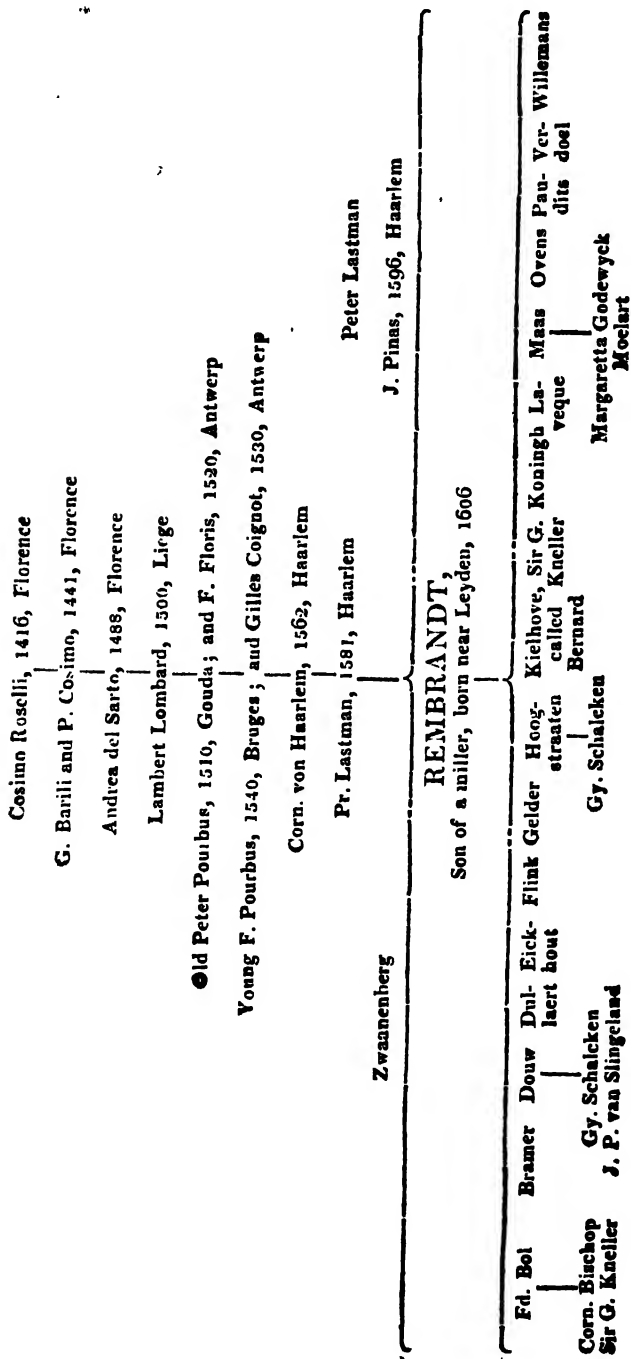
Miss *K*. Yes; no doubt this excellence arises in a great measure from their receiving the rules which their fathers had ascertained. John Van Huysum's flower-pieces are, I think, the best I have seen: they generally fetch several hundred guineas a picture.

Miss *Eve*. Among the names you have just mentioned is that of Rembrandt. This great colourist, like Rubens, had many pupils.

Miss K. Yes, he had more pupils than Rubens. The latter had 16; Rembrandt had 17.

Miss Eve. Have you made a pedigree of Rembrandt?

Miss K. Yes, here it is.



**Miss Eve.** I see Zwaanenbergh, Peter Lastman, and John Pinas were Rembrandt's masters. Cosimo Roselli of Florence, from whom you have traced him, was born 190 years before him, and it is now above 200 years since Rembrandt first drew breath. Many of Rembrandt's seventeen pupils have produced pictures of great merit.

**Miss K.** As I observed, about 200 years ago a great many of the best landscape-painters were born : from 1594 to 1625, which is only 31 years, above twenty of the best in this department can be mentioned.

**Miss Eve.** Which are these ?

**Miss K.** N. Poussin . . . 1594

Van Goym . . . . . 1596

Claude Loraine . . . . . } 1600

G. Poussin . . . . . }

Wynants . . . . . }

Cuyp . . . . . 1605

Rembrandt . . . . . 1606

Mola . . . . . 1609

Young D. Teniers . . . . . } 1610

John Both . . . . . }

Hobbima . . . . . 1611

Bamboccio . . . . . } 1613

Artois . . . . . }

Salvator Rosa . . . . . 1614

Sol Ruysdaal . . . . . } 1616

Old T. Wycke . . . . . }

Waterloo . . . . . 1618

Swanefeld . . . . . } 1620

Wouvermanns . . . . . }

Everdingen . . . . . }

Berghem . . . . . 1624

Paul Potter . . . . . 1625

I have introduced Rembrandt's name, because, in addition to his other merits, he was very excellent at landscape. It is curious, that, with the exception of Claude and Poussin, most of these painters did not seem to comprehend select nature. Waterloo was particularly admirable in forest scenes, and is an excellent master for a landscape-painter to study.

**Miss Eve.** Who was Waterloo's master ?

**Miss K.** The masters of Waterloo and Wynants are unknown. Much has been said in books respecting the merits of the above masters, and it is very improving to compare those observations with their exquisite productions.

JUNINUS.

## ESSAY ON LABOUR.

*From Mrs. PECK's New Novel, "Vaga; or, a View of Nature."*

THE best relish of all our pleasures most undoubtedly results from honest and useful employments. It is almost proverbial, that "labour is the sweetener of rest." But it is in the highest degree unjust to imagine, that there is any thing despicable or low in labour, whether it consists in the application either of body or mind; and it is very erroneous to suppose, that people who appear to sit in a manner at ease, are therefore excluded from their share of the common burden. The tailor, the watchmaker, and others, who sit at their board, sheltered from the inclemencies of the air and the weather; nay, even the merchant in his counting-house, and the scholar in his study, all contribute, in their degree, to the common stock, and frequently expend both their health and their strength by their sedentary lives. Labour does not consist merely in action, otherwise

those who spend most of their time in shooting, hunting, and fishing, might claim their share of industry, and its benefits. But, as usefulness constitutes the principal importance of the life of man, he who sweeps the highway might dispute the palm with many who move in a higher sphere. The beasts may, and do labour; but not with the advantage of knowing, like man, the utility of it. It is by the means of labour only that we enjoy all our comforts, and the advantages we possess above men living in a savage state. Labour is also the source of our riches, and very frequently of the superiority we enjoy above our neighbours, less active than ourselves. Pleasure and amusements frequently pall the senses; and it has been said, that those happy persons who may be unacquainted with that uneasiness of mind which the French call *ennui*, have nothing to do but to pass a whole week in absolute idleness.

The laborious of any description whatever, seldom want necessities: the idle either actually feel, or imagine, the loss of all. The former is honoured and esteemed, because he is useful, while the latter is despised. The idle, not being able to persevere in a course of laudable industry, and yet not capable of remaining totally inactive, fall frequently into the excesses of gaming, drinking, or debauchery. Hence uneasy reflections, vain regret, fears for the future, and numerous sensations to which the industrious are entirely strangers. But such are the prejudices and blindness of mankind in general, and particularly of those who are untaught, that they are led to suppose

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a life of labour to be a calamity, rather than a blessing. They do not imagine, that a life of indolence, even connected with opulence, is little better than splendid misery. They are not aware, that our very make and form are sufficient indications that we were born to labour; and that the indulgences, equally with the necessities of mankind, ought to be looked upon as so many different claims upon his exertion. Besides, labour is the pathway to honour and dignity, without any debasement of the species. Hence promotion; and hence the rewards bestowed upon each other, as so many testimonies of gratitude, esteem, and confidence. In a word, there is something godlike in the communication of these rewards and distinctions: consequently, it is by means of these, that magistrates, kings, and princes distinguish merit, and bestow the best recompence upon the talents or the fidelity of their fellow-citizens and subjects.

It is with titles as with wealth: he who is without them, supposes such distinctions to be truly enviable; he who has them, imagines real happiness to rest with those who possess these advantages in a higher degree than himself. Greatness, no doubt, has its benefits, because even the most empty titles obtain some respect among men, who are generally ready to flatter those above them; yet the great, to whom these distinctions are familiar, soon cease to relish them. To lose them entirely would, no doubt, be afflictive. The first time one of this description is decorated with a star, a ribband, or an epaulet, he is, no doubt, as much



pleased as a child with something new in its dress. A nobleman at length wears his star, or any other mark of distinction, with the same indifference as his shoes and stockings. As to greatness, there is no rank, no office, which is devoid of its duties. It is just, that those who share the honours conferred by the state, should bear a part in its services. Even the sovereign (in England) is bound by the laws; and there are scarcely any beneath him, however elevated they may be, who are not accountable for their conduct to their superiors. Often, while the soldier reposes in his tent, the chief of the army must exchange his sleep for toil and watching. Each of the officers is again responsible for the conduct of all committed to his charge. It is the magistrate, also, who is expected to maintain good order and tranquillity: the people have only to enjoy the fruits of their vigilance. The common mechanic goes to his labour when he pleases, and quits it without being liable to be asked, why he does so. But his superiors, who are in office, must execute their duties at certain times appointed by others: private engagements, propensities, and habits, must frequently give way to the public service; and the higher the office, the greater is the disgrace of those persons who fail in their duties. Since, therefore, all men are dependant, and, to be happy, must engage in some useful employment or labour; he will be most so who has the art of enjoying his condition, and who, keeping religion and virtue in view, can derive the purest pleasures alternately from labour and rest, from society or from solitude, according to the situation in which he may be placed.

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## THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

### No. VII.

Where are the kings of Exad, and the kings of Arphad? Where are the kings of the cities of Sepharvaim?—CHRONICLES.

I WOULD now give half my literary reputation — yes, madam, why do you laugh? my literary reputation—to know the real opinions of the two sovereigns on their reception in this country. They have said, that they felt highly flattered: indeed they would have been highly ungrateful, had they not *said* so. But people will form happiness in their own way; pleasure will even cease to be pleasure, when it is dictated to us; and those sovereigns must have felt an odd sensation, on beholding every garlic-eating villain press into their presence, when their peasantry are not allowed to touch the hem of their garment; in particular the Russian, who flies from the sight of his master as he would a pestilence, the custom of that country not allowing the prince and the vassal to breathe the same atmosphere. Perhaps the density and heat of the air breathed by hundreds at an evening *fête*, may convey no remote idea of the stove-warmed apartment of the Russian noble. But that down beds and late hours can assimilate with that frame, to which the frost-hardened ground is

luxury, is strange. I am afraid we shall never get at their real opinion. No—kings will be kings—they must be courtly; and to be courtly is to compliment. My eldest son, whom, doubtless, the public must be much interested about—my eldest son, he's a 'cute lad—pretends to say, that they were not very fond of all this shew: "for," says he, "didn't they come into town quietly, while I was waiting in the cold to see them? Did they not depart as quietly?" Yes, he is right, they did. There is no man more fond of candour than I am. I shall therefore, before I proceed, warn my reader against any sly blow I may give these illustrious strangers, by preparing them by my reasons, and assure them I am not best pleased with their conduct toward such a person as Johannes Scriblerus. What, never to send for me! to leave the country without an audience of me, who, through the medium of the *Repository*, could ruin their characters at once! But now I'll act nobly; I'll not notice this rude behaviour to a man of so much consequence. Dear darling poem, on which I had devoted so much time and talent! my "Alexandriad, or the Saviour of the North," must now hang its head, and the world has lost a valuable epic of many thousand lines for ever. How have I mustered *northern pines*, and *Siberian mines*! and has not one book already been put into very pretty Russ, by my friend Crackendentschoff, for nothing? The world have now, for a time, done *emperoring*—the tradesman has returned to his employment; the spruce clerk again wields his pen; and the man of

fashion once more parades the *paré* unshouldered by plebeian anxiety; and I return to my garret and my cogitations. Distracted with noise and hurry, and squeezed to a mummy, here I sit; yet is not quietness to be my doom; I am consulted about losses, and future devices for another day of illumination. Cleora begs me to recover her lost heart, which she missed at the dinner-day at Guildhall, and which she strongly suspects was stolen from her by Wild-fire of the 18th, a well known and reputed thief. Mr. Gubbins begs an impromptu from me, to adorn his transparency of the Devil flying away with Boney. Charles Dangle, Esq. also begs me to save him from hanging himself, from a fit of despair for love of a fair incognita, who mortally wounded him, through the medium of a smart-turned angle, which slipped through a balcony on the last snow-day; and Jack Variable curses his stars, that, from a similar accident, he became acquainted with the bandy-legs of his intended, and begs me to get him off the match. One writes to me for a cardinal Virtue to complete his transparency for the next triumph; and Will Changeable, who used to drink success to Bonaparte, wishes to know if he may represent Talleyrand carrying his master to the infernal regions. But I have done with them; and let my customers know once for all, that for the future I shall cease to give advice gratis. Had they followed my counsel, many of my friends would not have disgraced themselves by the low caricatures displayed at their windows. The Fall

of Phaeton was a grand design—every body must have understood what that meant. The Sun of Peace rising over the world was an idea partaking somewhat of sublimity; but I must protest, much as I have ever hated my friend Nap, against his being personified as a little blue devil; and I must insist on all my subjects, over whom I reign with despotic sway, resorting to *artists* for designs, where grandeur of composition may supersede the efforts of the window-blind colourer. Let then the apotheosis of a Pitt, a Perceval, and those whose measures have brought about this era, preside in the embellishments of peace, and let some allusion ('twill be but decent) be made in the description to those military and naval heroes who have fought and bled for us. I had some idea to have presented in my window the following motto:—"In the blessings of peace, let us not be ungrateful to those who have gained it;" or something of this complexion: but Mrs. Scriblerus objected to it; and, alas! for me, her word is law. Let us, however, trust, that wherever Alexander of Russia and Frederic of Prussia may be, when this Cogitation meets the eyes of my readers, they will acknowledge, that if Englishmen have at all failed in the object of giving them a hearty welcome, at least no pains, no expence have been spared to make them sensible how much we value their exertions in the cause for which we have all struggled. Honoured with the thousands of salutes of thousands of our fair country-women, the veteran Blücher will at least allow, that kissing is not prohibited in this country; nor will a Platoff

have reason to fear, that want of gallantry in England will oblige his daughter to a state of celibacy, though she gains not a husband in an immolator of Bonaparte.

But if Englishmen can submit to hunger, heat, and cold, for a sight of two foreign personages, how will they hail the presence of a Wellington! For my share, I was not best pleased to find his presence wanting at the proclamation of peace. I would have him enter our metropolis in triumph; a triumph worthy of ancient Rome; with this difference, that no slaves should decorate his chariot wheels—but he should be mounted in an open car, that all eyes might see the man to whom we owe the olive-branches now spreading over our heads; not surrounded by captive bands, but encompassed by all those heroes who have fought for us. Nor should the wounded, who could attend, be missing: borne also in triumph, and reposing on their laurels, they would more strongly address themselves to our hearts, and the country would immediately adopt those for her children who have been so worthy of such a parent. Such as know the fickleness of human nature, will not be surprised if their services should be soon forgotten; and the old cry of "standing army" may too soon plunge in oblivion the claims of men who have sacrificed every thing but their honour for us; and the general and the subaltern, to whom we have been beholden for every thing that is dear to us, be equally branded by some hireling of reform. That this may never be the case, is the fervent prayer of the desultory

JOHANNES SCRIBLERUS.

## FRAGMENTS FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

ON THE PECULIAR OBSTACLES  
WHICH RETARD THE PROGRESS  
OF ARCHITECTURE.

NONE of the fine arts appear to labour under greater disadvantages, or have more formidable obstacles to overcome, than architecture. In the first place, it is of all the arts the most *impracticable*, and the most *dependant*. Whatever the genius or abilities of the architect, he possesses them in vain, unless opportunities are offered of displaying them. The poet and the painter may console themselves for the neglect of their contemporaries; they may appeal from patrons to the public; and may employ their hours of solitude on some work, which shall exist a splendid monument of their powers. With the architect the case is widely different; he cannot shut himself up in his study and erect palaces. Opportunities of rearing splendid edifices do not often occur; and this very circumstance would lead one to suppose, that a design would not be adopted till after serious and mature deliberation. Does a paltry picture or contemptible poem appear? still the mischief is not great, and both the one and the other are quickly forgotten, or may be easily laid aside: but when a building is once erected, it remains perhaps for ages a public monument of good or bad taste. For want of this caution, how many buildings appear to have been erected under some pressing exigencies, where no time for selection or improvement could be allowed, but the first design that came to hand was laid hold of for the occasion.

Even the facility of making mere elevations has been injurious to the art. Every builder or surveyor, who can mechanically draw the five orders, dubs himself an architect, and dabbles in designs: no matter whether he possesses any taste for the grand and beautiful; whether he can be original without caprice, or, by a happy combination, can impart novelty to common forms; whether he understands any thing of *chiaro-scuro* and perspective, or is aware how advantageously they may be employed; in short, whether he knows any thing or nothing of all this, is but of little importance; intrigue may procure him interest, interest bestow on him *jobs*. In no wise solicitous as to the advancement of the art, to which he attaches himself solely from mercenary motives, he is on every occasion forward to comply with the caprice and vitiated taste of his employers.

It must be confessed too, that the usual method of exhibiting designs by elevations and sections, instead of perspective views, is not the best adapted for rendering the study *popular*. For this reason it is, that the architectural drawings at our exhibitions are comparatively neglected, and afterwards many a beautiful design is consigned to the port-folio of the artist, never to re-appear before the public: whereas, were designs exhibited in perspective, though they should never be executed, they might still adorn the walls of our cabinets as pictures, and, by being engraved, might acquire a publicity and reputation for the artist, which, if

not profitable, would yet be honourable. It might too be advisable, that an annual prize should be given to the architectural exhibitors at the Royal Academy, and that the best design should be engraved in perspective. In a preceding fragment, the utility of an Architectural Magazine was hinted at. Every other study or pursuit is exhibited in the popular form of the general miscellany; the study of architecture alone is confined to ponderous and expensive works. Now it is really to be doubted, whether the confining (with a few exceptions) treatises on this science to magnificent folios, may not tend in some degree to retard its progress and diffusion. Till within these few years, we did not possess *Les Annales du Musée* and the *Historic Gallery*: each of these works forms a portable collection, containing a great variety of subjects, and, from their comparatively humble price, are within the reach of such as could never hope to attain more expensive publications. It is to be regretted, that the English work should not have proceeded beyond the seventh volume.

If architects have not attempted to bring their science before the public in a popular form, is it because it is too futile and insignificant to attract attention? or because they are unwilling to gratify our curiosity at so cheap a rate? If it originate in the former consideration, their conduct is certainly prudent; if in the latter, hardly generous. Still I must think, that the more generally architecture were understood, the better would it be both for the art and its professors. To the former it would

prove advantageous, as it would serve to form and direct the public taste; to the latter, it would be serviceable, since, if a more pure and noble taste were cultivated, they would rather be seconded in their designs by their employer, than thwarted by caprices, to which they are but too often obliged to submit; and we might often be spared the mortification of beholding buildings "curtailed of their fair proportions" and ornaments by an ill-judging and tasteless parsimony, or disfigured by a paltry style of ornament, or to speak more correctly, affectation of ornament.

Were a manual of designs, in the style and on the scale of those introduced in the *Annales du Musée*, to be published, it would methinks be both acceptable to the public and of service to the art. Neither do I apprehend, that it would hinder the sale of more costly and elaborate works, but rather ultimately promote it, by diffusing a more general knowledge of the art. It is almost impertinent to observe, that were a more general relish for architecture encouraged, its beneficial effects would be perceived even in a more correct and noble taste of street architecture, and that too sometimes at as cheap, or a cheaper, rate than deformity.

#### INTERIOR VIEWS OF PALACES AND SEATS.

Those who are delighted with beholding

--- "What'er adorns  
The princely dome, the column, and the arch,  
The breathing marble, and the sculptured  
gold,"

must regret, that there are many obstacles to obstruct or diminish this gratification. Access to the

interior of splendid mansions is often not to be procured without great difficulty; and when admitted, the visitor is hurried through suites of apartments, and so confused by the multiplicity of beauties which surround him, that he is frequently as much, if not more, tantalized than gratified, his curiosity rather excited than allayed. A work, therefore, containing a series of select interior views, could not, I think, fail to remunerate those who should undertake it. In the first place, it would have novelty to recommend it, for nothing similar has yet appeared. To all artists employed in interior decoration, it would be serviceable, by presenting to them a collection of views of the most magnificent and elegant apartments in the kingdom; while those who had seen them but imperfectly before, might again view them at leisure by their own fire-sides.

The Saloon, Hall, and Library at Blenheim, Chapel at Alnwick, Hall and Statue Gallery at Holkham, with many other apartments, as at Stowe, Wilton, Kedleston, &c. &c. are surely as well worth representation as tomb-stones, crypts, charnel-houses, and many other objects possessing too much deformity to please any but a professed antiquary or illustrator. Why, therefore, should not the admirers of elegance be as assiduous in the cause they espouse, as the indefatigable partizans of antiquarianism? No doubt can be entertained as to the suitableness of such subjects for representation, since all apprehension on that head would be instantly dispelled by turning to the beautiful interior views of

Radcliffe Library at Oxford, and of the Public Library at Cambridge, in Ackermann's Histories of those Universities. These plates display Mr. Mackenzie's superior abilities as an architectural draftsman, and are a sufficient proof, that similar subjects are neither uninteresting nor unpicturesque.

Such a collection as that here suggested would also serve to illustrate and accompany Watts's *Views*, and most of our English Tourists. Nor is there any reason to suppose, that it would be displeasing to the possessors of noble seats, to have their beauties, at present comparatively but little known, except by reputation, thus laid open and exposed, as it were, to public inspection and admiration.

#### CIRCULAR PORTICOS.

It appears somewhat extraordinary, that so few examples should exist of the circular portico; a feature so beautiful, as to deserve to be oftener introduced than it is into architectural composition.—Sir Wm. Chambers, among his designs for *casinos*, at the end of his *Treatise on Civil Architecture*, has given a singularly beautiful one with a portico, whose plan is a complete circle, the order Doric, and the portico rises above the other part of the building; the whole elevation exhibiting a singularly happy combination of novelty with purity of design, and simplicity with richness.

#### ON CHIARO-SCURO AND PICTURESQUE EFFECT IN ARCHITECTURE.

Architects do not appear to avail themselves so extensively as they might, of the advantages to be derived from effects of *chiaro-scuro*,

and arranging their edifices in masses, so as to obtain a picturesque effect. Neither do they bestow sufficient attention on the general outline of their designs, or employ seldom more than a mere flat, with but few bold projections, or any thing to break the surface of the elevation in a picturesque manner. The Observatory at Oxford is an instance of what may be produced by mere novelty of outline and mass: for this building, though captivating at first appearance and in its general form, is far from being faultless in its details. The bas-reliefs are certainly too ornamental to accord with the naked windows beneath them. The lower part of the edifice has a *pettiness* and an *affectation* of simplicity which are by no means to be commended.

Besides, it does not appear to be agreeable to correct taste, to introduce reliefs, which are merely ornamental, while windows, which are necessary parts, are left entirely plain. It is this mixture of ornament and plainness which disgusts; and buildings thus decorated may be said to resemble a female Quaker with brilliants in her ears. It would surely be more consonant to propriety to attend first to the decoration of the necessary parts of the building, before we venture to introduce merely adventitious ornaments. Were this precept more attended to, we should not be so often disgusted with those crude and motley compounds of finery and meanness which disgrace both our streets and lawns.

(To be continued.)

## THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XLI.

The first request  
He made, was like his brothers to be dress'd;  
And, as his birth requir'd, above the rest.

DRYDEN.

It is observed by Lavater, that persons who are habitually attentive to dress, display the same regularity in their domestic affairs. How far this observation may apply to the belles of Switzerland, from whom it may be presumed that he drew it, I do not pretend to determine; though it cannot be supposed, that such an observer of the human character had not a prototype in his fair country-women: but his opinion would not, I think, be supported by the fashionables of our metropolis. It may, perhaps, be owing to my ignorance of high life, but, as far as my experience has enabled me to judge,

the ladies who more particularly pique themselves upon the elegance and splendour of their dress, who are anxious to adopt and display its varieties, and derive consequence from giving their names to a mantle, a boot, or a bonnet, are not remarkable for their attention to household arrangement, or domestic economy. Whatever may have been his knowledge of, or insight into, the pericraniums of statesmen, warriors, and philosophers, Lavater by no means equals the sagacity of Addison, in the examination of those of the female form: the dissection which the latter has given of the skull of

a lady of fashion, displays a far greater portion of knowledge in every thing that relates to the intellectual anatomy of woman, than the philosopher of Zurich. He has, however, another remark on the same subject, which is less liable to objections. It is this:—"Young females who neglect their toilette, and manifest little concern about dress, indicate a disregard of order, a mind but ill adapted to economic details, a deficiency of taste, and of the qualities that inspire love; in short, they will be careless in every thing." This is the character of a stupid, idle, female sloven, and therefore fit for nothing; but it is such an one, as, I am thankful, is so rare as never to have presented itself to my attention. He proceeds, however, one step further:—"The girl of sixteen," he adds, "who strives not to please, will inevitably be a slut, and a shrew at twenty-five." This may be true, for aught I know; but I would ask, in return, where is the miss of sixteen, who, in some way or other, is free from a desire to please? The resulting corollary of these opinions is, that the love of dress is not only allowable, but essentially requisite in women; and that it indicates an amiable disposition, and a love of order and regularity. This mode of reasoning cannot be known to the attendant priestesses in the various temples of fashion in St. James's-street, Bond-street, &c. or a Lavater's head would, long since, have been presented as a sign, or given a pre-eminent title to some or other of them; an honour, however, which the amiable and pious philosopher,

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whose opinions I have detailed, never thought, and would not have been very ambitious, of attaining.

But this by way; for when I took up my pen to write this essay, my mind was not occupied on the nature of dress, but on the tyranny of fashion, which, however tasteful its inventions, is frequently monstrous in the application of them. We have lately seen the Oldenburg bonnet, which was probably framed for the purpose of travelling on the Continent, or the circumstances of a sea voyage, and, at all events, is not suited to the months of May and June in this country; but no sooner does it appear on the head of the princess from whom it derives its name, than it is instantly adopted from one end of the metropolis to the other; and as soon as the mail-coaches can convey the patterns, in every part of the island. I am old enough to remember, when some lady of high rank, to whom nature had been rather parsimonious in posterior accompaniments, thought it a duty she owed herself, to supply the defect with certain elegant protuberances of cork; and so far, so good. The shape was thus improved, and these appearances provided, which Nature herself would have furnished, if she had been in a better humour than she appeared to be, when she formed the lady in question. But Fashion now stepped forward, to produce, from this sensible arrangement, the most ridiculous absurdities. For this invention having been once established, for the decoration of the more meagre forms, was equally adopted by those to whom nature had been

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most bountiful and abundant in flesh and muscle; and shapes appeared in the tonish circles which occupied at least, from their artificial circumference, twice the space which their natural superficies would have required.

The most attractive circumstance of modern fashion is the succession of varieties. In more remote periods, the modes of public appearance would last, at least, through a long reign, but now they are the ephemera of the season. They are so changeable, that if a person, by any very afflicting accident, or prolonged illness, should be kept to his chamber and night-gown for seven or eight months, he must, if he is a fashionable man, send for his tailor to fit him out afresh, to be like other people.

Fabulous history informs us of one Epimenides, who, after a sleep of fifty years, awoke with amazement on finding himself, as it were, in a new world, from the universal change in what may be called the living appearance of it. Divesting the story, for a moment, of its incredible character, we of this day might easily conceive the effect upon the sleeper's mind, if his nap had been of a far shorter period. If we were but to put on a suit of clothes which had slumbered five or six years in the wardrobe, we should appear in a ridiculous light to ourselves, and little short of monstrous to others.

Queen Anne, consort of Richard II. who first set the fashion of riding on side saddles, introduced a high head attire, piked with horns, to which a kind of streamer was fastened, that hung down in a long

flow behind, and turning up again, was tied to the girdle. This princess seems to have had a tasteful fancy, as she also introduced gowns with long trains. Henry IV. wore long hair, whiskers, and a double-pointed beard; and in his time the long pocketed sleeve was much in fashion. Henry V. wore the same; and Camden, speaking of the shoes *à la mode* in this reign, has this expression:—"Not many years after it was proclaimed, that no man should have his shoes broader at the toes than six inches." Women also, at this time, trimmed themselves with foxes' tails under their garments. Henry VI. Edward IV. Richard III. and Henry VII. wore their hair moderately long, without beard or whiskers. Henry VIII. had short cropped hair, large whiskers, and a short curled beard; his gown furred, the upper part of his sleeves bowed out with whalebone, and open from his shoulders to his wrists, and there buttoned with diamonds; about his neck and wrists he wore short ruffles. So many portraits of this monarch have survived, that his figure and habiliments are in a great measure as well known to our age, as they were to his own.

Queen Mary wore a close head-dress, with a broad, flat, long end or train hanging down behind; strait sleeves down to her wrists, on which and on her neck was a narrow ruffle. On the 27th of May, 1555, 2d Queen Mary, Sir William Cecil, being then at Calais, bought, as appears by his MS. Diary, three hats for his children. These are the first hats of which I know any account, and, for some time, they

appeared to be but rarely adopted by men.

Queen Elizabeth wore no head-dress, but her own or false hair in great abundance, extravagantly frizzled and curled; a hob or jewel dropt on her forehead; a huge laced double ruff, long piked stays, a hoop petticoat, extended like a go-cart; her petticoats very full; her sleeves barreled and hooped from the shoulders to the elbows, and again from the elbows to the wrists. In one picture of her she is painted according to the above description, with five bobs, one on her forehead, one above each ear, and one at each ear. This queen is said to have been the first person in her own kingdom who wore stockings: before her time, both men and women wore hose, that is, breeches, or drawers and stockings all of one piece of cloth. Sir Philip Sidney, a distinguished attendant on her court, wore a huge, high collar, stiffened with whalebone; a very broad stiff laced ruff; his doublet, barreled and slashed all over, with small oblong buttons, and a loose, long cloak.

In the reign of James I. the great tub farthingal was much worn. The famous Countess of Essex is pictured in a monstrous hoop of this sort. In conformity to the ladies of that age, the gentlemen fell into the ridiculous fashion of trunk hose; which was carried to such an excess, as to have received the title of the farthingal small-clothes.

Charles I. wore long hair, particularly one lock, longer than the rest, hanging on the left side, large whiskers, a piked beard, a ruff, shoe-roses, and a falling band. His

queen wore a ruff standing on each side and behind, with her bosom open.

The history of dress, both male and female, might be continued, with some degree of interest and curiosity, through the successive reigns, if the space allotted me would allow it. The pleasurable and gallant court of Charles II. with the beauties that adorned it, might be made to enliven the subject with the improved taste and graces of that period. The collections of Windsor and Hampton Court, as well as the family galleries of our nobility, furnish precise representations of the modes of dress of the last two centuries; and a scale might be formed of successive fashions, with all their whims, vagaries, and fancies throughout that length of years, down to the present moment, and the continuation of them, which this *Repository*, and this number of it, displays in its elegant and correct representation of the fashionable morning and evening dresses of persons in the higher ranks of life.

It would be a curious contrast, to take the elegant designs of beauty and fashion which this Number affords, and compare them with the figures that are seen to attend Queen Elizabeth in the characters of dames and maids of honour, in her various progresses, as represented in the curious and well known work published by Mr. J. Nicholls. Such a comparison would awaken the same emotions of ridicule and merriment, as is excited by the two figures of the antique Antinous, that beautiful example of Grecian sculpture, and a French

dancing-master, which are placed together, in order to illustrate one of the principles of Hogarth on the subject of grace, in his *Analysis of Beauty*.

I conclude with a stanza from an old ballad:—

What is the state  
Of this great nation,—  
The great live by the state,  
And the state lives by fashion.

### THE UMBRELLA.

By AUGUSTUS VON KOTZBUE.

(Concluded from p. 20.)

IT was a considerable time before the assessor had the courage to avail himself of the opportunities afforded him by his interviews with Henrietta. He was always deterred by the consideration of his infirmities. "How," thought he, "can I, who have the use of only one eye, one arm, one leg, hope to make any impression upon a young female with two such sparkling eyes, two such delicately white arms, two such handsome feet!" One day, however, when he entered, during a heavy shower, with his faithful umbrella under his arm, and found Henrietta sitting at the window, he could no longer repress the wishes of his heart.—"I must e'en venture," thought he, "for this state of uncertainty I can endure no longer. Has not our president too charged me with being more and more negligent of the duties of my office?" Being now seated with her at the window, leaning his lame arm on his dripping umbrella, he mustered courage, and thus began:—"Will you permit me, my dear miss, to relate my history to you?"

"I shall hear it with pleasure."

"It is rather singular, for umbrellas are involved in all the principal transactions of my life."

Henrietta smiled. The assessor thus proceeded:—

"When I was a little boy, my father once came home on a very wet day, just like this, and left his umbrella expanded in the next room to that in which he usually sat, that it might dry. It grew dark, and I, in running through the room, fell over the umbrella, the ferrilled point of which ran into one of my eyes, and deprived me of the sight of it.

"I was scarcely twenty, when I was one day looking at a rope-dancer in the Park. The sun shone very hot, but I had my umbrella with me as usual, and put it up. Among the crowd of spectators, there was not far from me an officer with a young lady, who had no other shelter from the intense solar rays than a little paltry fan. The officer very politely requested me to lend my umbrella for the lady; I had the incivility to refuse him; he naturally became uncivil too, and at length so rude that I was obliged to challenge him. He gave me a thrust in the arm, which has left a lameness in it ever since.

"Neither have the umbrellas of others brought me better luck than my own. I was once riding on a trained horse, that is, a horse which had learned more than myself. He capered and pranced when I did not want him, probably because

I tightened the curb, or pressed with my knee, when I should not have done so. One day he began his capers just at the moment when I was passing the stall of an apple-woman, who had a very large oil-skin umbrella spread over the baskets of fruit and herself. I know not to this moment whether it was owing to any mistake of mine in the management of the beast, or whether he took fright at the great umbrella. He reared, and pranced, and kicked, till, in spite of all my exertions, he ran foul of the umbrella, knocked down the woman, upset her baskets upon her, and threw me on the top of them all, and that with such violence as to break my leg, which was not healed without great difficulty. Such is the cause of my present lameness."

Henrietta could scarcely forbear laughing, but pity predominated, and she cheered the narrator by the feeling expression of her sympathy.

"Ah!" said the assessor, "but that is not all by a great deal. Through my whole life I have been persecuted by umbrellas. The first place that I applied for, I lost, because I had the misfortune to knock off the hat of a fool of quality, against whom I ran in the street with my umbrella, and to disorder his hair. I was disappointed of the second, because a lady of extremely delicate nerves, who desired to speak to me, fainted away at the smell of my new oil-skin umbrella, and in consequence took a violent dislike to me. The third I lost, because I made an enemy of a secretary whom I used to meet at a club, and who one night, at his departure, took away my new um-

brella with him, instead of his old one, and was highly affronted when I requested him to exchange it again.

"But I was most unlucky when I was soliciting the fourth place, which the president had positively promised me. I was invited to an evening party at his house, and unfortunately took it into my head to retire before the rest of the company. I looked about for my umbrella in the anti-room, and could not find it. The servants, thought I, have most likely carried it into some other apartment; and therefore opened the next door without knowing that it was the bed-chamber of the president's lady. She was just at this moment in very familiar conversation with an officer, and angrily asked, 'What do you want?' I was frightened, and excused my intrusion as well as I could with the truth, namely, that I was seeking my umbrella: on which she very heartily wished both me and my umbrella at the devil. In a few days the place was given to another.

"It was not long before I met with a new patron, who had it in his power to make ample amends for all my disappointments. He too gave me his word to provide for me on the first opportunity. Whilst I was waiting for this opportunity, I saw him one evening at dusk, slipping, without any attendant, into a house which did not bear the best reputation. He was wrapped up in a great cloak, but nevertheless I knew him. As it just began to rain very fast, I thought to do a civility, which would be taken in good part, if I watched in the street till my patron came out again, and

then offered him my umbrella. I had to wait a whole hour. At length he came, and God knows I meant no harm, when I said to him, 'Please your excellency, here is my umbrella.' He paused, seemed doubtful whether to reply or not; and indeed I had rather he had given me no answer at all; for he was pleased to say nothing more than, 'Go to the devil with your umbrella!' Next morning I went to pay my respects, but his door was shut against me, and I have never since been able to obtain admittance.

"However, if we will but have patience, things will at last come round. Fortunately my parents left me a very pretty property, so that I could wait, and got a place too at last: but many a scurvy trick was I still played by my umbrella:

"I had once partly engaged myself to a pretty young woman, and had also partly repented it, for she could make a great many words about trifles. Thought I to myself, if she behaves thus as a bride, what have I to expect from her as a wife. She particularly took me to task about my umbrella, because I, for sufficient reasons, never stir abroad without it. I did not mind her, and merely smiled; this she took highly amiss, observing, that I ought not to smile when she was vexed.

"Once, however, at the play, matters were carried rather too far. I had taken a box for six persons. She, her aunt, and sisters filled it, so that there was but a very small space for me, and scarcely any for my umbrella. I put it first in one corner. 'Pray take this nasty

umbrella away,' was soon the cry. I moved it to another, and the same injunction was repeated. I laid it under the bench, and then it was in the way of their feet; so that I had no alternative left but to hold it in my hand, which I did very contentedly. My fair companions, with my bride at their head, now thought fit to rally me on account of my umbrella. One remarked that I looked like one of the wild men in some coats of arms, with clubs in their hands; another, that I resembled a talapoin of the kingdom of Siam, who is represented with an umbrella; the third, that I should look admirably upon an elephant. My bride thought all these allusions extremely witty, and laughed ready to kill herself. Weary at last of being the object of their ridicule, I left the box, and never returned.

"In the pit I fared, if any thing, still worse. The play was, *Misanthropy and Repentance*. The audience was dissolved in tears. I had not long before read in a French newspaper, that, during the performance of the same piece at Paris, a wag had all at once put up his umbrella, lest he should get wet through from the copious shower of tears that fell from the boxes; on which the whole house burst into a loud laugh. I thought that I too would be witty for once, if not original, and therefore hoisted my umbrella at the end of the third act. Unfortunately, the Germans did not understand the joke. Those who were behind me, grumbled because I interrupted the view, and at length began to overwhelm me with abuse. I turned coolly round, and told them it was a practical

joke; but this only enraged them still the more. At length the police interfered, and I was glad to reach the door, after receiving many a punch in the ribs by the way.

"I went towards the Park, to and from which the people were pouring in crowds. The comers and goers formed but one mass, one half moving one way, and the other half the other. Many of them had umbrellas, for it began to spit a little. I suffered myself quietly to be carried along by the torrent, and secretly rejoiced in the shelter which I possessed. All at once a man, who likewise carried an umbrella, and was probably in great haste, for his arms were like a couple of battering-rams, that knocked down all before him, ran against me. Our umbrellas got entangled, and his forcibly pulled mine out of my hand. It was impossible for it to fall to the ground, the people were much too close for that; so it tumbled for twenty yards together, from one head to another, knocking off, in its progress, hats, spectacles, bonnets, and caps; in short, spreading havoc and consternation wherever it went. At length it was seized and torn into a thousand pieces. Luckily the good folks knew not to whom it belonged, otherwise the poor owner might perhaps have been doomed to a similar fate.

"I should never have finished, my dear miss, were I to attempt to relate to you all the mischances in which my umbrella has involved me."

"Indeed, sir, I pity you," said Henrietta; "but why not give up using an umbrella at all, as it seems

to have been invented for the purpose of making you unhappy?"

"Oh! by no means," rejoined the assessor; "we must only have patience; the malignity of fortune will be exhausted some time or other, and I still live in the pleasing hope of owing all my future felicity to my umbrella. It is but a few months since, to my inexpressible satisfaction, a child fell from a window plump upon my umbrella. The violence of the shock, to be sure, knocked me down, and I cut my head in two or three places, but then the force of the fall was broken, and the child escaped without injury. If you had but seen how the parents loaded me with the most affecting caresses, you would have thought, as I did myself, that I was amply indemnified for all my previous sufferings."

So saying, he looked so unspeakably happy, that Henrietta could not help eyeing him with a look of peculiar kindness.

"Ho, ho! thought I to myself," he continued, "the era of misfortune is over, and henceforward my umbrella will bring me nothing but comfort and happiness. This notion it is, my dearest miss, that has given me the courage to speak to you to-day. There stands my umbrella before me—to it I am indebted for your acquaintance, and it depends upon you alone to make it the author of my temporal felicity. I have only one eye, but as long as it is open it will rest with ardent love upon you. My right arm is lame, but yet it has strength enough to press you to an honest heart. I have but one sound leg, yet I would give that too with plea-

sure, if I might be permitted to hobble through life upon crutches by your side."

Henrietta blushed. It was not love that attached her to him, but

she felt, that with so good-hearted a creature she could not fail to be happy. She gave him her hand, and never had reason to repent her compliance.

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### ACCOUNT OF A FEMALE FOUND ON THE HIGH MOUNTAINS OF THE CANTON OF VIEDESSOS, IN THE PYRENNES.

At some leagues from the hamlet of Suc, at the foot of Mount Calm, which has an elevation of more than 1700 fathoms, and is crowned with eternal ice and snow—a dark and silent valley presents one of those imposing scenes which arrest and strike the mind of the observer in the vast amphitheatre of the Pyrenees. This valley is confined within those mountains, naked and frightfully torn asunder, whose bases, disfigured by enormous masses, seem to expect every moment a fresh accession of the same kind, loosened from the surrounding summits, which are darkened all over, and rent by the deepest fissures. Numerous waterfalls, discharged from a lake on the heights, hurry down the side of the mountain, and are precipitated in murmuring cataracts into the midst of this dreadful chaos. A scanty vegetation, which marks the traces of their uncertain course, is the only sign of vegetable life which Nature has suffered to exist within those bounds which she appears to have consigned to eternal sterility.

Some intrepid hunters having extended their search even into this formidable inclosure, were seized with astonishment on seeing on an opposite cliff a female figure,

entirely naked. This female appeared tall, her complexion dark,—a long head of hair, her only covering, was scattered over her shoulders; she stood erect on a jutting rock, which seemed suspended over precipices, the immense height of which this rock surmounted.

The hunters ran towards her; but seeing them, the female took to flight, setting up, at the same time, the most frightful cries. Carried away by her terrors, she hurried down the declivity of the mountain, and soon escaped from the pursuit of the hunters, who would not venture on the dangers which that unsteady and almost perpendicular route presented to their sight. The news of this wonderful discovery was carried to the hamlet of Suc. On the morrow, in the morning, a great number of the shepherds advanced to the mountain, and concealing themselves behind the rocks, waited for the woman, and coming upon her by surprise, they seized her person. Clothes were immediately presented to her, which she rejected, and even tore with the greatest violence: it was not till they had succeeded in tying her hands, that they could accomplish the clothing of her. She was conducted to the

hamlet. This female, seeing herself clothed with garments hateful to her, and forced from that dark recess, the gloomy melancholy of which seemed to give her pleasure, was seized with the most outrageous madness: her eyes, sparkling with fire, appeared to start from their orbits; her struggles became strong and convulsive; finally, she broke silence for the purpose of discharging against those who surrounded her, threats pronounced with a strong voice, and in the supernatural tone of inspiration and enthusiasm.

When she arrived at the parsonage of Sac, her fury still continued. The rector, who is a clergyman much beloved, kind, and persuasive, presented himself to her, offering her the words of peace and consolation. At once, by one of those quick transitions so common in disorders of the mind, the sinking of melancholy succeeded the explosion of frenzy. Her countenance became sad and silent; she spoke no more, nor did she appear to see or hear any thing; one thought alone, which absorbed all her attention, made her indifferent to every surrounding object. That thought must, of course, be of a most sorrowful nature; involuntary tears and sighs, escaping from her oppressed heart, betrayed her anguish. At length she stopped, and fixed her looks, which for some time had been wandering, steadily on her garments; her limbs quivered, she fell on her knees, and in a voice interrupted by sighs, exclaimed, "Good God! what will my unfortunate husband say?"

These words were followed by secret prayers, and by a long re-

verie. The tears, which she shed in abundance, gave her some relief—she became more calm, but remained indifferent to every thing. Victuals were offered to no purpose; questions repeated without receiving any answer: it might be said, that she was seized with an absolute insensibility.

She spoke in the French language alone; her accent was pure; the manner in which she expressed herself during the access of her frenzy, announced that her mind had been cultivated: her figure, though lank and livid, appeared to have been once handsome, and still bore the impression of a noble rank and dignity.

It was by no means difficult for the good pastor to perceive that this woman was a stranger, that she did not belong to the class of common people, and that the melancholy in which she was sunk originated from no other cause than the weight of misfortunes. He conceived for the unhappy woman the most lively interest, and lavished on her the most affectionate cares, which he had the mortification to see that she rejected.

Having placed her in the chamber where she was to repose for the night, he took the necessary precautions to prevent her escape. Those precautions were inefficient—on the morrow she had disappeared; the clothes which she wore were found not far from the place, torn to tatters.

She re-appeared some days afterwards on the summit of a rock, hitherto supposed inaccessible, except to eagles and to the chamois. Attempts to take her once more were repeated, but were constantly



unsuccessful; it was useless also to endeavour to discover her name and her country.

It was, however, generally believed, and some expressions, which had escaped from the unfortunate woman, strengthened that opinion, that she had married a Frenchman, whom revolutionary events had driven into Spain; she followed him into his exile; that this couple having determined to return to their country, arrived at the foot of the Pyrennees; there they met with those dangers which they were endeavouring to shun. Robbers attacked them, plundered them of every thing, to their very garments, and even raised their murderous hands against the husband's life. He perished; the unfortunate wife being obliged to witness the horror of that bloody scene, it destroyed her reason, which sunk under the weight of her affliction: she penetrated beyond Port Auzat, wandered along the wild summits of the Pyrennees, and, with a heart broken and a brain disordered, arrived at the formidable inclosure which stopped the wanderer's course. Occupied in those places with the most sorrowful images, she was there detained by the conformity which she discovered between the disorder of nature and that of her own soul; there she resolved to consign herself, without reserve, to inconsolable affliction, to suffer and to die alone and unknown in the bosom of Nature, in the midst of that gloom which has she diffused through these parts.

She was sometimes observed to tear up wild plants, to plunge into the lake, or descend into the ter-

rent to seize the fish; but was generally seen in the attitude of reflection and of grief, and resembling a statue as immovable as the rock upon which she stood.

The winter, nevertheless, was approaching; the snow which occupies the summits of the mountains was advancing, and forcing into shelter the flocks and the shepherds—the heights were abandoned. The inhabitants and the pastor deplored the lot of the unfortunate unknown. "Ah! without doubt," said they, "she will be torn in pieces by beasts of prey; or if she could escape their murderous teeth, her frozen body, after yielding to the horrors of hunger, will be buried under heaps of snow."

What was their wonder when they saw her again, on the return of the spring, still naked, running along the accustomed heights!—They looked upon this species of resurrection as a prodigy, the mystery of which they could not explain, and which they were eager to publish to the neighbouring districts.

Mr. Vorgnies, justice of the peace of Viedessos, was informed of it; this magistrate went to the place. Through his care the unfortunate woman was again caught. He caused her to be clothed; he endeavoured to gain her confidence, made her take some crude undressed victuals, and endeavoured to draw from her the secret of her misfortunes. For a long time she opposed the most obstinate silence to those questions put to her in the mildest, but most earnest manner. At length, when he asked her how it happened that the

## ACCOUNT OF A FEMALE FOUND IN THE PYRENEES.

bears did not devour her, "The bears!" she replied; "they are my best friends—they kept me warm."

The bear of the Pyrenees is of a gentle nature; he spares the weak, and is terrible only to those who dare to provoke him. He retires at the approach of winter into a rugged cavern, and passes some months buried in a kind of lethargic slumber.

Might it not be possible that this woman, impelled by cold to enter into their frightful habitation, kept herself warm during the rigour of winter, by sharing the beds of the bears; which she, to all appearance, never quitted, but for the purpose of catching fish in the torrents, or gathering the fruit of the pine-tree in the neighbouring forest?

Nevertheless, torments still more piercing than any she had yet endured, were reserved for this unfortunate female. She was conducted to Foix, that she might enjoy in that place such assistance as the public compassion might supply. It is very possible that, if she had been placed in a situation suitably chosen, and entrusted to the care of a person of feeling and good sense, the gloomy vapours of melancholy, which obscured her reason, might have been dissipated. But this unfortunate creature was pursued by her sad destiny. At first she was disposed of in the hospital, from which she was, after a few days, withdrawn, on the pretence, that she disturbed the order of the place, and was conducted to an old strong castle, which at present is used as a prison. This habitation, built on an enormous rock, detached from the other

mountains, and which, rising rapidly from the bottom of a valley, elevated three large Gothic towers to an immense height, is well adapted to excite ideas of fright and terror. As soon as the wretched creature saw herself shut up in this place, dark despair took possession of her; the access of her madness returned again, and she never ceased to make the walls of her prison re-echo her miserable lamentations.

A hard-hearted gaoler, upon whom the unfortunate had no stronger claim of right than the criminal, for the purpose of getting rid of the uneasiness which her cries excited, conceived and executed the project of causing her to descend into another prison, humid and dark, formed by an excavation of the rock directly under one of the towers before mentioned. He placed some water and coarse food before her, and no longer paid her any other attention.

Returning, after some days, to her prison, or (to speak more correctly) to that grave in which he had the barbarity to bury her alive—her, whose misfortunes the more compassionate bears had respected, he found her lifeless.

Such was the tragical end of this unhappy female. We know in part only the long affliction which she underwent; but the tomb still conceals the secret of her name and birth, and the mournful causes of that deep and obstinate chagrin, the violent concussions of which overturned her reason. Let us deplore her mournful catastrophe, and honour—at least with a tear—the memory of this wonderful victim of conjugal affection.

# PLATE 7.—HOUSE OF CORRECTION, COLD BATH FIELDS.

THIS prison, which stands in a healthy situation in Cold Bath Fields, is built on the plan proposed by the late Mr. Howard, and may be considered, both in construction and discipline, as a real experiment of his severe principles on convicted felons and hardened offenders.

The edifice, which is of brick, stands within a large area, encompassed by a strong buttressed wall, of moderate height. The gate is of Portland stone, contrived in a massy style, and sculptured with fetters, the hateful but necessary appendages of guilt. After passing the first gate, you have the governor's house, which stands in the middle of a large green yard, on the right; and on the left are the work-shops where the prisoners are employed, and where the visitor is reminded of the character of this place, which, differing from the other prisons of London, is likewise a house of industry. Farther on is the office where the business of the prison is transacted, a committee-room, and in the centre of the building a spacious octagon chapel.

The prison is divided into two sides, for males and females. On the former are five day-rooms for convicts, two rooms for vagrants who are sent thither for seven days previously to being passed to their respective parishes, one separate apartment for debtors, an infirmary, a foul ward, and an apartment for the clerks. On the female side are six day-rooms, a wash-house, two store-rooms, an infirmary, a foul ward, and an apartment for

the children of the convicts, who are kept separate from their parents, and are taught to read, say their catechism, &c. There are 333 cells, in which the convicts are locked up separately at night, and more commodious apartments for such prisoners as can afford to pay half-a-guinea a week for the indulgence.

The prisoners are severally employed in useful labour: the men in picking oakum, knotting yarn, making spun yarn and rope, making and repairing the prisoners' clothes, whitewashing and painting the prison, attending the county carpenter, bricklayer, mason, and plumber as labourers, and others as gardeners, or carpenters in making wheelbarrows and other utensils for the garden; the women in spinning thread, making, repairing, and washing the bedding, linen, and clothes of the prisoners, picking oakum, &c.

The county allowance to the convicts is a pint of gruel and a pound of bread each per day for breakfast, and a quart of broth of rice and oatmeal, and six ounces of meat, alternately, for dinner. All sick persons have wine, or whatever indulgence the medical attendant may order.

The architect who began this building was Sir Robert Taylor, on whose death it was continued by Sir William Chambers, and after the decease of the latter, it was completed by Mr. Rogers, the county surveyor. It cost the county of Middlesex between 70 and 80,000*l.* and was opened in November 1793. The present yearly ex-

pence of the establishment is about 7000*l*. It is considered as a strong proof of the healthiness of this prison, that, in the space of twenty-four years, out of 19,862 persons confined in it, only 91 had died.

In the early part of the political career of an opposition baronet, this prison served as a stalking-horse, by which he contrived to gain considerable popularity. Justice, however, demands the admission, that his interference was productive of benefit; for when in 1800 a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to enquire into its government, the individuals

composing that committee, declared, in their report, that some abuses did exist. Sir Richard Phillips, during his sheriffalty, attempted to revive the popular discontent on the subject of this prison, but the charges brought forward by him were proved to be groundless and frivolous.

The salary of the gaoler is 300*l*. per annum; but he receives no fees, nor what is termed garnish. The chaplain, who reads prayers twice a week and preaches on Sundays, has 50*l*. and the surgeon 100*l*. a year.

### INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

AN elegant work of art will shortly appear, under the title of *Picturesque Views of Public Edifices in Paris*, with appropriate letter-press; drawn by Messrs. Testard and Segard, and engraved by Mr. Rosenberg. The size to be medium quarto, and the work to consist of about twenty exquisite views, which may be had plain or coloured.

An *Analysis* of Madame de Stael's work on Germany, pointing out several striking and incongruous passages, with some historical notices on that country, by a German, is in the press.

Messrs. Smith and Son, of Glasgow, have published a *Catalogue of Books*, which includes many rare, curious, and valuable articles.

Parliament, on the suggestion of the trustees of the British Museum, have agreed to purchase the remainder of the collections of the late Mr. Townley, including his coins, medals, gems, cameos, &c.

&c. scarcely less curious than his famous marbles.

The Rev. Robert Morrisott, Protestant missionary at Canton, and who for a few years acted as a Chinese translator to the East India Company's factory, has ready to print, *A Chinese Grammar*, to which is added, a volume of Dialogues, Chinese and English. Mr. Morrison has also in preparation, *A Dictionary of the Chinese Language*, in three parts.—Part I. The Chinese and English, arranged according to the Chinese keys, founded on the Imperial Dictionary of Kang-he.—2. The Chinese arranged alphabetically, with a definition in English.—3. English and Chinese, to form three or four volumes in folio. The Grammar and Dialogues exhibit the pronunciation of the Chinese characters in the Mandarin dialect, according to the powers of the Roman alphabet in the English language. They have also both a free and a verbal rendering of

every phrase, sentence, and example that is employed in illustration.

A work is preparing for publication, under the title of *Illustrations of Ireland, or a Topographical, Antiquarian, and Philosophical Survey of that Island*. It will comprise a general view of the superficial features, geology, mineralogy, botany, agriculture, commerce, manufactures, civil and ecclesiastical government, honorial distinctions, history, and antiquities of each county; and a succinct account of every city, town, cathedral, castle, abbey, architectural or other relic of antiquity, principal seats, villages, lakes, natural and artificial curiosities, &c.; with biographical notices of eminent natives, genealogical sketches of distinguished families, and remarks on the picturesque scenery of the country, and on the moral condition, manners, and customs of the inhabitants. It will be illustrated by 150 engravings, from drawings by eminent artists.

A work called *The Stranger's Guide to Paris*, is in the press, containing notices of every thing in the French capital that can be interesting to strangers; together with a Gazetteer of France, a concise history of the kingdom, its population, &c. embellished with a correct map of France on a large scale, a map of the environs of Paris, and a plan of the city, by Edward Planta, Esq.

M. Stephano Egidio Petroni, an Italian professor of Belles Lettres, has made a journey to London, for the purpose of publishing a poem in Italian, descriptive of the Naval Engagements of the English Monarchy, from the days of Alfred

the Great, down to the present time; to be accompanied by arguments, and notes and observations, critical, historical, and philosophical, by Mr. Joseph La Vallée. It will be published in sixteen *deliveries*, and will form two quarto volumes, to be completed in four months. The subscription, for each delivery, one guinea.

A method has been discovered by Mr. Turner, near Vauxhall, of fabricating very elegant and splendid embellishments for ball-rooms, supper-rooms, pillars, temples, &c. by a composition; to which the Society for the Encouragement of Arts have attached the name of *Imitative Scenite Granite*. It is capable of being applied either in wainscoting or bare walls, or in walls already papered; and while it may be made to resemble the most beautiful marble or granite, particularly when assisted by lights, its charge does not exceed that of other ornamental paintings or papering.

Mr. Young, the truly meritorious Secretary to the Board of Agriculture, writes, in answer to a correspondent, that he has been employed during the last forty years in the production of a General Treatise on Husbandry. "Thirty years ago," says he, "I mentioned having been thus employed in one of the numbers of the *Annals of Agriculture*; and a bookseller offered me 2000*l.* for the MS. in 1805: but as I had felt the disadvantage of too rapid a publication early in life, I was determined that this last of my humble efforts should not pass from my hands till I had sufficiently reconsidered every article in it again and again, and introduced,

from a great multitude of modern publications, such facts as appeared really to merit attention. If it pleases the Almighty to spare my life a very few years longer, I shall offer it to the public; but if that shall not be the divine pleasure, the papers will be left in such a state as to admit publication without difficulty by those who follow me."

Canova, the celebrated sculptor, is at present engaged upon a model of a colossal statue representing the Christian Religion, to be executed in marble, to be placed in the cathedral of the Vatican, opposite to the bronze statue of St. Peter, to commemorate the return of Pius VII. to Rome.

The Petersburg Court Gazette has given the following interesting particulars relative to the Tschuktsches, a tribe inhabiting the north-eastern part of Asiatic Russia.—These people were in a state of continual war and irreconcilable enmity with the Korakes; on which account the latter, a wandering tribe on the coast of the sea of Ochotsk, resolved to submit to the Russians, in order to obtain their aid and protection against the former, who were not less brave than savage. Notwithstanding the success of the Russian arms against the Tschuktsches, their mountainous country, and the distance of their habitations from one another, prevented their reduction, and the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Pauluzky, governor of Jakutsk, changed the military operations into a merely defensive war. The tranquillity which then prevailed on the frontiers, and the efforts of the late Commissioner Banner, induced the

Tschuktsches to repair annually to the circle of Nischneikolyma, to barter their furs for iron, tobacco, and other articles. The establishment of this traffic rendered the whole frontier of Kolyma safe from their incursions, and encouraged the hope that they might in time be led to unite spontaneously with Russia. On the death of Banner this pleasing hope entirely vanished, and great apprehensions were entertained of fresh incursions, till at length the judicious measures adopted in 1811, to re-establish a traffic and good understanding with them, dispelled those alarms, and even induced them to submit to the Russian government. On the 9th of March, 1813, they sent seventy of their people to the fort of Angara, situated 350 wersts from Nischneikolyma, on the great river Anui. They were received by the Commissioner Sachacow, who was directed to renew the commercial intercourse with them. The negotiations were so successful, that, three days afterwards, fifty-five Tschuktsches took the oath of fidelity to the Emperor of Russia, with the following ceremony:—The deputation was invited to dinner in the court-yard of the fort, in which was placed a table with a crucifix. The interpreters read to them, in their native language, the form of the oath, which the deputies repeated, word by word, with evident demonstrations of satisfaction. Such of them as were baptized, kissed the Bible and the cross; the others knelt before the cypher of his imperial majesty, engraved upon the silver hunting-knives sent as presents for the three chiefs. Five more of the most distinguish-

ed persons received medals, after which tobacco was distributed among the rest of the deputation. The following day, ten of them applied to be baptized, and the rite was performed by the priest of the place. The chiefs engaged to pay annually for each baptized person a fox skin, by way of tribute, and they gave for the first year 27 of the best red fox skins. The traffic with them has continued ever since, in a manner extremely beneficial to both parties. Iron, tobacco, coral, sea-horse teeth, and other articles of that kind, are bartered with them for peltry and furs of all sorts. There is reason to hope, that the correspondence between Russia and these people will become more and more brisk and profitable; and that the Russians, by advancing over land to Behring's Straits, may in time establish a direct trade with the people of America resident along those straits, who abound in sea-horse teeth and furs of the greatest value.

We beg leave to call the attention of our readers to the following address, which has appeared in the public papers, and shall feel happy if its insertion here contributes in the smallest degree to promote the laudable object of providing for the distressed family of an artist, whose excellence reflects honour on the country which gave him birth:—"It is painful to consider, that the singular industry and irreproachable character of that pre-eminent engraver, Woollett, has not been able to secure his family from indigence; and that whilst the civilized world resounds with his praises, the respectable widow and amiable daughters of this ex-

cellent man are absolutely destitute of the means of subsistence. Mr. Woollett died in 1785, leaving an inconsiderable property to his family; this, gradually impaired by misfortunes, is now exhausted, and the personal exertions of his aged widow and her two daughters can no longer supply the deficiency. This fact, it is hoped, need only be stated to a British public, ever grateful to its ingenious citizens:—a subscription is, therefore, opened for their immediate relief, and with a view also to the purchase of an annuity for their future support."

—The respectable names of the Earls of Ashburnham and Mulgrave, Sirs George Beaumont and Thomas Bernard, and Benj. West and J. J. Angerstein, Esquires, as trustees, are a sufficient pledge for the success of this benevolent plan, and the due application of the money that shall be raised.

A letter from St. Michael's, one of the Azores, dated April 3, 1814, gives the following curious particulars:—"Since the alarming eruption in 1810, which shook the mountain to its base, we enjoyed perfect tranquillity, with the hope of its long continuance, till last week, when our fears returned with increasing force, occasioned by an unusual heaving of the sea, without a breath of wind. This was immediately followed by a rumbling noise, not unlike the report of cannon, and a strong suffocating smell of sulphur. This happened at five P. M. In about a quarter of an hour the whole island appeared to be in motion; several vessels, riding at anchor a short distance from the shore, were dashed to pieces in an instant, and the

earth opening, not a vestige of them was to be seen. On the opposite side of the island, near the village called Sylva Arbor, the ground opened at three several places, and vast discharges of water issued forth from the largest aperture, the discharges continuing till midnight, when they entirely ceased. On examining the spot next morning with a friend, we found a considerable quantity of wood, partly burnt, bones of animals, and heads of fishes. Whilst we were examining these objects, a friar came up, and having saluted us, told us that he had examined the spot, and had found, to his great surprise, a wax cloth containing a fragment of what appeared to have been a chart, but which was so much injured by the water, that it was impossible to decypher it; but on showing it to us at his house, the word *Colon* was still legible. As it is known by historical record, that Christopher Columbus, having been overtaken by a storm which threatened the destruction of himself and his ship, committed the account of his voyage to the deep, in the distant hope of its reaching some habitable shore; it is conjectured here among the learned, that the wax cloth discovered by the friar is the same that Columbus is said to have put into a cask, and thrown overboard, when he and his crew were every moment expecting to perish."

## MUSICAL REVIEW.

*The Overture, Songs, Marches, and a Selection of the favourite Airs in the Grand Asiatic Spectacle, called Sadac and Kalasraile, or the Waters of Oblivion. performed*  
No. LXXVIII. Vol. XII.

*with the utmost applause at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, composed by Henry R. Bishop.*  
Pr. 7s. 6d.

The allegro of the overture to this melodrame has given us much real satisfaction; it is full of spirit, exhibits a well linked succession of various appropriate ideas, both in the sweet and the serious style, and goes into the more distant keys with boldness and skill; so that its general effect cannot be otherwise than striking and dramatic. A slow movement, which follows, has been made the vehicle of introducing Mozart's "*O Cara Armonia*," executed on the newly-invented keyed harmonica. After Mr. Lora Hurst's air, "*The tears of Ura*" (the only song in this publication), a considerable number of more or less extended movements succeeds, expressive of the scenes and the action of the melodrame. In these we observe that well combined diversity of dramatic character which we have so often had occasion to commend in similar works of Mr. B.'s; and several of them, without reference to their purpose, possess decided merits as general musical pieces. Among those we number the clever andantino (p. 14); the andantino (p. 19), with the elegant violin-solo; and also the fine larghetto (p. 29). As we cannot enter into greater detail, we shall content ourselves with having thus presented our readers with an idea of the principal features of this publication, a more close investigation of which, we make no doubt, will afford much entertainment to the lovers of this description of dramatic music.



*The Emperor of Russia's Welcome to England, Introduction and Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed by D. Steibelt.* Price 2s. 6d.

Without attempting to solve the riddle, how Mr. Steibelt, whom we conceived at St. Petersburg, should have contrived to write a piece in commemoration of an event, the news of which, if our information were correct, could hardly have reached him at this moment; we shall state, that, independently of the respectability of the publishers, Messrs. Goulding and Co. the authenticity of the composition is warranted by intrinsic evidence. It required a Steibelt to produce such music. A very short introduction leads to the main piece, an allegretto in two flats. This allegretto, it is true, has no claim in point of originality of subject; for it is a most close imitation of Fisher's famous minuet; but the manner in which the subject is treated, the endless variety in expression and deductions, the choice harmonies brought forward, the elegance of the quick passages, especially for the left hand; in short, the *tout-ensemble* bespeaks the hand of an adept in composition. To advanced performers these few sheets offer a real treasure for practice.

*The favourite Overture (to?) La Vestale, performed at the King's Theatre, composed by Signor Pucitta, arranged, as a Duet for the Harp and Piano-Forte, dedicated to Miss Fitzgerald, by H. Seime.* Pr. 8s. 6d.

We derived peculiar gratification from the introductory largo of this overture: its strains are solemn and original, well calculated

to raise expectation. In the outset especially, we have to commend the sudden transition from Db into A (3 sharps). The allegro is likewise a very meritorious composition, full of spirit and brilliancy, and, from the extract before us, we can anticipate the active employment of the several instruments, especially the wind-instruments. As to the arrangement into the present duet, it claims unqualified approbation. Both instruments have had their share of action dealt out to them with judgment, and much has been done to make the general effect complete; an aim, it is true, which could not be accomplished without rendering the performance frequently difficult.

*The celebrated Air, "Vive Henry Quatre," with Variations for the Piano-Forte, composed by J. von Durwollt, of Gorcum.* Pr. 1s. 6d.

By an unfortunate (we suppose typographical) error, a whole bar (i. e. the sixth) is left out in the second part of the very theme. The defect, however, is to be supplied by repeating the fifth bar a whole tone higher. The variations are very respectable altogether. In the second we observe some passages of very easy flow; several neat imitations are introduced in var. 3; the play with crossed hands, var. 6, is agreeable; and the little coda appended to it, appropriately conceived.

*A Sonata for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Violin; after which is introduced the favourite Air of "Pray, Goody," composed, and dedicated to Miss Pearson, by J. Jay, Mus. Doc.* Op. XX. Pr. 4s. 6d. *The Air of Pray Goody may be had single,* pr. 2s. 6d.

A cursory view of the allegro of this sonata, which is set in three sharps, affords conviction, that taste, skill, and sedulous care have had their due share in its production. The subject is in the style of a pastorale, with sustained tonic, and has that peculiarity, highly recommendable, that it soon merges into a short phrase, which the author, with much art, has contrived to sprinkle profusely throughout his work, whether bass, treble, or violin, in a variety of ways, and under some very good responsive sentences. In his modulations, too, Mr. J. has aimed at selectness. Of those we could cite a great number, but shall content ourselves with noticing the elegant transitions, *ll.* 4 and 5, *p.* 2; and *p.* 7. The able outset of the second part, likewise, demands special distinction. The conclusion, *p.* 11, appears to us to be rather defective in rhythm, notwithstanding the pains which evidently have been taken to steer clear of that objection: reckoning from the 3d bar of *l.* 3, where the violin sets out with the melody, there are *nine* bars to the end; an unevenness in number which, in this instance, is peculiarly striking, as the period and its repetition divides itself into *five* and *four* bars: if the violin-bar, above alluded to, could possibly be considered as not belonging to the melody, and the melody as only beginning with the piano-forte parts in the 4th bar of *l.* 3, all would be square.

Of the variations to "Pray Goody," we can equally speak in terms of general approbation. As to the artificial harmonic contrivance, however, of *l.* 4, *p.* 2, which

the author seems to have been so partial to, as to engrave it (like Archimedes his problem) on the title-page, we must say, it looks a great deal prettier than it sounds. Among the several variations, our favour preferably inclines to No. 2, which, with the addition of the flute, produces a continued flow of agreeable melody. In the adagio, we perceive a considerable display of compositorial skill and good taste; and much cleverness in arrangement is conspicuous in var. 7, which bears the name of polacca, although it has but a slight tinge of the character of that species of movement.

*Three Romanzas for the Piano-Forte,*  
composed by J. Field. Pr. 4s.

We rather think this to be the first composition of Mr. Field's that has been noticed in the *Repository*. If so, his *début* among our pages is highly satisfactory. Mr. F.'s *genre* is somewhat peculiar, not a little ornamental, but every idea of his is brought forth under the most delicate and tasteful garb; so that the music before us might fitly be compared to a beautiful nosegay. But to pluck this nosegay, nimble hands and long fingers are absolutely necessary: the whole is not only difficult, but ninths and even tenths occur frequently, to grasp which is not in every body's power. This is particularly the case in the first romanza, whose theme is distinguished by a most charming sweetness, and in whose progress some delightful passages introduce themselves. The 2d romanza is equally fine, and altogether much in the same style; its exquisite pastoral melody is throughout supported by a match-

less accompaniment in triplets. The idea at the bottom of *p. 6*, merits great praise. The 3d romance (in C minor) is conceived in a style less pleasing, probably, to the common ear; it is more serious and learned than the others; and upon the whole there is rather a sameness in its progress; but it presents, nevertheless, a sufficient stock of sterling worth to render it interesting to the accomplished player.

*Minuet, with Variations, for the Piano-Forte or Harp, composed and respectfully inscribed to Muzio Clementi, Esq. by his pupil, Joseph Major. Pr. 2s.*

If the theme of these variations is original, and we know nothing to the contrary, we have to compliment Mr. M. on its production: its steady, pleasing melody is well suited to variations. But there is one objection, in our ear at least. The 3d bar of the minuet (and generally of the variations likewise) exhibits an awkward progression of harmony. The chord of C minor is followed by that of B major; in fact, there are plain successive fifths, viz. the first G in the treble with the first C in the bass—and the first F in the treble with the first B in the bass. In other respects, we have every reason to speak favourably of this publication. The 2d variation in B minor merits unqualified approbation. Equal praise is due to No. 3, on account of its

very good bass passages, quite in the right style. No. 5, consisting throughout of broken chords, has not cost much labour to the author. Upon the whole, this performance is of the kind which pupils cannot but use with entertainment and profit in their practice.

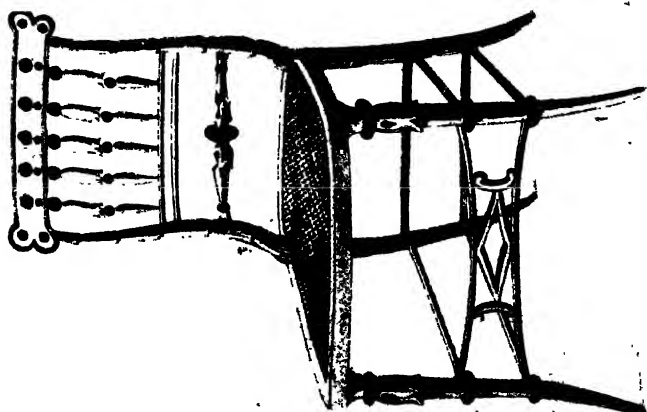
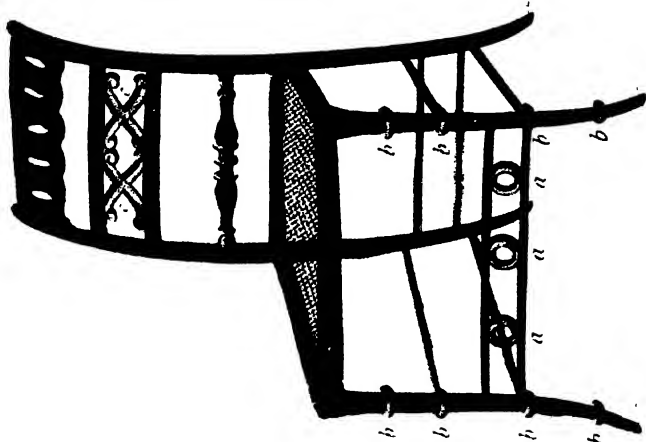
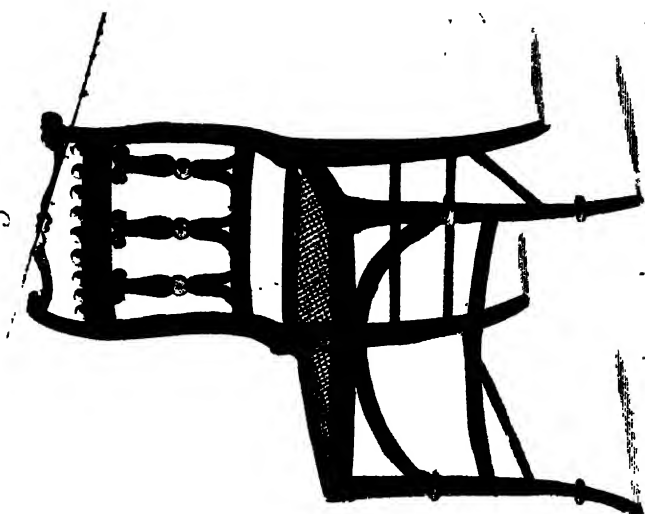
*A Military Rondo for the Piano-Forte, calculated for the Use of young Performers, by Samuel Webbe, jun. Pr. 2s.*

It betrays an exercise of judgment, when authors of Mr. W.'s learning, in writing for the sphere of beginners, abstain not only from executive intricacies, but also from harmonic speculations of the higher cast. This is precisely the case here, and the result has been a very pleasing, and yet by no means trifling production. The introductory adagio, with its horn-passages and elegant cadence, will give every possible satisfaction; the rondo boasts of a very interesting subject, conceived in the best taste; and the digressive matter is derived from it, and threaded together in a natural and workmanlike flow. The passages (*p. 3*) are neat and lightsome. The part in one flat (*p. 4*), a minor parody of the previous one in two sharps, merits every commendation; and the last page is successfully devoted to a shewy termination. This is the right sort of music for the learner's practice.

#### PLATE 8.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

THE annexed plate exhibits three designs for light chairs intended for best bed-chambers, for secondary drawing-rooms, and occasionally to serve for routs. These chairs may be stained black, or, as

3



BED ROOM CHAIRS.



the present taste is, veined with vitriol, stained with logwood, and polished to imitate rose-wood; the seats caned.

No. 1. should be japanned, to imitate bamboo. The ornaments on the yoke and other parts black.

No. 2. may be black or rose-wood colour; the ornamental parts metal or gilt. The circular ornament

on the yoke should be cut through the edges, moulded, and gilt.

No. 3. is proposed to be finished in a similar style; the balls metal: the splats in the back are cut through at their base, to give lightness to their effect.—These patterns, as drawn, are not meant to have cushions.

### CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

AMONG the many striking examples of female tenderness, affection, and constancy, which modern times have furnished, the following is worthy of record:—Mr. Weiss, who was town-surgeon of Neumarkt, prompted by that ardent patriotism which inflamed the bosoms of the Prussians of all ranks, at the commencement of the late decisive conflict, exchanged that situation for the post of surgeon to the Neumarkt Landwehr. This corps formed part of the force employed in the siege of Glogau. In the faithful execution of the duties of his office, he caught the epidemic nervous fever. In spite of all the medical attendance that could be procured, he grew worse and worse, and as he was naturally of a weak constitution, there was little prospect of his recovery. No sooner did his wife receive the alarming account of his hopeless situation, than she immediately hastened to him from Neumarkt, though the inconveniencies of the journey alone would have been sufficient to deter many a female, far advanced like her in pregnancy. She found her husband, in the height of a typhus and insensible, in a cottage at Nosswitz, near Glogau. Scarcely had she undertaken the office of

nurse, when a sortie made (on the 10th November, 1813,) by the garrison of Glogau threw the whole neighbourhood, and that village in particular, into the utmost consternation. All its inhabitants betook themselves to flight. She alone was left, with her apparently expiring husband, in the cottage, against which the hottest fire of the enemy's artillery was directed, probably because it was distinguished from the other houses by a tiled roof. Several grenades breaking through the roof, set the floor on fire. Having carefully covered up her patient, and as it were buried him in the bed-clothes, she ran out for a pail of water, extinguished the fire, and again directed her attention to the beloved object of her principal anxiety. She found him, to her great joy, in a profuse perspiration; but the incessant shower of balls rendered her abode more and more dangerous. A twelve-pounder fell close to the bed of her husband, but without doing him the slightest injury. Resolved to die with him, she lay down by his side, and thus awaited their common fate. Noon arrived, and by this time the valour of the Prussians had driven back the enemy into the fortress. She was earnestly intreated to pro-

vide for her safety, as it was impossible to tell whether the enemy might not attempt a fresh sortie. She, however, scorned every idea of removing to a place of security herself, unless she could save her husband also; and though none of the persons present gave her the smallest hopes, that this might be accomplished, and the removal of the patient, who was completely exhausted by the abundant perspiration, was deemed impracticable, she nevertheless determined upon this hazardous but only way of ensuring his safety. Having tied his hands and legs, to prevent him from moving and taking cold, she laid him, closely wrapped up with bed and bedding, in a cart covered with boards, in which she took her stand, and looked at him every minute. She slowly pursued her course towards Schmarsau, but scarcely had she left Nosswitz, when the besieged began to fire from the fortress in that direction. The balls flew thickly about the cart, and the affrighted lad who drove, took shelter, sometimes under it, and sometimes under the horses. She was fortunate enough to escape this danger also without injury, and arrived with her patient at Schmarsau, which was already thronged with wounded, and applied for a lodging at the first cottage. The mistress of the house, whose husband had died of a nervous fever, fell upon her like a fury, turned the horses' heads, and protested, with many bitter execrations, that she should not cross her threshold. In this desperate situation our heroine had recourse to a decisive expedient. Almost beside herself, she drew her husband's sword, and

pointing it to the woman's breast, declared, that she would run it through her heart, unless she immediately admitted her husband. Terrified at this unexpected menace, the other complied with her demand, and the patient was carried into the house, which previously contained fifteen wounded. His wife, however, perceived with horror, that her beloved charge manifested not the least sign of life. The bystanders advised her to give herself no farther trouble about him, and offered to lay him out for dead upon straw. To this she positively refused to agree, but laying him in the bed, she incessantly rubbed his stiffened body, and with a tea-spoon administered some wine, the only medicine within her reach. With the following morning, the expiring spark began to revive, and her joy was unbounded. She continued her attentions, and in a few days had the inexpressible satisfaction to see him out of danger. She now obtained a distinct apartment of her landlady, who began to behave to her with more kindness than at first. When her husband was sufficiently convalescent, she returned with him to Neumarkt, to complete his recovery. Unfortunately, during her absence, one of their two children, a fine boy, was taken ill, and him her maternal care was unable to save. With patient resignation she made this sacrifice to the will of that Providence which had spared the life of her husband, and to whose protection she fervently recommended him, when, in the beginning of February, he again returned to resume his perilous duty with his battalion before Glogau.

## MEDICAL REPORT.

AN account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of June to the 15th of July, 1814.

*Acute Diseases.*—Measles, 8.... Scarlet fever, 3....Hooping-cough, 9....Sore-throat, 2....Catarrh, 4.... Enteritis; 2....Small-pox, 3....Acute diseases of infants, 6.

*Chronic Diseases.*—Asthensia, 12 ....Palsy; 2...Head-ach, 3...Vertigo, 2....Cough, 15....Pleurodyne, 8.... Consumption, 5....Marasmus, 1.... Rheumatism, 6...Palpitation, 2.... Dyspepsia, 5...Dysure, 2....Enterodynia, 2....Gastrodynia, 3...Hæmorrhage, 4...Dropsy, 3...Hæmatemesis, 2...Diarrhœa, 4....Diseases of the skin, 6...Female complaints, 5.

The pulmonary affections, induced by a severe winter, and continued through a spring far from mild, at length have nearly disappeared. Measles, hooping-cough, scarlet fever, and small-pox have lately prevailed; children, of course, are the principal subjects of these complaints, although some adults have been affected with scarlet fever. Some bilious and bowel complaints have occurred, but, on the whole, the general state of the season is healthy.

In one of the cases of head-ach, which was also accompanied with occasional vertigo, the patient, a man aged nearly eighty years, imagined that live beetles within the cranium occasioned his complaint. He said he felt them move, and distinctly heard them make a chirping sort of noise. It is needless to observe, that in such a case no medicines could be of use, unless it were possible to deceive the patient into a belief, that the insects were destroyed by them. But in

this instance the complaint was not ideal, although the cause assigned for it was not very probable. From the patient's general appearance and feeling, a strong disposition to apoplexy or paralysis was denoted; and it is not unlikely, that ossification of a portion of one of the membranes of the brain, occasioned the troublesome feelings which the patient experienced. At the same time, it must be conceded, that, in the collection of Bonetus, several cases are recorded, in which insects, worms, and even scorpions have been found alive within the cranium.

The existence of worms in the stomach and intestines, is daily noticed; the liver also is occasionally preyed upon by them, and they have been found in the human bladder. Now it is not more difficult to conceive, that the brain may be liable to the generation of living insects than any other internal organ of the body. If it be objected, that the germ of worms may be conveyed by the food into the alimentary canal; how is it that some of them, as the tape-worm, are not recognized in nature, except in the intestines of animals? And how is it, that, if received with the food, they escape the process of digestion which the food undergoes? They seem to be adapted by nature for the medium in which they are placed, and often exist for years without occasioning much inconvenience. In those instances that have been recorded, where worms were found in the cranium, the symptoms produced were, excruciating pain, delirium, and death.



## RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

EUROPE is gradually approaching that ordinary state of tranquillity which, while it affords matter of congratulation for the philanthropist, furnishes the historian with few incidents worthy of commemoration. Our Retrospects, therefore, which hitherto had engrossed a considerable portion of the *Repository*, will, in future, be reduced both in extent and in interest.

## SPAIN.

In Spain the measures of the new government have assumed a character somewhat more congenial to British feelings. Ferdinand has publicly declared his intention to assemble a meeting of Cortes, and to give to the country a constitution. With that view a commission has been appointed, in order to arrange the preliminary steps, and to frame the constitution. By another edict, dated the 4th instant, he has confirmed the decree of exile passed by the Cortes against all those officers, civil and military, who had acted under the pretended authority of the usurper Joseph. This decree is, however, accompanied with some proper exceptions, such as, of all minors, persons under the rank of captain, and of many other descriptions of men, who may be presumed to have acted under the authority of their superiors. The three members of the regency have been banished, the Cardinal de Bourbon to Rome, Agar to Cartagena, and Ciscar to a north-eastern fortress. General Elio, too, has been sent to prison; and, if report is to be credited, the editors of the two journals, the

*Redactor* and *Conciso*, sent to the galleys.

## FRANCE.

Louis XVIII. continues to give daily proofs of a head and heart worthy to govern. All his numerous decrees breathe wisdom and goodness, and evince his eager desire to extricate France from the abyss of misery into which the folly and wickedness of Bonaparte have plunged her. The bill for regulating the press, which his Majesty has proposed to the Chamber of Deputies, does not, it is true, give the same free scope to that mighty engine of public liberty which is enjoyed in England, but probably goes as far in that respect as the state of the country at this time, and the character of the nation perhaps at any time, may permit with safety.

But of all the acts which have hitherto emanated from the French government, the picture of the situation of France which the Minister of the Interior, the Abbé Montesquiou, laid before the Legislative Body on the 12th July, claims the most profound attention. When, after the dreadful campaign of 1812, Bonaparte published his *Exposé* of the state of the empire, we freely gave it as our opinion, that that would be the last *Exposé* of his making. It proved so; and the present *Exposé* of the legitimate sovereign, while it depicts the desperate state of the country, affords ample demonstration, if any had been wanting, of the headstrong folly and abandoned barbarity of the Napoleon reign, from

which almost all the present miseries of France have their origin. One million three hundred thousand men have been levied since January 1813, namely, in about 15 months, not one half of which now exist; 43 sail of the line, 82 frigates, &c. have been lost during the last 15 years; 150 millions of livres have been madly wasted in the construction and equipment of the flotilla which was to have invaded England; the finances, the arsenals, the public studs, in short, all that constitutes the property and fortune of a nation, are completely dilapidated. The king, while he shares the grief of every patriotic Frenchman at this cheerless picture, does not give way to despair; he cherishes the hopes of his subjects, calls upon them to assist him in the great but difficult task of restoration, and points to the means for healing the deep wounds which he himself has not inflicted.

Among a great variety of decrees, that which changes the insignia of the Legion of Honour to a fleur de lis, another which disembodies the various corps d'armée, and a third which assigns to the marshals and other generals of rank the superintendence of the several military divisions of France, deserve preferable notice.

#### AMERICA.

The intelligence of our Transatlantic warfare is not of great importance. Scarcely any hostile encounters have occurred by land. Some trifling advantages were gained by us in March on Lake Champlain; and a British expedition on Lake Ontario succeeded in effecting a landing at Oswego, an Ame-

rican fort, which was sacked and dismantled, and its naval and military stores brought off or destroyed. At sea, the fortune of war, as usual, has been checkered. Two of our sloops of war, the *Reindeer* and *L'Epervier* have been taken by the American sloops the *Wasp* and *Peacock*. On the other hand, the *Essex*, U. S. frigate, was captured by the *Phœbe* frigate and *Cherub* brig on the coast of Lima. In all these actions the most obstinate valour has been displayed on both sides, and much blood spilt. In the course of last winter, two new British ships have been built on Lake Ontario, one of which is a *sixty-four*. By these and other reinforcements from home, we have at present a decided superiority on that immense inland sea.

Messrs. Bayard, Adams, Russel, Clay, and Gallatin, the American ministers, are arrived at Ghent, where the English commissioners, Lord Gambier, Messrs. Cockburn and Adams, are to join them, in order to enter upon negotiations for peace between the two countries.

#### DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

On the 22d June, our illustrious guests, the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, together with all the renowned military and diplomatic characters in their train, bade farewell to the British metropolis and set out for Portsmouth, whither his Royal Highness the Prince Regent accompanied them. At this grand naval arsenal, a spectacle awaited them which England alone could produce, and which even in England had not before been beheld. A naval review, on the grandest scale,

was displayed before these monarchs, in which not less than fifty ships of war (an unemployed fleet, almost equal to all the navies the other states of Europe now can boast of,) exhibited a variety of evolutions and manœuvres, in imitation of actual engagements. One great character was yet wanting to give this scene all the splendour desirable, the great British captain, the Duke of Wellington. By a peculiar good fortune, he joined our august visitors at Portsmouth on the 25th. His grace had set foot again on his native soil at Dover on the 23d June, having crossed the Channel from Calais in the *Rosario* sloop. The Russian and Prussian monarchs tarried a few days at Portsmouth, where they inspected with minute attention all the naval establishments; then proceeding by Brighton along the coast, they arrived at Dover on the 26th, and the day following took leave of the British shores; Alexander to proceed by Antwerp, Amsterdam, &c. to Vienna; and Frederick-William to return to Germany by the way of Paris. Marshal Prince Blücher and the Hetman Prince Platoff once more revisited London, which the former only finally left, and we believe with regret, on the 10th July.

The Duke of Wellington, on his return from Portsmouth, attended personally in both Houses of Parliament, to receive, through the medium of the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker, the thanks of the British Senate for his distinguished military services in the Spanish Peninsula and in France; and other public bodies have vied with each other in testifying to his

grace the sense which the whole nation entertains of his gallant achievements. Splendid fêtes have successively been given to his grace, by the city of London, by the Company of Merchant Taylors, and by a special club of British General Officers. His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, moreover, has, in addition to the honours already conferred upon the duke, nominated him ambassador to the court of France.

We have not hitherto adverted to the extraordinary and audacious fraud, by which, on the 21st of February last, the public funds experienced a great but momentary rise. On the night preceding that day, a person, calling himself Colonel De Bourg, appeared at Dover, as if just arrived from France, in the character of an official messenger, to announce a great victory over Bonaparte, in which he stated him to have been killed by the Cossacks. With this intelligence he hastened to town; while other accomplices, by way of an under-plot, came by the way of Northfleet, also spreading the same news, and likewise proceeding to London in a conspicuous manner. The deception was soon discovered, and suspicion fell, among others, upon Lord Cochrane and Mr. Cochrane Johnstone, two members of Parliament, the former being a representative of the city of Westminster. The pretended Colonel De Bourg was ascertained to be a person of the name of Berenger, who was traced and arrested at Edinburgh; and, after his being brought up to town, a bill of indictment was preferred against him, Lord Cochrane, Mr. Coch-

rane Johnstone, a Mr. Butt, and several of their supposed accomplices, in which they were charged with conspiracy. Lord Cochrane strenuously asserted his innocence, but Mr. Johnstone and another fled the country. The grand jury finding a true bill, they were tried in the court of King's Bench, and found guilty. On the 21st June, Lord Ellenborough pronounced the sentence of the court upon them, which in substance was as follows:—

Lord Cochrane and Butt to pay a fine of £1000 each; Holloway £500.

Lord Cochrane, Butt, Holloway, Sandom, Light, and De Berenger to be severally imprisoned for twelve calendar months.

Lord Cochrane, Butt, and De Berenger to stand one hour in the pillory before the Royal Exchange, during the period of their imprisonment.

Against the judgment of the court of King's Bench, Lord Cochrane protested in vain, in court. He next addressed the Speaker of the House of Commons on the same subject, equally asserting his innocence; in consequence of which, Mr. Holmes made a motion in the House of Commons, proposing an enquiry into the judgment; which, however, was negatived: and, on the 5th of July, the House, after hearing Lord Cochrane's defence, which he addressed to them in person, voted his expulsion, and that of Mr. Johnstone, by a majority of 140 to 44. An election for Westminster has in consequence taken place, at which Lord Cochrane has been re-elected a representative for that city. Since that, Lord Cochrane

has stated in Parliament, that the punishment of the pillory has been remitted as to Lord Cochrane and the two other persons included in the same sentence.

At the proposal of ministers, the allowance to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, which hitherto had in all amounted to £22,000 per annum, was intended by Parliament to be raised to £50,000; but her Royal Highness has declined accepting more than £35,000.

The intended marriage of the Princess Charlotte of Wales to the Prince of Orange, has suddenly and unexpectedly been broken off. The grounds, as far as the same have unofficially transpired, are understood to have been, in the first instance, her Royal Highness's reluctance to accompany her illustrious bridegroom on a temporary visit to Holland; and, in the next place, as report adds, her demand that, after the marriage, she should, by act of Parliament, be prohibited from leaving England.

Disturbances to an alarming extent have broken out in Ireland. They are said not to be of a political nature, but to have arisen rather from a general dissatisfaction of the tenants against their landlords. Illegal associations infest the country, under the appellation of "Carders," committing the most inhuman excesses. To repress the evil in time, ministers have brought in a bill, by which several counties have been placed under a species of martial law, and the inhabitants prohibited from leaving their homes between sun-set and sun-rise.

In addition to about £100,000

raised by private subscription, for the relief of the distresses suffered in Germany by the last campaign, the Prince Regent has, by message to Parliament, proposed a public grant of the same amount.

On the 7th July, a public thanksgiving took place in England, on the occasion of the happy termination of the war, when the Prince Regent proceeded in state to St. Paul's. And to celebrate, in the most striking and public manner, the event of general pacification, a grand jubilee is announced to take place in a few days; for which purpose, preparations, on the grandest scale, have been for some time going on in St. James's Park, the Green Park, and Hyde Park.

The following is an abstract, officially laid before Parliament, of

ordnance and stores supplied by Great Britain to her allies, from the year 1808 to 1813 inclusive:—

	Pie Flints.	Rounds of Ord.	Rounds of Am. Powd.	Barls. of Powd.	Rounds of Musket Cartridg.
Russia	117870	143	243122	800	7035600
Prussia	1417870	103	34800	12000	17435600
Sweden	66000	—	—	4000	9950000
Spain	7512000	545	471606	40000	90130000
Portgl.	1380000	14	2396	7317	19000000
N. of					
Germ.	1390000	29	13800	13200	18500000
Total	12477740	834	765724	77317	162051200
Furnish- ed in					
1813,	6242000	320	291901	20500	48324070

There have been issued from the ordnance armories, for the service of the allies and the British army, since 1808, 2,132,079 stands of arms; 125,876 pistols: of which there were issued in 1813, 344,763 stands of arms; in 1814, 193,186 stands of arms.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

FROM the appearance of the crops, harvest must be late, as but little corn, even in the most forward counties, will be ready for the sickle this month.

Wheat has blossomed kindly, and is a full crop, except upon a few light soils, that are in a bad state of cultivation. The straw on the clays and rich loams is very large, and will be thrown down, unless the weather continues dry.

Barley upon the turnip lands is a great crop, and much laid; but upon the clays very indifferent, particularly towards the furrows, where it will not get out of the hose.

Oats are but a very poor crop, except upon light soils, in a high state of cultivation.

Beans are a very large crop, with much halm, and well podded.

Peas prove very productive, and free from the fly; but too large on the halm to be gathered green for market, without waste. Vetches, and the whole of the leguminous tribe, are a very prolific crop.

The weather, through the whole of the last month, has been favourable for the hay harvest, which has turned out considerably heavier than was expected. The clover crop is large, and well got up, with a very few exceptions.

Turnips have partially suffered from the fly, but in general they are a promising crop, particularly those that were sown a few days after Midsummer.

Hops and apples are a partial crop.

## MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

EXTRACT FROM THE PORT-FOLIO  
OF A PUNSTER.

I HAPPENED to mention to my friend Simplex, that I knew an old man, who, at the age of sixty, had cut a complete new set of teeth, and he immediately wrote an essay of fourteen sheets upon the subject, which he read with infinite applause at the Royal Society. It was an erudite production, beginning with those who were born with all their teeth; quoting cases of those who had only one continued tooth, reaching the whole length of the jaw; noticing instances of a new set of teeth being cut at the ages of 80 and 110; and embracing all the opinions that had been expressed upon the subject. I omitted, at the time, to mention one circumstance, which might have saved Simplex a deal of trouble, and the Society a deal of time. The man to whom I alluded was a *comb-cutter*.

## NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS.

On the 16th of December, 1756, Dr. Milles, the Dean of Exeter, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle, shewed the Society of Antiquaries a large parchment roll, containing a list of new-year's gifts presented to Queen Elizabeth on the 1st of January, 1581-3, signed by the queen, and countersigned by John Astley, Esq. master and treasurer of the jewels. By this it appeared, that the greater part, if not all, of the peers and peeresses of the realm, all the bishops, the chief officers of state, and several of the queen's household servants, from her apothecary, even down to her master-cook and serjeant of the

pastry, gave new-year's gifts to her Majesty. The enumeration of them was very curious. Money was the most general gift. The Archbishop of Canterbury gave 40*l*. the other bishops 30*l*. 20*l*. or 10*l*. The largest sum, given by any of the temporal lords, was 20*l*. Most of the peeresses gave rich gowns, petticoats, kirtles, doublets, or mantles, some embroidered with pearls and garnets; others gave bracelets, caskets studded with precious stones, or toys. Several of the peers made similar gifts. The queen's physician presents her with a box of foreign sweetmeats; another with two pots, one of green ginger, one of orange flowers. Her apothecary gives a box of lozenges and a pot of conserves; her master-cook "a *sayre marchepayne*" (a sort of large macaroon); her serjeant of the pastry "a *fayre pye oringed*." The sum total of the money amounted to 827*l*. 7*s*. The other articles were not valued. On the back of the roll was a list of the new-year's gifts presented by the queen in return, the whole consisting of gilt plate. The Earl of Leicester had 132 ounces; the Earl of Warwick 102; the other earls 30 or 20. The Duchess of Somerset, the only duchess, 25 ounces; the countesses 50, 40, or 20. The Archbishop of Canterbury had 45 ounces; the other prelates 35, 30, 20, or 15. The baronesses had from 15 to 52 ounces. To Sir Christopher Hatton, then vice-chamberlain, she gave 400 ounces; to all the maids of honour and the gentlemen of her household, from 2 to 20 ounces; to Mrs. Thompson,

the dwarf, 2 ounces; to the physicians 13 ounces each, the apothecary 7, and the cook and serjeant of the pastry 5 ounces each. The same roll contains a list of gifts made by the queen at christenings and weddings. At the christening of the Earl of Cumberland's child, 140 ounces; of Mr. Southwell's child, 43 ounces; of lord Talbot's, 27. At the marriage of Sir Henry Nevill's son with Mr. Henry Killigrew's daughter, she gave a gilt cup with a cover, weighing 26 ounces. The roll adds *Quod nota bene*.

#### SLAVE TRADE.

At a late meeting at the Guildhall, Bristol, respecting the slave trade, the Rev. W. Thorp made a most animated address, in which he introduced a letter written by a gentleman of the name of Welsh, Captain of an East Indiaman, of which the following is an extract:—

"In the year 1806, I was wrecked or left my ship in so shattered a state at Pedang, on the Sumatra coast, as obliged me to abandon her to the underwriters, and take my passage in a vessel which was trading there. In proceeding to the northward, we touched at an island called Pulo Dua (or two islands), when I went on shore to take a plan of the roads, and in the afternoon went a shooting. In crossing to the centre of this small island, my attention was drawn to a small round fenced place, which I supposed contained stock of turtle; but what was my astonishment on approaching it, to find three young children (the eldest of which I have now brought home with me) cooking rice, and an old woman who had charge of them! I spoke to the children in the Malay lan-

guage, but found they did not understand me. I then addressed the keeper, who informed me that the children were natives of Pulo Nyas, and brought there by pirates, who made continual excursions to that island for the purpose of stealing young children, and selling them either to those who wish to purchase them as slaves, or to the cannibals of Sumatra, who buy them to satisfy their hunger. I made a bargain for these children, and after paying the sum of 164 dollars, was gratified by seeing them on board the ship. I was also informed by the keeper, that two unfortunate children had fallen sacrifices to the cannibals the day before my arrival. I have much more to relate, &c. I am, sir, your most obedient servant,  
"J. WELSH."

After reading the above document, the speaker proceeded:—

"I am the father of a large family, three of them are little ones, very little ones. Many a time and oft have I looked upon them, sometimes with tears of grief, sometimes with tears of joy. While perusing this document, my imagination placed them in the situation of the little natives of Pulo Nyas, torn from their country, hemmed in and fattening for the slaughter. I saw, or thought I saw, a delivering angel, in the form of an English captain, overlooking their inclosure, enquiring into their condition, paying the price of their ransom, and bearing them away to the land of freedom. And I will now honestly tell you what were my feelings in the contemplation of such a scene. May the God of mercy (I involuntarily exclaimed) pour down the choicest blessings on the head of this honest and benevolent captain; may

He long preserve his valuable life, as an ornament to his country, and a blessing to mankind; and after a prosperous voyage over a tempestuous world, may He receive him, and the little innocents whom he rescued from the teeth of cannibals, into the harbour of eternal rest! May the day speedily arrive, when every vessel that sails upon the bosom of the ocean, shall be commanded by a man cast in the same mould, and formed after the similitude of Captain Welsh!"—An involuntary burst of tears from great part of the audience attested the impression made by this pathetic address.

#### LITTLE-COTE HOUSE, WILTSHIRE.

In the notes to Mr. Walter Scott's poem, entitled *Rokeby*, is the following account of this place, and a remarkable tradition connected with it:—Little-Cote House stands in a low and lonely situation. On three sides it is surrounded by a park that spreads over the adjoining hill; on the fourth, by meadows that are watered by the river Kennet. Close on one side of the house is a thick grove of lofty trees, along the verge of which runs one of the principal avenues to it through the park. Many circumstances in the interior seem appropriate to feudal times. The hall is very spacious, floored with stones, and lighted by large transom windows, that are closed by casements. Its walls are hung with old military accoutrements, that have long been left a prey to rust. At one end of the hall is a range of coats of mail and helmets, and there is on every side abundance of old-fashioned pistols and guns, many of them with match-locks. Imme-

diately below the cornice hangs a row of leathern jerkins, made in the form of a shirt, supposed to have been worn as armour by the vassals. A large oak table, reaching nearly from one end of the room to the other, might have feasted the whole neighbourhood; and an appendage to one end of it made to answer at other times for the old game of shuffleboard. The rest of the furniture is in a suitable style, particularly an armchair of cumbrous workmanship, constructed of wood, curiously turned, with a high back and triangular seat, said to have been used by Judge Popham in the reign of Elizabeth. The entrance into the hall is at one end by a low door, communicating with a passage that leads from the outer door in the front of the house to a quadrangle within; at the other it opens upon a gloomy staircase, by which you ascend to a first floor, and passing the doors of some bed-chambers, enter a narrow gallery, which extends along the back front of the house from one end to the other of it, and looks upon an old garden. The gallery is hung with portraits, chiefly in the Spanish dresses of the sixteenth century. In one of the bed-chambers, which you pass in going towards the gallery, is a bedstead with blue furniture, which time has made dingy and threadbare; and in the bottom of one of the bed-curtains you are shewn a place where a small piece has been cut out and sown in again, a circumstance which serves to identify the following story:—It was a dark rainy night in the month of November, that an old midwife sat musing by her cottage fire-side,



when on a sudden she was startled by a loud knocking at the door. On opening it she found a horse-man, who told her that her assistance was required immediately by a person of rank, and that she should be handsomely rewarded, but that there were reasons for keeping the affair a strict secret, and therefore she must submit to be blindfolded, and to be conducted in that condition to the bedchamber of the lady. With some hesitation, the midwife consented; the horse-man bound her eyes, and placed her on a pillion behind him. After proceeding in silence for many miles through rough and dirty lanes, they stopped, and the midwife was led into a house, which, from the length of her walk through the apartments, as well as the sounds about her, she discovered to be the seat of wealth and power. When the bandage was removed from her eyes, she found herself in a bed-chamber, in which were the lady on whose account she had been sent for, and a man of a haughty and ferocious aspect. The lady was delivered of a fine boy. Immediately the man commanded the midwife to give him the child, and, catching it from her, he hurried across the room, and threw it on the back of the fire that was blazing in the chimney. The child, however, was strong, and by its struggling rolled itself off upon the hearth, when the ruffian again seized it with fury, and, in spite of the intercession of the midwife, and the more piteous entreaties of the mother, thrust it under the grate, and, raking the live coals upon it, soon put an end to its life. The midwife, after spend-

ing some time in affording all the relief in her power to the wretched mother, was told she must be gone. Her former conductor appeared, who again bound her eyes, and conveyed her behind him to her own home; he paid her handsomely, and departed. The midwife was strongly agitated by the horrors of the preceding night; and she immediately made a deposition of the fact before a magistrate. Two circumstances afforded hopes of detecting the house in which the crime had been committed; one was, that the midwife, as she sat by the bed-side, had, with a view to discover the place, cut out a piece of the bed-curtain, and sown it in again; the other was, that as she had descended the staircase, she had counted the steps. Some suspicions fell upon Darrell, at that time the proprietor of Little-Cote House, and the domain around it. The house was examined, and identified by the midwife, and Darrell was tried at Salisbury for the murder. By corrupting his judge, he escaped the sentence of the law; but broke his neck by a fall from his horse in hunting, a few months after. The place where this happened is still known by the name of Darrell's Stile, a spot to be dreaded by the peasant whom the shades of evening have overtaken on his way.—Little-Cote House is two miles from Hungerford, in Wiltshire, through which the Bath road passes. The fact occurred in the reign of Elizabeth.

#### THE BITER BITTEN.

The extortion of the innkeepers at Portsmouth, on persons arriving at that port, has long been pro-

verbial: in a recent instance, however, an attempt of this nature was completely foiled.—A gentleman with his family landed there, from the West Indies, and intending to remain a short time until he could hear from his friends in London, applied to the landlord of the inn, to which he had been conducted, for accommodation; but was told, that three bed-rooms could not be provided for his family unless he would engage them for a week certain, and that the lowest charge would be a guinea per day for the use of them. To this exorbitant demand the gentleman, after some expostulation, acceded. Soon afterwards, on going to the post-office, he found letters lying there for him, from his friends in London, requiring his immediate departure for that place, as soon as he should arrive. On his return to the inn, he informed the landlord of the circumstance, and hoped payment would not be insisted on for the rooms, which he had scarcely occupied; but to this Boniface would by no means consent, and high words arose between the parties. Captain L. of the royal navy, who was well known to the landlord, happening to be in the house at the time, enquired into the circumstance, and discovering the imposition intended to be practised, offered to take the bargain off the gentleman's hands, which was cheerfully assented to by both parties; and the latter immediately departed with his family, after thanking the captain for his interposition. Immediate directions were given for the beds to be prepared, as Captain L. said it was his

intention to sleep on shore that night. "What, all three?" enquired the waiter.—"To be sure! am not I to pay for them?" was the reply. In the evening the captain returned, bringing with him his boatswain and cabin-boy, to whom he gave directions to occupy two of the beds; "and recollect, my lads," said he, "watch and watch, every three hours *pipe all hands* for a general muster." Those orders were strictly complied with, to the great annoyance of every other guest in the house. In the morning the landlord complained heavily of the disturbance, and hoped the captain would discontinue it; but the latter said, "it was his way at sea, and did he not pay for the rooms?" *Piping all hands* was repeated on the second night, which produced fresh remonstrances from the landlord, who declared, "that if such practices were continued, it would be the ruin of his house, and he should be perfectly satisfied if the captain would pay for the two nights' occupation of the rooms, and discontinue his nocturnal alarms." Captain L. declared, "that sleeping on shore he found congenial to his health, and combining sea customs with land conveniences afforded him an ample fund of amusement." The third night produced a repetition of the alarm; but, in the morning, Boniface waited upon the disturber of his house, and, with many bows and cringes, informed him, "that he was extremely willing to forego any charge for the three nights' lodging, if the captain would consent to sleep on board his ship, where he might *pipe all hands* as

frequently as he pleased :” to which offer, Captain L. with apparent reluctance, acceded.

INSCRIPTION ON A MONUMENT IN  
HORSLEY CHURCH, CUMBERLAND.

Here lie the bodies  
Of Thomas Bond and Mary his wife.  
She was temperate, chaste, and  
charitable ;

BUT,

She was proud, peevish, and pas-  
sionate.

She was an affectionate wife, and a  
tender mother ;

BUT,

Her husband and child, whom she  
loved,

Seldom saw her countenance with-  
out a disgusting frown,

Whilst she received visitors, whom  
she despised,

With an endearing smile.

Her behaviour was discreet towards  
strangers ;

BUT,

Imprudent in her family.

Abroad, her conduct was influenced  
by good breeding ;

BUT,

At home, by ill temper.

She was a professed enemy to flat-  
tery,

And was seldom known to praise  
or commend ;

BUT,

The talents in which she princi-  
pally excelled,

Were, difference in opinion, and  
discovering flaws and imperfections.

She was an admirable economist,

And, without prodigality,

Dispensed plenty to every person in  
her family ;

BUT,

Would sacrifice their eyes to a  
farthing candle.

She sometimes made her husband

happy with her good qualities ;

BUT,

Much more frequently miserable  
—with her many failings,

Insomuch, that, in thirty years co-  
habitation, he often

Lamented, that, maugre all her  
virtues,

He had not, in the whole, enjoyed  
two years of matrimonial comfort.

AT LENGTH,

Finding she had lost the affections  
of her husband,

As well as the regard of her neigh-  
bours ;

Family disputes having been di-  
vulged by servants,

She died, of vexation, July 20, 1768,  
Aged 48 years.

Her worn-out husband survived her  
four months and two days,

And departed this life Nov. 28, 1768,  
In the 51th year of his age.

William Bond, brother to the de-  
ceased, erected this stone,

As a weekly monitor to the surviv-  
ing wives of this parish,

That they may avoid the infamy  
Of having their memories handed

down to posterity

With a patch-work character.

TEA.

A folio sheet of the time of  
Charles II. entitled, “ An exact  
description of the growth, quality,  
and virtues of the leaf tea, by  
Thomas Garway, in Exchange-  
alley, near the Royal Exchange, in  
London, tobacconist, and seller  
and retailer of tea and coffee,” in-  
forms us, that “ in England it hath  
been sold in the leaf for six pounds,  
and sometimes for ten pounds the  
pound weight ; and in respect of  
its former scarceness and dearness,  
it hath been only used as a regalia  
in high treatments and entertain-

ments, and presents made thereof to princes and grantees, till the year 1657. The said Thomas Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the said tea in leaf and drink, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants and travellers into those Eastern countries: and upon knowledge and experience of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, and gentlemen of quality, have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house in Exchange-alley, to drink the drink thereof."

#### THE USE OF TOBACCO SINFUL!

Well may we exclaim, "How complicate, how wonderful is man!" If we smile at the ignorance of Sir W. Raleigh's servant, who threw a bottle of water into his master's face, on seeing smoke issue from his mouth, what must we think of the following account given by Hermann in his description of Russia?—"At the close of the seventeenth century, the smoking of tobacco was considered as *sinful*; and the priesthood were not a little scandalized when Peter the Great, in 1698, granted to the Marquis of Carmarthen and Co. the monopoly of importing tobacco." But, mark the change of ideas. Fifty years afterwards, government distributed seed and offered premiums for the best culture; and in 1793 tobacco was imported at Petersburg to the amount of 47,000 roubles.—We recommend this decision to the most serious attention of the reverend clergy, to whom smoking of tobacco was an-

other word for enjoyment of life. Many and many an orthodox man has indulged himself in pipe after pipe in his study—and pipe after pipe after dinner,—then in the evening, pipe after pipe, by way of preparation for the night's repose. Nay, we have seen a clergyman who could not forbear his pipe while walking along the most public ways of the metropolis. Whether this was "being a slave to it," we leave to the decision of conscience. It was said of Staines, lord mayor of London, by his acquaintance, that they were sure he could not forego his pipe long enough to be sworn into office without a whiff; and a print was published, representing his lordship in procession, smoking in his state carriage—the sword-bearer smoking—the mace-bearer smoking—the coachman smoking—the footmen smoking—the postillions smoking; and, to crown the whole, all the six horses smoking also!!—What a dreadful series of crimes, if smoking tobacco were *sinful*!

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE SCOTCH IN THE YEAR 1598, BY FYNES MORISON.

[From his *ITINERARY*, printed at London, 1617, folio.]

Touching their diet, they eat much red colewort and cabbage, but little fresh meate, vsing to salt their mutton and geese, which made me more wonder, that they vsed to eat beefe without salting. The gentlemen reckon their reuenewes, not by rents of monie, but by chauldrons of victuals, and keepe many people in their families, yet liuing most on corne and rootes, not spending any great quantity of flesh.

Myself was at a knight's house.

who had many seruants to attend him, that brought in his meate with their heads couered with blew caps, the table being more than halfe furnished with great platters of porredge, each hauing a little peece of sodden meate; and when the table was serued, the seruants did sit down with vs, but the upper messe, in steede of porredge, had a pullet with some prunes in the broth, and I obserued no art of cookery, or furniture of household stuffe, but rather rude neglect of both, though myselfe and my companion, sent from the gouernour of Barwicke about bordering affaires, were entertained after their best manner. The Scots liuing then in factions, vsed to keepe many followers, and so consumed their reuenew of victuals, liuing in some want of money.

They vulgarly eate harth-cakes of oates, but in cities have also wheaten bread, which for the most part was bought by courtiers, gentlemen, and the best sort of citizens. When I liued at Barwicke, the Scots weekly, vpon the market-day, obtained leaue in writing of the gouernour, to buy pease and beanes, whereof, as also of wheate, their merchants at this day send great quantity from London into Scotland.

They drinke pure wines, not with sugar as the English\*, yet at feasts

\* It was a common custom among the English to put a considerable quantity of sugar in their wine. Paul Hentzner, who visited England in Queen Elizabeth's reign, speaks with astonishment of the inhabitants, who, he says, mix sugar with their drink; and various allusions to it will be found in Shakespeare, particularly in *Henry the Fourth*, where, our readers must remember, sack and sugar was a very favourite beverage with Halstaff.

they put comfits in the wine, after the French manner, but they had not our vinteners' fraud to mixe their wines. I did neuer see nor heare, that they haue any publike innes with signes hanging out, but the better sort of citizens brew ale, their vsual drinke (which will dis-temper a stranger's bodie), and the same citizens will entertaine passengers vpon acquaintance or entreaty.

Their bedsteads were then like cubbards in the wall, with doores to be opened and shut at pleasure, so as we climbed vp to our beds. They vsed but one sheete, open at the sides and top, but close at the feete, and so doubled.

Passengers did seeke a stable for their horses in some other place, and did there buy horse-meat, and if perhaps the same house yielded a stable, yet the payment for the horse did not make them have beds free as in England.

When passengers goe to bed, their custom was to present them with a sleeping cuppe of wine at parting. The country people and merchants vsed to drink largely, the gentlemen somewhat more sparingly; yet the very courtiers, at feasts, by night meetings, and entertaining any stranger, vsed to drink healths not without excesse, and (to speake truth without offence) the excesse of drinking was then far greater in generall among the Scots than the English. Myselfe being at the court inuited by some gentlemen to supper, and being forewarned to feare this excesse, would not promise to sup with them, but upon condition, that my inuiter would be my protection from large drinking, which I was





many times forced to inuoke, being courteously entertained, and much prouoked to garaussing\*, and so for that time auoided any great intemperance. Remembering this,

\* Carousing, making merry. John-son derives the former word from *gar ausz*, all out, German; so that it seems, our ancestors used the word much nearer to its original orthography than we do at present.

and hauing since obserued in my conuersation at the English court with the Scots of the better sort, that they spend great part of the night in drinking, not onely wine, but euen beere, as myselfe will not excuse them of great intemperance, so I cannot altogether free them from the imputation of excesse, wherewith the popular voice chargeth them.

## FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

### PL. 9.—WALKING DRESS.

A LILAC sarsnet petticoat, full flounce round the bottom, confined by plaits or tufts of ribband of corresponding colour, and headed with a double border of the same; high plain body, made of white sarsnet, or jaconot muslin, buttoned behind; long full sleeve, confined at the wrist, and trimmed with a lace ruff. Full lace ruff. Lilac scarf sash, worn in braces, and tied behind in bows and ends. A Russian bonnet, composed either of lilac and straw-coloured sarsnet, or of fine split straw, ornamented on the crown with treble bows of ribband or large clusters of flowers. Ribbed stockings, with lace clocks. Sandals of lilac kid; gloves to correspond.

### PL. 10.—EVENING DRESS.

A plain blond lace frock over a slip of white satin, the bottom of the dress drawn up in festoons above the ancle, and confined alternately

with roses and bows of white satin ribband; full drawn back, headed with a quilling of blond lace, continued over the shoulder, and brought to a point at the bottom of the waist in front, forming a stomacher, ornamented and crossed with the satin bead or pearl, and roses fancifully intermixed; a rich pearl shell ornament in the centre of the bosom; short full sleeve, trimmed and festooned to correspond. The hair, brought smoothly up behind, terminates upon the crown of the head in a full cluster of curls; a pearl tiara separates it from the front, which falls in ringlets. Necklace of pearl; ear-drops; and bracelets to correspond; ribbed stockings; slippers of white satin trimmed with silver; white gloves of French kid, falling below the elbow; and fan of carved ivory, richly wrought in Russian characters.



## Poetry.

## ODE

*To His Royal Highness the Prince  
REGENT.*

BY R. SOUTHEY, ESQ. POET LAUREAT.

## I.

PRINCE of the mighty Isle!  
Proud day for thee and for thy kingdoms  
this,  
When Britain round her spear  
The olive garland twines, by Victory  
won.

## II.

Rightly may'st thou rejoice,  
For in a day of darkness and of storms,  
An evil day, a day of woe,  
To thee the sceptre fell.

The Continent was leagued,  
Her numbers wielded by one will,  
Against the mighty Isle;  
All shores were hostile to the Red-Cross  
flag,

All ports against her closed;  
Save where, behind their ramparts driven,  
The Spaniard, and the faithful Portugal,  
Each, on the utmost limits of his land,

Invincible of heart,  
Stood firm, and put their trust  
In their good cause and thee.  
Such perils menaced from abroad,  
At home worse dangers compass'd thee,  
Where shallow counsellors,

A weak but clamorous crew,  
Pester'd the land, and with their with-  
ering breath

Poison'd the public ear.  
For peace, the feeble raised their factious  
cry:

Oh! madness, to resist  
The Invincible in arms!  
Seek the peace-garland from his dreadful  
hand!

And at the Tyrant's feet  
They would have knelt, to take  
The wreath of Aconite for Britain's brow.  
Prince of the mighty Isle!

Rightly may'st thou rejoice,  
For in the day of danger thou didst turn

From their vile counsels thine indignant  
heart;

Rightly may'st thou rejoice,  
When Britain round her spear  
The olive-garland twines, by Victory  
won.

## III.

Rejoice, thou mighty Isle!  
Queen of the seas, rejoice!  
Ring round, ye merry bells,  
Till every steeple rock,  
And the wide air grow giddy with your  
joy!

Flow, streamers, to the breeze,  
And ye victorious banners, to the sea  
Unroll the proud Red-Cross: \*  
Now let the anvil rest;  
Shut up the loom; and open the school-  
doors,

That young and old may with festivities  
Hallow for memory through all after years  
This memorable time; \*  
This memorable time,

When Peace, long absent, long deplored,  
returns:

Not as base faction would have brought  
her home,

Her countenance for shame abased,  
In servile weeds array'd,  
Submission leading her,  
Fear, Sorrow, and Repentance, follow-  
ing close.

Honour, in his right hand,  
Doth lead her like a bride;  
And Victory goes before;  
Hope, Safety, and Prosperity, and  
Strength,

Come in her joyful train.  
Now let the churches ring  
With high thanksgiving songs,  
And the full organ pour  
Its swelling peals to Heaven,  
The while the grateful nation bless in  
prayers

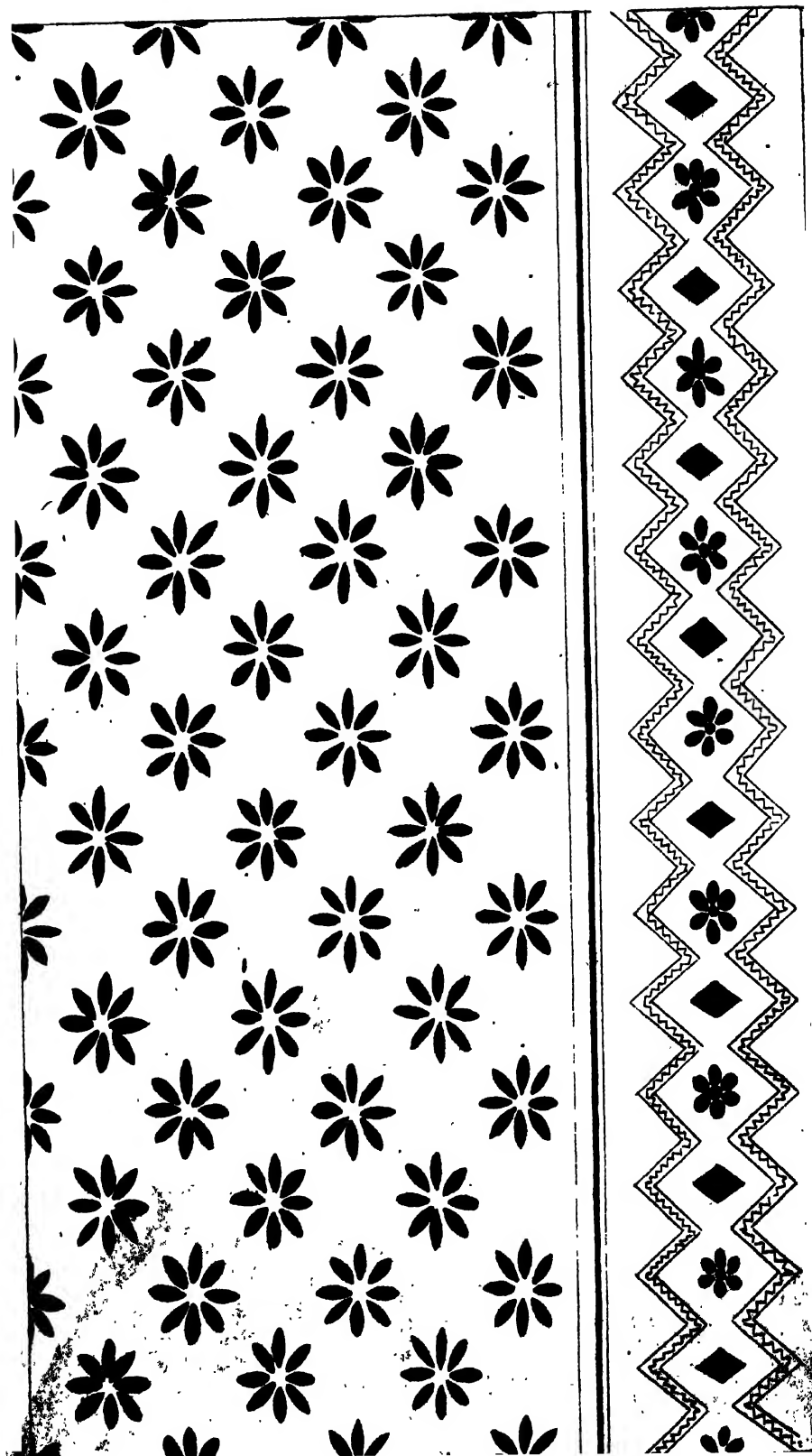
Their Warriors, and their Statesmen, and  
their Prince,

Whose will, whose mind, whose arm  
Hath thus with happy end their efforts  
crown'd.









Prince of the mighty Isle!  
 Rightly may'st thou rejoice,  
 When Britain round her spear  
 The olive garland twines, by Victory  
 won.

## IV.

Enjoy thy triumph now,  
 Prince of the mighty Isle!  
 Enjoy the rich reward, so rightly due,  
 When rescued nations, with one heart  
 and voice,

Thy counsels bless and thee.  
 Thou on thine own firm Island seest the  
 while,

As if the tales of old romance  
 Were but to typify these splendid days,  
 Princes and Potentates,

And Chiefs renown'd in arms,  
 From their great enterprize achieved,  
 In friendship and in joy collected here.

Rejoice, thou mighty Isle!  
 Queen of the seas, rejoice!  
 For ne'er in elder nor in later times  
 Have such illustrious guests  
 Honour'd thy silver shores.  
 No such assemblage shone in Edward's  
 hall,  
 Nor brighter triumphs graced his glo-  
 rious reign.

Prince of the mighty Isle!  
 Proud day for thee and for thy king-  
 doms this!

Rightly may'st thou rejoice,  
 When Britain round her spear  
 The olive garland twines, by Victory won.

## V.

Yet in the pomp of these festivities,  
 One mournful thought will rise within  
 my mind,

The thought of Him who sits  
 In mental as in visual darkness lost.  
 How had his heart been fill'd  
 With deepest gratitude to Heaven,  
 Had he beheld this day!

O King of Kings, and Lord of Lords,  
 'Thou who hast visited thus heavily  
 The anointed head,  
 Oh! for one little interval,  
 One precious hour,  
 Remove the blindness from his soul,

That he may know it all,  
 And bless thee ere he die.

## VI.

Thou also should'st have seen  
 This harvest of thy hopes,  
 Thou, whom the guilty act  
 Of a great spirit overthrown,  
 Sent to thine early grave in evil hour!  
 Forget not him, my Country, in thy joy!  
 But let thy grateful hand  
 With laurel garlands hang  
 The tomb of Perceval.

Virtuous, and firm, and wise,  
 The ark of Britain in her darkest day  
 He steer'd through stormy seas—  
 And long shall Britain hold his memory  
 dear,

And faithful History give  
 His meed of lasting praise.

## VII.

That earthly meed shall his compeers  
 enjoy,

Britain's true counsellors,  
 Who see with just success their counsels  
 crown'd.

They have their triumph now, to him  
 denied;

Proud day for them is this.  
 Prince of the mighty Isle!  
 Proud day for them and thee,  
 When Britain round her spear  
 The olive garland twines, by Victory  
 won.

## THE ROSE-BUD.

By J. M. LACEY.

The morning saw the rose-bud fair,  
 First ope its eye of bloom;  
 Bright was the hour, and soft the air,  
 Without one cloud of gloom.

The blossom shed its odour round;  
 And seem'd, to Fancy's eye,  
 Like infancy, with pleasure crown'd,  
 Unknowing sorrow's sigh!

At noon's delicious, warmer hour,  
 Its op'ning leaves were seen,  
 Expanding to the sun-beam's pow'r  
 Their loveliness of mien!

But ev'ning's hour all cloudy came;  
No star of peace was there;  
The lightning pour'd its forked flame,  
And horror fill'd the air.

The bitter tempest swept the earth,  
The flow'ret felt its breath;  
Morn mark'd the beauty of its birth,  
Night mourn'd its early death.

Lines Addressed to the Au-  
thor of Syntax's Tour.

By Mrs. Hughes.

Illustrious bard, whom for my theme I  
chuse,  
Forgive th' effusions of an unlearn'd  
Muse,  
Her weak attempt to render thanks and  
praise,  
The homage due for your enchanting  
lays!  
Tho' weak her pow'rs, almost unknown  
her name,  
May she not hope some notice to obtain?  
Though Time has shed his snows upon  
her head,  
And youth and gaiety at once are fled;  
Though eloquence is not at her com-  
mand,  
Her artless Muse once pleased a Cum-  
berland;  
His much-lov'd offspring condescends  
to praise,  
And Opie, the tenth Muse, endures her  
lays.  
Oft has she sooth'd my hours of mental  
pain,  
And oft restor'd tranquillity again.  
Regard her not with supercilious eye,  
Reject her not with harsh severity.  
While Syntax charms the wise, the gay,  
the sage,  
And genius glows in each delightful page,  
Why shrinks the noble author from our  
view?  
O! why reject applause so much his  
due?  
And, like his father, by the Delphic  
shrine  
Conceal'd, promulgate oracles divine.

Then let your lovely Muse her offspring  
own,

Altho' the favour'd sire remain unknown;  
Envelop'd in the foldings of her veil,  
Seek not (we pray) her beauties to con-  
ceal;

Her sister lyre let her resume again,  
And charm the world with her bewitch-  
ing strain.

When sentiment and harmony unite,  
We read enraptur'd with supreme de-  
light!

When characters are drawn with art  
divine;

When genius, learning, taste, and wit  
combine,

The Bard's own virtues in his pages  
shine.

TUMULI, or BARROWS.

Sir Richard Hoare, in his splendid work, "The Ancient History of South Wiltshire," relates, that in his researches into *barrows*, or depositories of the dead, some which he examined were of so remote an antiquity, as to exhibit no other appearances of weapons, than the remains of arrows, whose heads were of flint, axes of sharpened stone, and the like; which must therefore have belonged to a period anterior to the knowledge and use of iron. Such were the arms found with a skeleton of large dimensions, in a remarkable barrow on the verge of Wiltshire, by the road leading from Salisbury to Blandford. While this investigation was going on, the antiquaries were surprised by a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning:—

"Our only place of refuge," says Sir Richard, "was the barrow, which had been excavated to a considerable depth; the lightning flashed upon our spades and iron instruments, and the large flints poured down upon us from the summit of the barrow so abundantly and so forcibly, that we were obliged to quit our hiding-place, and abide the pelting of the pitiless storm upon the bleak and unsheltered down."

It happened that the enquirers had just then a poet of their party, the Rev. Wm. Lisl Bowles, who the next morning sent to Sir Richard the following beautiful poem:—

"Let me, let me sleep again!"  
Thus methought, in feeble strain,

Plain'd from its disturbed bed  
The spirit of the mighty dead.

"O'er my moulder'd ashes cold,  
Many a century slow hath roll'd;  
Many a race hath disappear'd  
Since my giant form I rear'd;  
Since my flinted\* arrows flew;  
Since my battle-horn I blew;  
Since my brazen dagger's pride  
Glitter'd on my warlike side,  
Which, transported o'er the wave,  
Kings of distant ocean gave†;  
Ne'er hath glared the eye of day,  
My death-bed secrets to betray,  
Since, with mutter'd Celtic rhyme,  
The white-hair'd Druid-bard sublime,  
'Mid the stilness of the night,  
Wak'd the sad and solemn rite,  
The rite of death, and o'er my bones  
Were piled the monumental stones.  
Passing near the hallow'd ground,  
The Roman gaz'd upon the mound;  
And murmur'd, with a secret sigh,  
'There in dust the mighty lie.'  
Ev'n while his heart with conquest glow'd,  
While the high-rais'd flinty road‡  
Echoed to the prancing hoof,  
And golden eagles flam'd aloof,  
And, flashing to the orient light,  
His banner'd legions glitter'd bright,  
The victor of the world confess'd  
A dark awe shivering at his breast.  
Shall the sons of distant days  
Unpunish'd on my relics gaze?  
Hark! Hesus rushes from on high,  
Vindictive thunder rocks the sky:  
See Taranis§ descends to save  
His hero's violated grave,

\* The heads of the arrows are formed of flint.

† A large knife, of a metal resembling brass, was the only implement of a metallic nature discovered in the barrow; it might therefore be supposed to have been a present to the British chief from the "princely merchants" of Phœnicia.

‡ The Roman road, raised on flints, goes close to the barrow, and deviates from the strait line on purpose to avoid it. A proof of the antiquity of the barrow, and the veneration of the Romans.

§ Hesus and Taranis, Celtic deities, of the character of Woden and Thor in the Saxon.

No. LXXIII. Vol. XII.

And shakes, beneath the lightning's glare,  
The sulphur from his blazing hair.  
Hence! yet though my grave ye spoil,  
Dark oblivion mutes your toil:  
Deep the clouds of ages roll,  
History drops her mould'ring scroll,  
And never shall reveal the name  
Of him who scorns her transient fame."

### ELEGY,

In Imitation of HAMMOND.

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,  
Misprising what they look on.

SHAKESPEARE.

When first I caught, dear Mary, from  
afar

A mad'ning glance at thy bright-  
beaming eye,

The ray was like the vivid meteor's glare,  
Whose streaming glories shoot along  
the sky:

Yet not alike in transiency of date,

For still I feel it trembling through  
each vein;

It thrills my soul, sweet arbitress of my  
fate,

A source at once of pleasure and of  
pain!

When, big with awe, two black clouds  
threat'ning lower,

Charg'd with electric fluid, breathing  
fire,

The mutual sphere of their attractive  
power,

Draws forth the lightning's undistin-  
guish'd ire:

In contact thus, sweet girl, thy love-  
charg'd sun

Diffuses round the rays of amorous  
fire;

Such thrilling fancies o'er my senses run,  
My eye responsive, gleams with keen  
desire.

But whither will my glowing fancy lead?

No sweet response of love flows from  
thine eye;

But scorn, a noxious, overwhelming  
weed,

Usurps the soil of Cupid's matchless  
joy

R



Ah! why doth cruel scorn dart from  
those eyes,

So capable of eloquence in love;  
Where all the melting grace of Venus  
lies,

And where illumin'd sits the gentle  
dove?

Oh! Scorn, obdurate, of the Furies born!  
Thou'rt sent on earth to deal destruc-  
tion fell;

E'en Cerberus' self hath not such hi-  
deous form,

Who, triple-headed, guards the gates  
of Hell!

Wing'd with the shafts of malice and  
despite,

Thou issued'st from the gloomy cave  
of spleen:

At sight of thee gay Venus takes her  
flight,

Foe to the fair, and enemy to men.

Ah! why presumptuous darest thou  
to invade,

And haunt the blissful mansions of the  
breast

Of lovely Mary, oh! angelic maid!

And break the hallow'd softness of  
her rest?

Expel the monster from so sweet an  
helm,

A pilot so unworthy thee to steer:—

Oh! drive him down to Pluto's dreary  
realm,

To bear the torture he inflicted here.

Alas! I fear my admonition's vain!

All, all with me is "unavailing moan;"

The day in pity lists as I complain,

And night's dark soul I move by many  
a groan.

Ah! I have naught to tender but the  
truth

And purity of love, which warm my  
breast:

One radiant smile on me, unhappy youth!

Would lull my doubts to roseate bowers  
of rest;

Coward fear would flee, and joy's o'er-  
whelming tide

Rush in, impell'd by gales of ecstasy;

My buoyant hopes on wings of winds  
would ride,

And breezes whisper love's soft me-  
lody.

But, oh! my Muse, restrain thine ardent  
flight;

'Tis all illusion, all a witching dream:

My hapless love descends Parnassus'  
height,

And dips his wings in Desperation's  
stream.

\* Then go, proud nymph, and triumph in  
thy scorn,

And in thy pride exultingly delight;

While I indignant now will cease to  
mourn,

Nor vainly think to win thee, though  
I write.

No more on Hope's bright pinions will  
I soar;

No more shall moaning gales repeat  
my sighs;

This cruel maid rejoices but the more,

"Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in  
her eyes."

AMATOR.

# LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from June 27 to July 2.

TOTAL 5,997 quarters.—Average, 70s. 1½d. per quarter, or 2s. 0½d. per quarter higher than last return.

Return of Flour from July 2 to 8.

TOTAL, 16,331 sacks.—Average, 65s. 1½d. per sack, or 9s. 0½d. per sack lower than last return.

Average of England and Wales, July 9.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat	67	4	Barley	34 3
Rye	41	10	Oats	25 1
			Pease	47

## CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	d.	Tares, per bushel	s.	d.
Wheat white, per quarter	46	80	—	7	9
—red	44	75	—	18	34
—foreign	40	66	—	—	—
Rye	34	39	—	12	90
Barley, English	28	34	—	6	14
Malt	56	72	—	16	180
Oats feed	14	23	—	62	63
—Fries and	15	97	—	7	113
—Potatoe	21	99	—	40	80
Beans, Pigeon	42	45	—	70	105
—Horse	—	—	—	—	—
Pease, Boiling	55	72	—	50	84
—Grey	40	46	—	72	108
Flour per sack	60	05	—	10	34
—Stouids	50	55	—	7	85
—Hatch	45	50	—	18	21

American Flour — s — s per barrel of 196lbs.

Re-refined, per last — £30 a £34 a £40.

Out Calcutta, per thousand, £12. 0s to £10. 0s.

## SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

COFFEE, Bonded.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Muscovade, fine	90	a	95	a
—good	84	a	89	a
—ordinary	74	a	83	a
East India white	90	a	100	a
—yellow	82	a	89	a
—brown	80	a	81	a
—Triage	30	a	50	a

COCAOA, Bonded.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Double Leaves	170	a	200	a
Hambro' ditto	140	a	145	a
Powder ditto	138	a	142	a
Single ditto	134	a	140	a
Canary Lump	138	a	132	a
Large ditto	120	a	126	a
Bastards, whole	80	a	84	a
—faces	84	a	88	a
—middles	78	a	82	a
—tips	72	a	75	a

GINGER.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Jamaica, white	82	a	900	a
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a	80	a
—black	70	a	75	a

RICE, Bonded.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Carolina	24	a	26	a
Brazil	20	a	25	a

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 54s. 1½d.

Our raw market has been brisk this month, the sales amounting to 4 or 5000 casks. Refined goods are also more in demand, at rather improving prices.

## HOPS in the Borough.

	£	s.	£	s.
Kent	6	0	7	15
Essex	5	10	7	10
Essex	5	10	7	10

## CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	July	Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Beans.	Peas.
Newcastle	9	54	a	67	a	59
Northampton	—	—	—	—	—	—
Canterbury	—	—	—	—	—	—
Lewes	16	64	a	79	a	32
Chichester	9	69	a	77	a	35
Ashborne	0	72	a	80	a	38
Guildford	16	—	—	—	—	—
Gainsboro'	12	62	a	68	a	34
Louth	13	56	a	63	a	35
Huntingdon	9	48	a	70	a	30
Newark	13	65	a	72	a	33
Spilby	11	54	a	60	a	34
Ryegate	—	—	—	—	—	—
Derizes	14	56	a	73	a	32
Reading	—	—	—	—	—	—
Swausea	13	70	a	30	a	24
Henley	—	—	—	—	—	—
Maidshead	12	53	a	61	a	24
Salisbury	12	53	a	61	a	24
Penrith	12	68	a	99	a	34
Hull	—	—	—	—	—	—
Basingstoke	13	58	a	82	a	30
Walsfield	14	50	a	79	a	35
Andover	—	—	—	—	—	—
Warrminster	16	56	a	7	a	17

## SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Brandy, Cognac	9	a	9	a
—Spanish	5	0	2	2
Holland's Gin	9	0	8	6
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	a	6
—Lev. Isl.	3	8	a	4
Mol. Spirits	13	10	a	14
British	—	—	—	—
Irish	—	—	—	—
Scotch	—	—	—	—
Spirits of Wine	4	0	a	0

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JUNE, 1814.

*Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.*

1814.	Wind.		Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Ecap.	Rain.
JUNE			Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	E	2	30,18	30,04	30,110	58,0°	41,0°	49,50°	cloudy	—	.040
2	Var.	1	30,04	29,98	30,010	58,0	42,0	50,00	drizzly	—	—
3	N E	2	29,98	29,90	29,940	54,0	45,0	49,50	rainy	—	—
4	N E	2	30,06	29,90	29,980	50,0	43,0	46,50	cloudy	—	—
5	N E	2	30,24	30,06	30,150	58,0	42,0	50,00	fine	—	—
6	E	1	30,24	30,24	30,240	55,0	39,0	47,00	cloudy	.400	—
7	N E	2	30,24	30,22	30,230	54,0	42,0	48,00	cloudy	.110	—
8	E	1	30,22	30,18	30,200	58,0	42,0	50,00	cloudy	.110	—
9	S	1	30,22	30,18	30,200	67,0	39,0	53,00	cloudy	.120	—
10	S E	1	30,21	30,18	30,195	68,0	43,0	55,50	brilliant	.140	—
11	S E	1	30,21	30,06	30,135	70,0	43,0	56,50	brilliant	.182	—
12	S E	1	30,08	29,94	30,010	56,0	46,0	51,00	rainy	.082	—
13	S E	1	30,12	29,94	30,030	59,0	46,0	52,50	rainy	.040	—
14	S W	1	30,12	30,06	30,090	73,0	58,0	65,30	gloomy	.060	—
15	S	2	30,06	29,94	30,000	75,0	62,0	68,50	fine	.110	1,100
16	S W	4	30,10	29,94	30,020	65,0	52,0	58,50	variable	.094	—
17	W	3	30,22	30,10	30,160	69,0	51,0	57,00	cloudy	.086	—
18	W	1	30,22	30,14	30,180	61,0	52,0	56,50	cloudy	—	—
19	W	4	30,14	29,91	30,040	62,0	50,0	56,00	cloudy	—	—
20	W	3	29,94	29,78	29,860	60,0	46,0	53,00	cloudy	.184	—
21	N W	3	30,02	29,78	29,900	61,0	49,0	55,00	cloudy	.174	—
22	W	2	30,20	30,02	30,110	58,0	49,0	53,50	cloudy	.062	—
23	S W	1	30,40	30,20	30,300	69,0	47,0	53,50	cloudy	.040	—
24	S W	1	30,48	30,40	30,440	64,0	51,0	57,50	cloudy	.084	—
25	S	1	30,48	30,38	30,430	67,0	54,0	60,50	brilliant	.126	—
26	S W	2	30,38	30,22	30,300	66,0	54,0	60,00	cloudy	.090	.510
27	S W	1	30,22	30,18	30,200	68,0	54,0	61,00	brilliant	.090	.120
28	S W	1	30,18	30,00	30,120	71,0	56,0	63,50	gloomy	.068	—
29	S W	1	30,06	30,02	30,040	74,0	56,0	65,00	cloudy	.048	—
30	S W	1	30,02	30,00	30,010	67,0	56,0	61,50	cloudy	.124	.100
			Mean			Mean					
			30,121			55,50			2,550 1 875		

## RESULTS.

Mean pressure, 30,121—maximum, 30,48, wind N. W. 1.—Minimum, 29,78, wind W. 3.—Range, .70 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, 1, .20 inch, which was on the 19th and 23d. Spaces described by the curve, formed from the mean daily pressure, 2,4 inches.—Number of changes, 9

Mean temperature, 55.°5.—Maximum, 75°, wind S. 2.—Min 39°, wind S. 1.—Range 36

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 28°, which was on the 9th.

Water evaporated (from a surface of water exposed to the effects of winds and the sun, but not to its direct rays), 2,530 inches.

Fall of rain, 1,875 of an inch—rainy days, 13.—snowy, 0—haily, 1.

## WIND.

N	N E	E	S E	S	S W	W	N W	Variable.	Calm.
0	4	3	4	3	8	5	2	1	0

Brisk winds 3—Boisterous ones 2.

*Notes*—2d. Some seasonable showers of rain during last night, cloudy to-day with occasional drizzly rain—4th. Very cold piercing day, in the evening slight fall of rain—9th. To-day's minimum temperature, which occurred during last night, was only seven degrees above freezing: but in the course of the day the wind changed from east to south, when there was a quick increase of temperature, but no indication of rain—17th. Rain at intervals since the 12th, with increased temperature—22d. Much honey-dew upon currant-trees, and upon vegetables overshadowed by them.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JUNE, 1814.

Conducted by Mr. J. GIBSON, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1814. JUNE	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	S E	30.06	29.90	29.980	56°	49°	52.0°	cloudy	—	—
2	E	29.90	29.87	29.885	58	51	54.5	cloudy	—	—
3	E	29.87	29.84	29.855	55	50	52.5	rainy	—	.61
4	N E	30.00	29.84	29.920	52	48	50.0	rain	—	.05
5	N E	30.15	30.00	30.075	53	45	49.0	cloudy	—	—
6	N E	30.15	30.08	30.115	53	44	48.5	cloudy	—	—
7	N E	30.08	29.99	30.035	53	38	45.5	cloudy	.27	—
8	N E	30.06	29.99	30.025	64	40	52.0	fine	—	—
9	N E	30.10	30.06	30.080	70	36	53.0	fine	—	—
10	E	30.10	30.06	30.080	67	40	53.5	fine	—	—
11	E	30.06	29.87	29.965	69	50	59.5	fine	.54	—
12	E	30.03	29.87	29.950	70	48	59.0	fine	—	—
13	E	30.10	30.05	30.075	67	55	61.0	cloudy	—	—
14	W	30.10	29.96	30.030	82	62	72.0	sultry	—	.89
15	S	30.00	29.90	29.950	79	52	65.5	showery	—	—
16	N W	30.09	30.00	30.045	66	47	56.5	showers	—	—
17	N W	30.16	30.09	30.125	62	52	57.0	showers	—	—
18	N W	30.15	30.09	30.120	61	56	58.5	showers	—	—
19	N W	30.09	29.89	29.990	66	44	55.0	showers	.83	.49
20	N W	29.80	29.77	29.785	58	48	53.0	cloudy	—	—
21	N W	29.95	29.85	29.900	59	49	54.0	cloudy	—	—
22	N W	30.10	29.95	30.025	54	48	51.0	showery	—	—
23	N W	30.25	30.10	30.175	57	47	52.0	cloudy	—	—
24	N E	30.29	30.25	30.270	56	43	49.5	cloudy	—	—
25	N W	30.29	30.13	30.210	59	49	54.0	cloudy	.48	.08
26	N W	30.13	30.08	30.105	57	49	53.0	cloudy	—	—
27	N W	30.08	30.04	30.060	60	49	54.5	cloudy	—	—
28	N W	30.04	29.97	30.005	67	47	57.0	cloudy	—	—
29	S	29.99	29.96	29.975	71	56	63.5	fine	—	.05
30	N W	29.99	29.97	29.980	70	46	58.0	fine	.84	—
		Mean		30.026	Mean		55.1	Total	2.46in.	2.17in.

RESULTS. — Prevailing winds, northerly — Mean height of barometer, 30.026 inches; highest observation, 30.29 inches; lowest, 29.77 inches. — Mean height of thermometer, 55.1°; — highest observation, 82° — lowest, 36° — Total of evaporation, 2.46 inches. — Total of rain, 2.17 inches. — Total in another gauge, 2.09 inches.

Notes. — 12th. A shower in the morning. — 13th. A shower in the evening. — 14th. Some lightning in the evening. — 15th. A tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, rain, and wind commenced about 2 o'clock this morning; was most violent between 3 and 4 o'clock — the thunder and lightning unusually loud and vivid. — 19th. Rainy morning. — 30th. A stratus on the marshes at night.

*Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for JULY, 1814.*

West India Dock	£155 10s.	pr.sh.	Coventry Canal	£810	pr.sh.
Commercial Ditto	146	do.	Dudley Ditto	45 a 46	do.
Chelsea Water-Works	12	do.	Erewash Ditto	800	do.
East London Ditto	70	do.	Grand Junction Ditto	280	do.
Grand Junction Ditto	40	do.	Grand Union	95 a 97	do.
West Middlesex Ditto	30 10s.	do.	Grand Western	54	dis.
Rock Life Assurance	2 15s.	do.	Leeds and Liverpool	208	pr.sh.
Kent Ditto	10	do.	Monmouthshire Ditto	157	do.
Birmingham Fire Ditto	200	do.	Swansea Ditto	175	do.
Imperial Ditto	48	do.	Grand Trunk Ditto	1220	do.
Albion Fire and Life	45	do.	Butspil Mine	20	pm.
Eagle Ditto	2 2s	do.	Highgate Archway	12 12s.	pr.sh.
Hope Ditto	2 4s.	do.	Strand Bridge	28	do.
London Ditto	21	do.	Vauxhall	34	do.
Ashton and Oldham Canal	82 a 83	do.	London Com. Sale-Rooms	53	do.
Birmingham Ditto	650	do.	Flour Company	5	do.
Chelmer and Blackwater	89	do.	Drury-Lane Theatre, 500l. Sh.	190 a 200 do.	
Chesterfield Ditto	100	do.			

## PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	Red. 3 pr. Ct. Cons.	4 pr. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr. Ct.	Long Ann.	2d Om. for 1814.	Impl. 3 pr. Ct. Anna.	Impl. Irish 5. S. Stock.	S. Sea Ann.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exchgr. Bills. 3d.	St. Lotty Tickets.	Cons. July 19
June 21	250	Shut	69½	84½	100½	10½	4½ Pm.	—	Shut	—	Shut	9 Pm.	3 Pm.	£19.10s.	7170½
22	254	—	69½	84½	97½	10½	3½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	7 Pm.	2 Pm.	—	70 a ½
23	—	—	69½	84½	99½	10½	3 Pm.	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	70 a ½
24	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25	—	—	68½	84½	99½	10½	3½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	7 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	70½s.
27	257	—	68½	84½	99½	10½	4 Pm.	—	—	—	—	7 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	70½s.
28	256	—	69½	84½	100	10½	4½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	70½s.
29	258	—	69½	84½	Shut	—	4½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	6 Pm.	2 Pm.	—	71 a ½
30	—	—	69½	84½	—	—	4½ Pm.	—	97½	—	—	6 Pm.	Per	—	71 a ½
July 1	259	—	69½	84½	99½	10½	4 Pm.	—	—	—	—	11 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	71 a ½
2	—	—	69½	84½	—	—	3½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	13 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	71 a ½
4	—	—	69½	84½	—	—	3½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	16 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	70½s.
5	259½	—	69½	84½	—	—	3½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	15 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	70½s.
6	259½	—	69½	84½	97½	10½	3½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	15 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	71 a ½
7	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	70½s.
8	259½	—	69½	84½	97½	10½	3½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	16 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	70½s.
9	259	69 a ½	69½	84½	97½	10½	3½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	16 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	70½s.
11	259½	69 a 66½	69½	84½	97½	10½	3½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	17 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	70½s.
12	260	69 a 66½	69½	84½	97½	10½	3½ Pm.	—	—	—	—	16 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	70 a ½
13	259½	69 a 66½	69½	84½	97½	10½	3 Pm.	—	—	—	—	15 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	70 a ½
14	259½	69 a 66½	69½	84½	97½	10½	3 Pm.	—	—	—	—	15 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	69½s.
15	258½	69 a 66½	69½	84½	97½	10½	3 Pm.	—	—	—	—	14 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	69½s.
16	258½	69 a 66½	69½	84½	97½	10½	3 Pm.	—	—	—	—	14 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	69½s.
17	259	69 a 66½	69½	84½	97½	10½	3 Pm.	—	—	—	—	14 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	69½s.
18	259	69 a 66½	69½	84½	97½	10½	3 Pm.	—	—	—	—	13 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	69 a ½
19	259	69 a 66½	69½	84½	97½	10½	3 Pm.	—	—	—	—	13 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	69 a ½
20	250	69 a 66½	69½	84½	97½	10½	3 Pm.	—	—	—	—	13 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	69 a ½

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 For SEPTEMBER, 1814.

VOL. XII.

The Sixty-ninth Number.

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## TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*We earnestly solicit communications on subjects of general interest, and also from professors of the arts and authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.*

*We cannot give encouragement to the poetical attempts of Z. R. One of the pieces transmitted is a parody on a well-known performance of Pope's.*

*The Report of the Philomathic Society of Paris, reached us too late for insertion in the present Number, but shall be duly noticed in our next.*

*We pity from our heart the fair Lady (for such we judge the writer to be) whose lines abound to such a degree with tears, and sighs, and sorrows, that, in pity to our readers also, we feel bound to withhold them, lest they should produce the vapours.*

*As it is not our practice to "buy a pig in a poke," it is impossible for us to answer the question of X. X. without seeing the article to which the writer refers.*

*The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.*

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For SEPTEMBER, 1814.

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*The Sixty-ninth Number.*

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—The suffrage of the wise,  
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd  
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

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CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNIUS.

(Continued from p. 70.)

MISS EVE. How much of Hampshire did William the Conqueror lay waste to form the New Forest?

MISS K. About thirty miles. He drove away the inhabitants, and converted it into an abode for wild beasts; at the same time he denounced the severest penalties against those who should presume to hunt in any of the royal forests; and while the killing of a man might be atoned for by a moderate fine, the killing of a deer, a boar, or even a hare, was punished with the loss of the delinquent's eyes. He caused the English to use the Norman or French tongue only in their law proceedings, had the laws of this country translated into that language, and ordered it to be taught in all schools, a practice which has never since been entirely discontinued. He governed England as a conquered country, and it may be safely affirmed, that no sovereign ever ruled with a more

arbitrary and despotic sway. With regard to the curfew, or bell, at the sound of which the inhabitants were obliged to put out their fires and lights, this is said to have been a law which the Conqueror had previously established in Normandy, and which also prevailed in Scotland. Some historians, indeed, assert, though it is not mentioned by any contemporary writer, that this custom was instituted several ages before the Norman Conquest.

MISS EVE. I think William Rufus built the wall round the Tower of London.

MISS K. Yes; he surrounded the Tower with a strong rampart, rebuilt London Bridge, and erected Westminster Hall, which, though perhaps the largest room in Europe, he affected to despise as a petty bedchamber.

He obliged Malcolm, King of Scotland, to pay him the same homage as he had done to his father,



and some time afterwards slew both him and his son in battle.

*Miss Eve.* Did not Malcolm succeed Macbeth, who killed Duncan, as Shakspeare has represented in his admirable tragedy of that name?

*Miss K.* He did.

*Miss Eve.* When did Macbeth kill Duncan?

*Miss K.* The good King Duncan succeeded Malcolm II. in 1034, and was killed by Macbeth in 1046. Macbeth was killed in 1061, and succeeded by Malcolm III. who fell in 1097.

*Miss Eve.* Scotland had kings at a very remote period of antiquity.

*Miss K.* It is known to have been governed by them 330 years before the Christian era, which is about the time of Alexander the Great, when the arts so eminently flourished in Greece.

*Miss Eve.* How well the barren heaths of Scotland associate with the idea of witches! Thus Salvator Rosa's wild manner of designing landscape, the banditti whom he introduces, and the freedom of his touch, all perfectly agree.

*Miss K.* Here is a drawing of the death of William Rufus. Here is a large figure of him without skin, and another exhibiting only his osteology.

*Miss Eve.* I see the arrow has pierced his left breast.

*Miss K.* Yes; it has touched his heart, passed through the pericardium, and penetrated the left lobe of the lungs.

*Miss Eve.* I think this king was remarkable for his courage.

*Miss K.* He is said to have possessed that quality to such a degree, rose almost to ferocity; but united to courage the

gentler virtues. Here is a description of the latter part of the reign of William Rufus, by a very ancient historian:—

“ In the second year of his reign, a great earthquake happened, which left an intolerable stink behind, and burned the steeple of the abbey of Winchester, rending the rafters of the roof, and throwing down the image of the Virgin Mary and a crucifix, breaking one of the legs thereof. In the 13th year several other prodigies happened, which were judged forerunners of his death. The morning before he was slain, he told his attendant, that he dreamed the last night, an extreme cold wind passed through his sides; whereupon some persuaded him not to hunt that day, but he resolving on the contrary, answered, ‘ They are no good Christians that regard dreams.’— That very day, while he was hunting in the New Forest before mentioned, he was slain with an arrow, which being shot at a deer, unfortunately glanced upon him, and struck him dead. Thus ended the troublesome, though victorious reign of William Rufus, so called from his ruddy complexion. He was comely, strong, active, and healthy of body, of a high courage and constancy, not shaken with any frowns of fortune, and withal very covetous, so that, what with the pestilence and his great exactions, the ground lay untilled, whence proceeded great famine and scarcity throughout England.”

*Miss Eve.* I understood William was called Rufus from his red hair.

*Miss K.* So most historians say, but not the writer from whom this passage is extracted.

Miss *Eve*. Will you mention the Kings of England who have met an untimely death in the last thousand years?

Miss *K*. Ethelred, the fifth King of England. His army was routed in 872, by the Danes, near Whittingham, where he received a wound of which he died.

Edmund, the eighth king, was killed by one Lcolf, a notorious robber, whom he had banished the kingdom. On the 26th May, 946, while he was celebrating the feast of St. Augustine, in memory of the conversion of the Saxons, he observed that this ruffian had the boldness to enter the hall where he himself dined, and to sit at table with his attendants. Enraged at this insolence, he ordered him to leave the room, and on his refusing to obey, leaped upon him, and seized him by the hair; but the wretch, pushed to extremity, suddenly drew a dagger, and gave Edmund a wound, of which he instantly expired.

Edward, called the Martyr, 12th King of England. Being one day hunting in Dorsetshire, he happened to pass by a place called Corfe Castle, in the island of Purbeck, a country seat of his step-mother Elfrida. This cruel princess, who saw him coming at a distance, ordered one of her servants to kill him; and the better to accomplish her purpose, she ran to meet him with a smiling countenance. The king complained of being thirsty, on which she ordered some wine to be brought him; but just as he was beginning to drink, the ruffian whom Elfrida had prepared, gave him two deep wounds in the body with a dagger.

Edward would have fled, and, according to some, instantly rode off at full speed; but falling from his horse, his foot became entangled in the stirrup, and he was dragged up and down in the fields and woods, till at length he was found dead near the house of a poor blind woman, by the persons whom Elfrida had sent after him. Others relate, that the assassin by whom he was first wounded, followed and dispatched him. This atrocious villany was perpetrated in 978, in the third year of his reign, and the eighteenth of his age. He was buried at Wareham, removed to Shaftsbury, and canonized some time afterwards. According to the superstition of those times, it was pretended that many miracles were wrought at his grave. Ethelred II. son of Elfrida, then about twelve years of age, succeeded to the throne. Elfrida built monasteries, and submitted to many penances, but notwithstanding all her marks of contrition, whether real or pretended, she continued till the day of her death to be held in detestation by every humane person.

Miss *Eve*. This vile action of the beautiful, but cruel Elfrida, was of a piece with her conduct to her first husband, Ethelwold.

Miss *K*. Edmund Ironsides, 14th King of England, grandson to Elfrida, was assassinated. Some say, that Edric, his brother-in-law, caused him to be murdered by two of his domestics; and others, that he made his own son commit the infamous deed. Canute, King of Denmark, having conquered great part of the kingdom, reigned jointly with Edmund. Edric hoped, by this murder, to ingraftate himself

with Canute; and congratulating himself on the service he had thus rendered to that monarch, was the first to run and acquaint him with the news. The king was struck with horror, but dissembled his feelings, and, as he still wanted the traitor, he promised to raise him above all the other lords of the kingdom. This promise he afterwards performed, but in a different manner from what the perfidious wretch expected, for he had his head cut off, and fixed on one of the highest gates of London. Edmund Ironsides was killed in 1017, after having reigned near a year, and given frequent testimonies of the most exalted valour, consummate prudence, and the utmost goodness.

Harold II. 10th King of England, killed by an arrow at the battle of Hastings, in 1066.

William II. 21st King of England, killed by an arrow in the New Forest, August 2, 1100.

Richard I. 26th King of England, was also killed by an arrow, April 6, 1199, in his 43d year. Having laid siege to Chaluz, in Limousin, in order to possess himself of a treasure which a gentleman of that province had discovered in his grounds, a cross-bowman, named Bertram Gordon, who was very skilful, took aim at, and mortally wounded him.

Edward II. 29th king, was put to death at Berkeley Castle, by Sir Thomas Gourney and Sir James Maltravers, in October, 1327.

Richard II. 31st king, was murdered in 1399, at Pontefract Castle, Yorkshire, by eight ruffians, headed by Sir Piers Exton; though some writers assert, that he was

starved to death by order of the Duke of Lancaster, who succeeded him as Henry IV.

Henry VI. 34th king, is said by some to have been killed in the Tower of London, by the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. but this appears extremely doubtful.

Edward V. was smothered in 1483, in the Tower, with his brother, the Duke of York, and buried under a staircase, where their bones were found, and removed to Westminster Abbey by order of Charles II. in 1674.

Richard III. 37th king, fell in the battle of Bosworth, August 22, 1485.

Charles I. 44th king, beheaded at Whitehall, January 30, 1648.

Some think, that King John was poisoned by a monk of Swinstead Abbey; that Edward IV. was poisoned by his brother, the Duke of Gloucester; and the Earl of Chesterfield and some other writers are of opinion, that Charles II. was poisoned.

Miss Ere. I have a print, in the manner of Fuseli, representing a monk of Swinstead Abbey, in Lincolnshire, mixing a toad, with other ingredients, in a dish, to poison King John. Some, however, believe, that he died at Newark, of grief for the loss of his baggage in the washes of Lincolnshire; and others assert, that he was carried off by a fever. Henry VI. died soon after the battle of Tewkesbury; that it was by violence is very uncertain. That Edward IV. was poisoned by Richard is also unlikely. What is written to the prejudice of those kings, however bad they may be, who are succeeded by their enemies, should be read

with great caution. Charles II. died suddenly, and, as some imagine, by poison, but this is very uncertain. I observe all the three Richards were killed; and if Henry VI. was not sent prematurely to the grave, the eight kings of that name died a natural death.

Above thirty sovereigns of Scotland have come to an untimely end, and among the rest was the beautiful and accomplished Mary Stuart. I think the last plate engraved by Sherwin, was a portrait of this unfortunate queen?

Miss K. Yes; from a picture by Isaac Oliver.

Miss Eve. What are the dates of that painter?

Miss K. Isaac Oliver was born in England, in 1556, and died in 1617. He was pupil to Nicholas Hilliard (born at Exeter, 1547, died 1619), and father and instructor of Peter Oliver, who was born in 1601, and died in 1660.

Miss Eve. I think you observed, that Sherwin used to say, scarcely any of the engravers knew what they were about.

Miss K. Yes; he meant that their works are radically wrong; that they do not understand the perspective of the stroke as they ought, or to make the stroke angular and crispy, varied and just, so as to form the truth of the drawing, in every line, on every part over which it passes. This alone, properly understood, would make a good engraver. His works exhibit this first-rate rule in greater perfection than it is to be found in the prints by any other artist.

Miss Eve. Can the history of Ireland be traced back to remote antiquity?

Miss K. Here is a book published near 100 years ago, by a Dr. Keating, entitled a "General History or Chronicle of Ireland; the whole containing the series of about 3300 years, viz. from the time of Japhet, son of Noah, to the reign of Henry II. of England. Translated from the original Irish." Pub. 1722.

Miss Eve. You mentioned the names of some celebrated painters born previously to Charles I. Can you name those born during his reign and the protectorship, from 1625 to the restoration of Charles II. in 1660, a space of 35 years?

Miss K. Luca Giordano	1626
J. Rousseau . . . . .	1627
P. Roestraaten . . . . .	
S. van Hoogstraaten . . . . .	
J. T. Blankhof . . . . .	1628
Young Quellinus . . . . .	1630
Sygbrecht . . . . .	
J. Beeldemaker . . . . .	
Ludolph Backhuysen . . . . .	1632
N. Maas . . . . .	
Mary Biel . . . . .	
Young Wm. Vandervelde . . . . .	1633
Old Elliger . . . . .	
F. Moucheron . . . . .	
J. Monnoyer Baptist . . . . .	1635
F. Mieris . . . . .	
Jan Steen . . . . .	
Jacob Ruysdaal . . . . .	1636
Melchior Hondekoeter . . . . .	
Jacob Gellig . . . . .	
Job Berckheyden . . . . .	1637
Minderhout . . . . .	
Abr. Hondius . . . . .	
Ger. de Lairese . . . . .	1640
Martinez . . . . .	
K. du Jardin . . . . .	
Il Montagni . . . . .	1643
G. Schalcken . . . . .	
Slob . . . . .	
J. Vostermann . . . . .	1644
Wm. Gibson . . . . .	
Duval . . . . .	
J. Murrer . . . . .	

Old J. Griffier . . . . . 1615

John Riley . . . . . } 1646

Sir Godfrey Kneller . . . . . }

Wulfraat . . . . . 1648

During the protectorship of Oliver Cromwell, or rather during the interregnum :—

Brickenburg . . . . . } 1649

J. Greenhill . . . . . }

J. Verkoli . . . . . 1650

Gerard Edema . . . . . 1652

Laroon . . . . . 1653

Ercolino . . . . . } 1654

Louis Dorigny . . . . . }

P. Roos, called Rosa di Tivoli 1655

Wm. Wissing . . . . . 1656

Verheyden . . . . . 1657

Van Kampen . . . . . 1658

Adrian Vanderwerf . . . . . }

Melchior Roos (brother to

Rosa di Tivoli) . . . . . } 1659

Sebastian Ricci . . . . . }

Old Justus van Huysum . . . . . }

Peter Brandel . . . . . 1660,

the year of the restoration of Charles II.

Miss *Eve*. Charles's landing at Dover is, I think, well represented in Mr. West's picture, of which there is an excellent engraving by Sharp.

Miss *K*. That print was begun by Woollett. I have an aqua-fortis proof of it. Sharp is one of the best engravers at this time.

West's *Death of General Wolfe*, his *Battles of La Hogue* and the *Boyne*, *Cromwell dissolving the Long Parliament*, and the picture you have mentioned, have all much merit. He well deserves the honourable post of President of the Royal Academy.

Miss *Eve*. What a deal has been said in thousands of novels, plays, &c. about that seat of the affections, the heart—the mistress contemptuous or inconstant—the lover

dying—the physicians prescribing—the chapter concluding with the lover saying,—

I've that within me baffles all their art,  
Sure means to make the soul and body part,  
A burning fever and a broken heart.

Lord Chesterfield observes, that a great portion of mankind have one of these two defects, either a designing head and a cold heart, or a weak head and a warm heart.

Miss *K*. A wise head and a warm heart are indeed very rarely united.

Miss *Eve*. Many novels are censured for giving false ideas of life, men, and things.

Miss *K*. Here is a newspaper which contains a receipt for writing a novel. I don't know the author of it.

Dear —, in your last you mention,  
To write a novel's your intention;  
'Twill be a friendly act in me,  
To send you a rare recipe.

Seated in form, it is your duty,  
First to describe your heroine's beauty;  
Rather above the middle size,  
With auburn hair and sparkling eyes;  
A Grecian nose and dimpled chin,  
One pouting lip, the other thin;  
Her face, I think, must oval be,  
Her teeth like pearl or ivory;  
Her shape of truest symmetry:

Thus finish'd in each limb and feature,  
She's a most lovely, charming creature.

Now for your hero—graceful, tall,  
And dances sweetly at a ball;  
In person manly, warm in temper,  
In polish'd manner idem semper;  
Whether he claps his neighing steed,  
Or takes up some new book to read,  
Still grace and elegance are seen,  
In voice, in action, and in mien.  
His courage must to all be known,  
And publicly it must be shown;  
A duel, therefore, be your care,  
To fire his pistol in the air;  
By no means this grand point neglect,  
It always has a fine effect.

To the object of her strong affection  
Her father must have strong objection;  
No matter whether wise or not,  
It serves to carry on the plot.

Be sure your lady's maid be clever,  
Or else the fair-one's lost for ever ;  
So much depends on this same lass,  
No good without her comes to pass.

Whenever, ———, you intend  
Your heroine from town to send ;  
When days are longer grown, and hotter,  
Some place of note you must allot her.  
Three in a moment I can name,  
Brightelmston, Weymouth, Cheltenham :  
But mind—'twould be a horrid bore,  
Not to allow a coach and four ;  
This satisfies all folks of sense,  
That she's of rank and consequence.

Should she a fav'rite book peruse,  
Some fashionable author chuse ;  
And 'tis a solecism in breeding,  
If she's not sometimes fond of reading ;  
No matter if to wit or sense  
The work has not the least pretence ;  
'Tis now become a standing rule,  
To chuse a fashionable fool.

If properly attended to,  
These few short hints, dear ———, will do.  
Sit down, my friend, without delay,  
Take pen and ink, and dash away.

JUNINUS.

## FRAGMENTS FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

(Continued from p. 78.)

### YARMOUTH QUAY

Is allowed to be the most extensive and finest in Europe, that of Seville alone excepted. This may be true, with respect to mere extent ; but notwithstanding its fine situation, the connoisseur will look in vain for any majestic and noble buildings, although hardly any place is better adapted to a display of architectural beauty, especially that part which lies between the bridge and town-hall.

Every one must regret, that a site so susceptible of embellishment, should not possess a single edifice deserving notice, but, on the contrary, be degraded by some specimens of the worst taste ; among which the most conspicuous is a house, with a whimsical verandah, supported by Ionic pillars on pedestals!! and the front is as much encumbered by this frightful excrescence, as it would be by a mason's scaffold. Further on is another house, with four heavy Doric columns (the height of the ground floor), on which rests a light iron balustrade! The house itself, a mere upright strip, with three win-

dows on a floor, has no ornament whatever ; it is therefore easy to conceive, that this *classical piece* of building does not add greatly to the beauty of the quay. The houses in general are mere narrow strips ; the eye in vain looks about for an unbroken range of building, however plain, on which it may repose. Yet this patch-work affords no picturesque variety, *Facies non omnibus nec diversa tamen.*

It must, indeed, be confessed, that architectural taste is at the very lowest ebb at Yarmouth.

A new street has lately been formed, communicating with the quay and principal street, which consists of mere white walls, perforated with apertures for doors and windows, and, with a single exception, there are no cornices to the houses.

The town-hall itself, although, from its favourable situation, it is capable of being viewed to the greatest advantage, and from so many points of view, is a structure of no positive, although of some comparative merit ; and notwithstanding it is completely insu-

lated, the western front alone is decorated.

Perhaps the inhabitants are of opinion, that their dwellings are, "when unadorned, adorned the most;" at least it may with justice be asserted, that, as far as regards buildings, this quay has not the least pretensions to beauty; nor is there at present any probability of improvement in this respect, at least what has lately been performed, does not incline one to augur very favourably.

From the description in *Tours and Guides* (which but too often serve to mislead our opinion), a stranger would suppose, previously to having seen it, that this quay would be adorned with some such piles as the Custom-House at Dublin, or Senate-House at Cambridge; at least some such orderly series of houses as the parades at Bath: but should he be an admirer of architecture, and withal sanguine in his expectations, his disappointment will be proportionably great. The houses are not better than those in many market and provincial towns, and some in still inferior taste; an exception may be made in favour of the house belonging to — Steward, Esq.; it is certainly quite plain, yet well proportioned and without affectation; if there is nothing to attract, there is nothing to offend the eye: such a front is far preferable to elevations, in which ancient Doric columns and verandahs are jumbled together. Of all the orders, I consider the ancient Doric as the least appropriate to domestic buildings, from its extreme massiveness and severity of character; and this unfitness rendered still more apparent, when the

rest of the building is left quite bare. There certainly are occasions on which it may be employed with success, and to which it appears peculiarly applicable. At present it appears to be the fashion, taste, or rage to introduce it on every occasion, from theatres down to cottages and shop fronts. It is to be hoped, however, that this rage, like many other species of rages, will subside by degrees.

PUBLIC LIBRARY AT CAMBRIDGE.

Mr. Dyer, in his *History of Cambridge*, speaking of this edifice, says, "The interior is a fine room, and the exterior structure, seen by itself, or in the vicinity of less magnificent objects, would obtain much praise; but surveying it between King's College chapel and the Senate-House, the eye is not sufficiently at leisure to admire." I do not exactly coincide in opinion with Mr. D.; for I do not think that the front of the library is altogether eclipsed by the neighbouring edifices. It is a composition of great elegance, and has more merit than many buildings of greater reputation; and although it has neither columns nor pilasters, is in a more finished and correct style than the Adelphi, the house of the Society of Arts, and the Amicable Society's house in Fleet-street. The two former buildings especially are in a frivolous taste; the latter is sufficiently elegant in its general design to make us regret that the architect should not have dressed the windows, for want of which it has now an unfinished appearance. Indeed, I know of hardly any thing that contributes more to the degradation of the art, or that produces so many bastard

and half-finished buildings, as this custom of introducing architectural ornaments, while the necessary members receive no decoration whatever. If this happens from motives of economy, it is extremely ill judged, since it would surely be greater economy to reject ornament entirely, in which case we should often escape being disgusted; or it would be as prudent to expend that on windows which is now bestowed on columns and pilasters. Yet I am inclined to believe, that, if of late years nothing has appeared resembling the gorgeous palace or the cloud-capped temple, nothing rivalling Wanstead or Blenheim, it proceeds as much from indifference towards the art as from consideration of the expence. What sums are lavished on the preparations for a gala and a fête! Painted floors, devices, and transparencies swallow up thousands. Temporary pavilions and ball-rooms are erected at a cost which would suffice to build palaces. I am ready to allow, that these fairy scenes sometimes display exquisite taste and magnificence, while I regret that so much beauty is but evanescent; we have hardly time to view them, before it vanishes, and,

" Like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
Leaves not a trace behind "

Trade certainly may be benefited by such expenditure, yet I must question whether the finer arts can derive any benefit from it. It is too much like condemning those talents which are able to erect lasting monuments, to form such perishable creations as statues of snow and palaces of ice. Beauty cannot surely possess too great a per-

manency: for my own part, I should behold the master-pieces of art with as much regret as pleasure, did I apprehend, while viewing them, that they were shortly to exist no more.

#### THE UTILITY OF PERSPECTIVE TO ARCHITECTS

Is so obvious, that we are surprised they should ever neglect to avail themselves of those advantages which are to be derived from the study of it. Even supposing that an architect is always able to form for himself an accurate idea of the appearance of a building from a geometrical elevation, yet persons who have not studied the art scientifically, are often misled by such representations, and sometimes form a very incorrect notion of the intended structure. The artist would do well, therefore, to exhibit his designs in perspective; he might still, if he chose, exhibit his plans and elevations, but he certainly ought to accompany them by a perspective drawing. Numbers would be gratified by the latter, who would pass by the former, or who would consider them as merely mechanical productions, requiring no greater talents than pattern-drawing. Is it not evident, that, in all the Exhibitions at the Royal Academy, the architectural department is the least popular and attractive? Besides, I am not only of opinion, that were the mode of exhibiting designs in perspective generally adopted, it would tend greatly to raise the art itself in the public favour and estimation; but that it would, at the same time, be of essential service to it, by demanding greater exertion and ability on the part of its professors,



and by requiring some knowledge of picturesque effect. This might perhaps tend to decrease the number of exhibitors, but it would also raise the value of those who remained. At present, every builder's apprentice who can handle a pair of compasses, considers himself competent to the task of producing designs, if things in which nothing of design is apparent, can deserve to be so named.

By presenting their productions in a more alluring and captivating shape, architects would surely con-

sult their interest by rendering the art more an object of public attention and study; introduce a better taste in building in general, than at present exists; and, in all probability, were they in the habit of bestowing greater study upon picturesque effect and arrangement, its beneficial results would be discoverable in their works: greater variety, for instance, in the outline, and also in the disposition of the several masses of the building, by which a happy effect of light and shade might often be obtained.

## THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

### No. VIII.

My commission is not to reason of the deed,  
But to do it.

SHAKESPEARE.

As the number of my correspondents increase, their complaints become more diversified. Some of these are of so strange a nature, that I find it hard to decide, whether they ought to be pitied or laughed at. Of this kind is the very strange composition I am about to lay before my readers; and as my judgment is inadequate to the task of deciding what to think of this retailer of little miseries, I shall leave it to the encouragers of the *Repository of Arts*, to place the writer in that class which may seem to them the most proper.

*Sweet Mr. Cogitator,*

You must know, sir, that I am one of those miserable beings cycled an old bachelor; and that I have been cooped up by an old godmother, who is now no more, until I am the most miserable thing alive, and the least uncommon occurrence puts me out of the way.

It is true, I am a man of good property, but the want of knowing how to spend it, and the little intercourse I have had with the world, puts me constantly in such a number of disagreeable dilemmas, that my whole life is now a misery to me. But I hasten to inform you in what way it is so, by stating a case in point; and you, Mr. Cogitator, may, if you will, publish it, in order to inform your readers how much I need their compassion.—Only last week, sir, did I commence my way of living like other people. I had then determined to throw off all restraint, and make an effort to mix with the world. I began in the morning by divesting myself of an old grey coat, which had long served me for a morning gown, and putting on a new suit, spent the morning in looking over the gay shop-windows of London, and returned at three o'clock to

dinner, resolving, for the first time in my life, to visit a theatrical exhibition. Determined to be in time, I intended to reach the place of expected pleasure at an early hour. But, after I had been engaged for nearly half an hour in looking for my gloves, a sudden rain came down, on purpose, no doubt, to prevent the accomplishment of my anxious desires. Did ever mortal meet with any thing so provoking? I threw myself into a chair, and there sat cursing my unfortunate stars, and beating the devil's tattoo with one of my feet, while my other leg reclined on a chair. I had no umbrella, and I feared that a coach might cost more than my expected gratification would be worth.—At length, however, I put my hand out of the window, and finding that the rain had abated, I now once more surveyed myself, with no little gratification, in my looking-glass. My new brown coat, my black silk waistcoat, my lemon-coloured small-clothes, and white cotton stockings, made me, to my thinking, look like a nobleman, and, with no little self-satisfaction, I sallied out to Drury-lane. I needed not, I now found, have so fretted about the storm of rain, for I arrived at so early an hour at the theatre, that few people had assembled round the doors. I, however, joined the first group. I became amused by the different expressions of expectation and desire imprinted upon their different countenances; and after being exposed to a regular draught of wind for one whole hour, I was wriggled completely away from the door of admittance, at which I had been nearly the first to appear. My toes

were trodden nearly flat, and my charming white cotton stockings raked down the sides with urchin mud. After being nearly smothered in the pestiferous atmosphere of gin, onions, and tobacco, I was at length suffered to ascend *Pleasure's* narrow staircase. I followed, or rather was borne along by the expectant mob, until I was arrested by the demand of one shilling. Delighted at the lowness of the demand, for my godmamma had taught me to be saving, I ascended yet higher, higher yet, with accelerated steps, and at length took my seat among the vociferous and garlic-eating rascals of noisy enjoyment. Here, however, sir, I could not long remain contented; my natural irritability returned. I had for some time borne the discordant enquiries of, "Tom Jones, where are you?"—"Sall Muggins, why don't you come and sit here?"—"Music, Rule *Brittanna*, Nosey, and Bottle of porter—Bill of the play," with tolerable patience; nay, even an attempt at music by the several performers on a fife and Pan's pipes close to my ears, did not cause me to remove from my seat, until the entrance of a lady and child, who I found had a place kept near me, disconcerted all my philosophy. The child, who on its entrance was fast asleep, roused by the yells of obstreperous joy around it, commenced its treble to join the concert; when, from the hissing hot pocket of its mamma was drawn, to pacify the darling of her heart, some gin and water. It was presented to its little mouth; but, alas for me! the urchin seemed a child of more gentility: whether or not it was shocked at the vulgar

potion presented by its degenerate parent, I cannot determine, but it dashed away the ignominious liquid with its hand; the vessel fell into the vasty deep beneath, but not until it had bedewed my once delightful habiliments with its odoriferous contents; it drenched my head and my clean neckcloth in ample streams; descended to my lemon-coloured breeches, and, like the precious ointment which fell from Aaron's beard, it descended even to my heels. This, sir, you must allow, was more than mortal man could bear. With grief too big for utterance, I rose. The lady indeed *axed* my pardon; but could that restore me to my pristine elegance? No, sir! I had long cast my eyes on those snug boxes where I saw each gay spectator enter, and quitting my seat in haste, for one of those asylums, I ran down stairs, and without answering the door-keeper's impertinent question, "If I were coming back again?" found myself in the street. Casting my eyes over a large porch, I read the word, Boxes, and entered the door. I paid for admission all the money I carried in my pocket, and received in exchange a copper token. I ascended a staircase as solitary and quiet as the one I had left was noisy and multitudinous; from one avenue I strolled to another, but without seeing a soul. At length I found myself in a circular room, and soon after in a widely extended apartment. Here were sitting several elegantly dressed females on sofas of crimson velvet; but the glare of lights which now burst upon me, made me feel my own insignificance. I shrunk into myself, and leaving the place

in search of the more immediate scene of action, I arrived at a spot where were many doors, but all shut against me. "Ah!" said I, "I have then no business here—I have mistaken myself, and my poor seven shillings is gone for nothing!" I knew not how to act. I was now quizzed by many an *élégante* and by a parcel of old hags, who kept chaunting, in a doleful recitative, "Choice fruit, your honour, book and bill of the play?" "Apples or oranges?" vociferated half a dozen others at one time. In vain, sir, I said, "No, thank ye, good women." They laughed in my face. One asked me if I wanted a rasber of bacon and a pipe, and where I had stolen my order. While they were thus amusing themselves, by standing on tip-toe I barely caught a glimpse of the house, and now and then a strain of music, but more forcibly heard a thou and plandits, which at length overcame the faculty of hearing aught else, and which seemed to be extorted from the spectators by the exquisiteness of the performance. This was the ecstasy of misery. No one appeared, sir, to whom I might put a request of admission, and the house was again silent. Again the music was playing a symphony; again I put *all* my eyes and ears in requisition to devour all I could. I was soon, however, interrupted by a wrench by the arm, and a curse "for an idle box-keeper," which whirled me to a distance. I found I had received this from a grand gentleman with a cocked hat. I assured him, in the meekest terms possible, that he was mistaken. The proper officer arrived. He

shewed the blustering gentleman into a box ; the door was slammed again, and I was left to silent meditation. At length a bustle for places occurring at the end of the first act, and subsiding, I gained courage to vent my sorrows to a gentleman with a key in his hand. He appeared somewhat less dignified than the rest. He eyed me from top to toe. "He was very sorry I had stood so long," and at length offered to get me a place. Thrice were my hopes raised and repressed ; the seats were all filled. At last the man accomplished his mission, and a middle seat on the third row was at length offered me. Eyed by every one as an intruder, my *entré* was far from felicitous. Not aware that the seats lifted up, I strode with one leg, Colossus like, toward the seat. One foot had gained possession, while its brother was following, when its toe, grimy black, struck against a lady's white dress. The whole of the occupants of the box were enraged against me ; at length, in despair, I bounced into the seat, and hoped soon to lose every mark of attention. Perhaps, sir, you will think, that having gained my long wished for object, I became quite comfortable in my feelings ; if so, you are egregiously mistaken. I became so confused, that the magic of the scene was entirely lost to me. The box I occupied was nearly filled by, as I afterwards understood, a certain new-made alderman, his vulgar wife, and, if possible, more vulgar daughters. The poor man had been condemned to quit, for one evening, the smoking-club at the Fishmongers' Arms, and, for the sake of peace, had ordered a

new wig, and come, as his wife called it, like *themselves*, to the theatre ; and truly they were like no one else. I took them indeed for duchesses by their dress ; yet, if they were duchesses, I thought they were the most impertinent ones in the world ; and I had not sat with them long, before they scrupled not to treat me with the most marked contempt. They laughed in my face, and wondered aloud, why such people were suffered to come among gentlefolks. Perhaps, sir, on recollection, I ought not much to wonder at this, for my appearance could neither have been ornamental nor respectable. The oblation I had gained in the gallery lost nothing in sweet savour from the heat, and I began to send forth an odour not quite so pleasant as almonds or cassia, and was, no doubt, a serious annoyance to the house. But those who were, or who professed to be, most annoyed, were the young ladies before mentioned ; for though their father, good easy man, was an excellent tallow-chandler, and they had all been brought up in a little back parlour close to the premises, they now professed, "that their disgust approached to nausea," and handed around their vinegarets. They asked their papa aloud, if he did not smell the nasty wretch ; while I, too certain of the cause, was at every time crimsoned over with blushes, and a tremor which ran through my body, made me feel the whole weight of my penance. But the alderman, too grateful to that which had elevated him to the rank he now held, and who cursed the idea of doing penance to please his family, struck a cruel

blow at their would-be gentility. He censured them aloud for their *fine noses*, and bade them remember their origin. Indeed, he appeared, the whole time I dared to turn my eyes on him, gaping or staring at vacuity; he did, indeed, once seem willing to enter into conversation with me, as a relief, seeing nothing of that hauteur about me which he beheld in those who surrounded him; but prejudice, although in a different form than that which struck his daughters, prevented his wishes being grati-

fied. He had caught the sight of my glass suspended to a button-hole, for I am really near-sighted. On viewing this, he pursed up his mouth in contempt, and turned his back on me. At length, sir, I lost all sight and memory, and recollect nothing more that passed, till I found myself entangled among a host of coaches. I threw myself on my pillow with disgust, vowing never again to court contempt and misery.

HUMPHRY BASHFUL.

### EUDOXIA, CONSORT OF THE EMPEROR PETER THE GREAT.

THE history of Russia contains such a multitude of extraordinary events, that we need not penetrate into the obscure antiquity of the empire, to discover scenes calculated to excite mingled horror and astonishment. Did not the generations of the past century behold transactions, the narrative of which, however strictly true, will scarcely be credited by posterity? Sudden elevations from the lowest steps of human life to the highest degree of earthly grandeur, rapid dethronements, haughty ambition and deep degradation, seem to follow in that empire in such extraordinary succession, as if it had been purposely selected by Providence to exhibit, in the most obvious manner, the instability of human greatness, which the Almighty hand giveth and taketh away.

Of these vicissitudes, the unfortunate Eudoxia Feodorowna, the first wife of Peter the Great, affords a striking example. The never-fading renown of the great

prince who gave a new character to the Russian people, ought not to deter the honest historian from interweaving with the events of his active life, the adventures of the accomplished female whom the czar first exalted to the throne. Who can read them without shedding tears over the errors of her husband, whose merits as a sovereign are so conspicuous? Which of his subjects, however jealous of the glory of the immortal prince, can deny, that he was sometimes guilty of a precipitation which obscured his greatness, but without robbing him of his durable merit?

Many have attempted to write the history of this unhappy princess, of whose very existence Peter's biographers appear totally ignorant; but none has ventured to draw conclusions with that candour and impartiality which her unfortunate fate requires; neither has any had the art to throw, with tender compassion, a light over her actions; or known how to com-

bine truth and delicacy in such a manner, that while the pencil correctly delineates the deviations of princes, it avoids violating the majesty of the throne, by too hateful a combination of colours. Yet, it is qualifications of this kind alone that enable the historian to offer useful lessons, without danger, to those on whom chance has bestowed crowns and sceptres. Conscious of their power, they despise the opinion of their contemporaries, but all of them respect the sentiments of posterity.

It is well known that Peter the Great was raised to the throne by a series of events of which the annals of his ancestors afford abundant examples. As the issue of the second marriage of his father, Michael Alexiewicz, he seemed to be for ever excluded from the succession, not only by the aversion of the nation to all the children of their sovereigns under similar circumstances, but still more by the existence of two princes by the first wife. The will of his father was moreover calculated to deprive him of all hope, for a year before his death he declared his eldest son Feodor his successor.

Feodor reigned seven years; and though twice married, left no issue. He considered his brother Ivan incapable of wielding the Russian sceptre, and therefore appointed Peter I. then only ten years old, to succeed him.

The Princess Sophia, Ivan's third sister, availed herself of this circumstance to escape the rigour of the law, which doomed all the daughters of the deceased czar to a monastic life, and with the assistance of the Strelitzes, a bold and

turbulent military corps, who have frequently decided the fate of the Russian crown, frustrated the arrangements of Feodor in behalf of his brother Peter, whose elevation she desired the less, as that prince, though still so young, excited the highest expectations in all who enjoyed opportunities of observing him. The work commenced by Sophia terminated in numerous proscriptions and executions. She decreed irrevocably, that Ivan and Peter should reign jointly; nominated herself, under the pretext of the imbecility of the one and the tender age of the other, regent of the empire, and boldly seized the helm of the state. Sophia considered any means of gratifying her unbounded ambition as legitimate, and imagined that she might thus open herself the way to the throne. It depended, indeed, on her firmness alone to make herself mistress of the supreme power; a fresh insurrection of the Strelitzes might cost Peter the empire and his life, and the weak Ivan was incapable of counteracting her plans.

Her own irresolution, however, and the penetration of the czar, who saw clearly through his sister's designs, saved him from the impending danger. He fled to the convent of the Trinity, which, notwithstanding its sacred destination, was completely fortified, and there made known his just apprehensions to the world. All eyes were turned towards him, and all hearts were filled with compassion. From this moment he began to reign, but he broke, by cruel tortures, the spirit of all the adherents of his sister Sophia, and shut herself up, in 1689, in a convent at Moscow.

Ivan was still suffered to retain the exterior insignia of sovereignty, while Peter exercised its powers with unlimited sway.

Not long before Peter obtained actual possession of the throne, he had taken a wife after the manner of his ancestors. The Princess Sophia, who was acquainted with all his foibles, without anticipating to what enterprizes his genius, which now began to be developed, would stimulate him, was the first occasion of this step. She ordered it to be made known throughout the whole Russian empire, that the Czar Peter had resolved to share his heart and his throne with the most accomplished female that the wide extent of his dominions could produce. Hundreds and thousands of maidens, distinguished by birth, beauty, and all the charms of youth, and for whose ambitious families a crown had more attractions than for themselves, were assembled on the 19th of June, 1689, in the great hall of the palace of Moscow.

On the appearance of the czar, a thousand wishes began to be excited in the bosoms of this lovely circle; piercing looks, in which modesty and tenderness were legibly expressed, met him on all sides. He became uneasy; never had he beheld at once such a profusion of charms. His sparkling eye wandered irresolute. How, indeed, was it possible for his heart to decide, when it was every moment surprized by new fascinations! All at once his indecision ceased; he discovered the beautiful ideal of all perfections, and his choice was fixed. It was the enchanting Eudoxia Feodorowna,

daughter of Feodor Abrahamowitz Lapuschin, a gentleman of the grand-duchy of Nowgorod, who took the least pains to please, and yet captivated all the desires of the prince. The offspring of a union which love alone had formed, she combined at the age of seventeen years all the charms of her sex, with a mind which rendered her beauty and talents still more conspicuous. She commanded the general homage of the other sex. So many perfections could not escape the penetrating eye of the czar; and it seemed as if at this moment his natural tact for promptly distinguishing those who were worthy of his confidence, had all at once completely unfolded itself. Eudoxia received the confession of her election with a modesty inherent only in noble souls; her natural and very venial joy, on finding herself preferred before all the others, was intimately blended with gratitude to Peter, who at once raised her to an elevation to which her wishes could never have aspired. Their nuptials were celebrated with a pomp corresponding with the vast extent of the dominions of the Russian monarch; and in less than two years she had the happiness to present him with two male heirs to his crown. Alexander, the eldest, was spared, by an early death, all that anguish which the fate of his unfortunate mother must have inflicted on his heart. Far more melancholy was the lot of Alexis, the younger, who seemed destined to survive his brother, merely to fall a sacrifice to the ambition of a stepmother and the most unreasonable distrust.

Such was the issue of an union

concluded under such auspicious appearances. But too soon was the fire of love extinguished in the heart of the young czar, who grew tired of his beautiful and accomplished consort. Peter had accidentally discovered, in one of the suburbs of Moscow, a fascinating female, who had kindled an unhal- lowed flame in his bosom. Love levels all ranks; beauty exalts the beloved object above all the fortu- itous privileges of her sex; and thus Anne Maensen, the daughter of a German settled in the metro- polis, irresistibly captivated the czar. All the steps of princes are watched, so that their tender con- nections can scarcely remain con- cealed: the multitude are fond of detecting the foibles of their sove- reign, for they serve as an excuse for their own deviations, and a veil for their own faults.

Peter was moreover too unpo- lished to be capable of moderating his passion: violent and impetuous in all his actions, he was himself the first to betray his private in- trigues. Such an affair too nearly concerned his wife to remain long a secret to her. Unfortunately, her jealousy was so strongly inflamed, that she lost sight of all those rules of prudence which should by all means have regulated her proceed- ings, if she had wished to effect a change in the heart of her hus- band. Instead of concealing her mortification, instead of endeavour- ing, by gentleness and patience, to regain Peter's affections, she burst out into hasty reproaches, as little calculated to conciliate as the expressions of her despair, which, instead of bringing them

nearer together again, only tended to widen the breach.

The czar's mother, a branch of the family of Narischkin, one of the first and most ancient houses of Russia, whose virtues history cannot praise sufficiently, was no sooner informed of this misunder- standing which had arisen between her children, than she exerted all her influence to reconcile them. She represented to her daughter- in-law, that the czar was hurried away rather by the warmth of his constitution, than any real attach- ment; that he would certainly be cured of a passion arising solely from the ardour of youth; that he must necessarily return to the path of virtue as soon as he had learned her worth; that she ought to sup- press her vexation, and shew the czar that she wished to captivate him only by her mental qualifica- tions, and by claims of a much no- bler kind than those of a prostitute, who bestows her caresses solely from selfish motives; and that this would be the only way to reclaim her husband sooner or later.

Eudoxia did not relish this ex- cellent advice. She probably ima- gined, that Peter would not ven- ture to proceed to so dangerous a step as a separation. She deter- mined, let her motives have been what they might, to turn a deaf ear to the most urgent entreaties, and even conceived the extraordinary idea, that counsels which tended to such moderation, could proceed from nothing but personal animosity against her. She therefore fol- lowed only the suggestions of her irritated heart, and, in a private interview, not only loaded her hus-



band with reproaches, conveyed in the severest language, but declared, without reserve, that she would no longer share his bed.

If Eudoxia, less absorbed by the happiness of the moments which she had spent since her marriage in the society of the czar, had employed her time in studying his character, she had acted at this critical moment with greater discretion ; at least, she would not have persevered in her last obstinate determination, which alone was sufficient to cut her off from all means of regaining the heart of a prince naturally so coarse and so violent as Peter. This idea is founded on the undisputed fact, that the czar, at the moment when he quitted her apartment, himself excused her behaviour, and could not withhold a kind of respect from her indignation, because he attributed it to the highest degree of tenderness, which is justified by the sacred rights of matrimony. Persons who knew him intimately, were convinced, that, strong as was his aversion to every kind of restraint, he would never have proceeded to extremities, had not Eudoxia, instigated by malicious counsels, reduced his favourites to the necessity of contriving her ruin, in order to escape the effects of her rage.

Having heard that Lefort in particular encouraged the irregularities of her husband, inasmuch as he sought out objects for the gratification of his sensual appetites, she thought fit to remonstrate with him on the subject. Lefort seemed surprised, as though all suspicion of this kind in regard to him had been unjust ; and Eudoxia, exas-

perated at the shameless hypocrisy of the favourite, which seemed to forbid all hope of amendment, thought to succeed better, if she gave him to understand how much he had to fear from her anger. Her menaces had such an effect upon him, that he firmly resolved to avail himself of the first favourable opportunity to ruin her completely in the opinion of the czar. This refugee from Geneva, who strove to instil into the mind of the emperor a taste for every thing good and useful that civilized states have to boast of, without making the slightest efforts to inspire him with aversion for the excesses to which he was addicted, now took more pains than ever to encourage the czar's matrimonial infidelity, that he might be the more sure of success in his wicked design against the deluded Eudoxia. Peter was the more attached to this favourite, as he found in him a warm defender of his licentious way of life, ground sufficient for expecting from such a man aid and applause in all the violent measures adopted for ridding himself for ever of the chagrins occasioned by a troublesome woman.

They began with sounding the Russian clergy. To no purpose were the bishops and archimandrites commanded to find, in the canon law, some cause for annulling Peter's marriage. They remained faithful to their duty, and declared to the favourite, that nothing but an arbitrary act of the czar could dissolve the nuptial tie which seemed so galling. Peter, however, deemed this step too bold, unless he could dazzle the world by at least the appearance of justice.

Eudoxia beheld the storm that was gathering over her head, and gave herself up for lost. The departure of the czar for the siege of Asof, seemed to dissipate the tempestuous clouds; for, in misunderstandings of this kind, delay is always advantageous; but this was just the moment for which her enemy was waiting. He had no doubt, that he should succeed in accomplishing Eudoxia's ruin, when her downcast look should no longer melt Peter's heart to pity, and prevent him from heightening her affliction by still more severe mortifications. He availed himself with such address of this absence of the czar, as to prevail upon him to dispatch an order to Moscow, which might have been attended with dangerous consequences. Lefort's plan, however, was favoured by Ivan's death, in consequence of which Peter became the sole and absolute sovereign of the Russian empire. He therefore sent an ukase, by a courier, to the czar's uncle,

Leo Narischkin, with an order to confine Eudoxia, without loss of time, in a convent, as the czar was determined not to quit his camp till his pleasure was fulfilled. Narischkin executed the command with trembling; for, on the least compunction, his own life would have been in danger. Thus was the unhappy Eudoxia precipitated from the throne, while the inhabitants of the populous metropolis uttered not a single murmur at so unusual a proceeding. In the convent of Satulski, thirty miles from Moscow, she was obliged to exchange the diadem for the veil, and to pronounce the fearful vow of the Basilian nuns, which devoted her to everlasting seclusion, that with floods of tears she might reflect on the instability of fortune, which had raised her by her charms to the throne, and made her too sensible heart the medium of plunging her into the dreary solitude of a monastic life.

(To be continued.)

## ON THE HISTORY OF WOMEN.

By AUGUSTUS VON KOTZELLE.

WHEN our great-grandfathers read Alexander's *History of Women*, they must certainly have shaken their heads many a good time. When we turn to the Greek and Roman writers, we very rarely find the sex represented in an advantageous light. Poets, orators, and historians vie with each other in discharging their satirical shafts at women. Homer, in his *Odyssey*, makes Agamemnon say, that there is nothing so wicked or so shameless as a woman. Agamemnon, to

be sure, had very just reason for complaining of his own wife, for she was not only unfaithful to him while absent at the siege of Troy, but assassinated him on his return. What wonder then, that Agamemnon, in the region of the shades, should abuse the sex! This may be an excuse for Homer with the ladies. But we find the same bitterness against the sex in other writers who had no such motive. Jews, fathers of the church, and monks have treated women with truly cy-

nical asperity. One Severus, the founder of a sect, carried this impudence to such a height as to assert, that an evil spirit was the progenitor of women. But they fared like diamonds, which have sometimes been very highly prized and at others as little thought of, and which have no value at all with those who are unacquainted with their worth. The more polished and enlightened mankind became, the more the sex was esteemed. Poetry and history vied in proclaiming those praises which they so richly deserve. The author of the work above-mentioned, considers them in all the ranks and conditions of life; he treats of their education, their amusements, occupations, virtues and foibles, rights and privileges, toilets and marriage ceremonies. For three thousand years, says he, women were the subject of satires, till the system of chivalry arose, and with it a total revolution in the sentiments and feelings towards the fair sex, who were now almost represented as celestial beings; to maltreat them was sacrilege, to censure them blasphemy: and yet the age of chivalry was not the age of science. When the latter began at length to be blended with gallantry, writers were no longer content to enter the lists against those who presumed to satirize the women, but endeavoured to exalt the fair sex above the other, and to elevate the delights of love to the first rank among terrestrial enjoyments.

In the most ancient times, the poets celebrated only heroic achievements, or wealthy princes who gave them bread. In the age of chivalry, they began to dedicate their

lyres to love and beauty, and soon indulged in the most extravagant hyperboles. They compared their mistresses not merely with the angels—these were far too mean—but with God himself, and even took care to place them a little above him. Boccaccio seriously makes the Almighty express his gratitude to the ladies for affording him such powerful assistance against his enemies. Petrarch likens his Laura to Jesus Christ. Another poet, who was at the same time a priest, declares, that he has no wish to go to heaven if he should not meet his mistress there. This was the tone in which not only the Troubadours sung and talked, but all the men of all ranks who were able to sing and talk. This was truly a golden age for the ladies.

Boccaccio seems to have been the first who wrote something besides poems in honour of the fair sex. He published a book in the Latin language *Concerning celebrated Women*, for which sacred and profane history and even fable itself were laid under contribution. He had a host of imitators. Francis Sordonati collected one hundred and twenty examples of celebrated females which had escaped his predecessor. This kind of books became fashionable; and, in a few years, there were more than twenty authors who sounded forth the praises of the sex. They did not confine themselves to the higher ranks; Fame descended with her trumpet to the very kitchens. Hilario da Costa, a monk, determined to surpass all that had gone before him. He wrote two quarto volumes, of 800 pages each, containing the eulogy of all females of the 15th and 16th

centuries who distinguished themselves by any talents or virtues. That the author was a monk, is apparent enough, for none but Catholics enjoy the honour of his panegyric. He bestows abundance of commendation on Queen Mary of England, but says not a word about her sister Elizabeth.

Hilario erected one hundred and sixty of these commemorative monuments. One Paul de Ribeira, however, left him far behind, for he produced a prodigious work, under the title of *Triumphs and Heroic Actions of Eight Hundred Women*. This fashion died away, like all other fashions, and all sorts of heretical opinions on women again crept in. Men pretended to consider them as mere instruments of their pleasure; they denied them all real sensibility, and guarded against being seriously captivated by them. In England, the depravity of the court of Charles II. infected the fair sex also, which began to be despised by the other.

It again became the fashion to write against them. The Earl of Rochester set the example, and was followed by Pope, Swift, and many others. In later times they have been alternately praised and censured. Gottfried Schütze has written a very learned panegyric upon them; but 'tis a pity that there is so much Latin in it. Meiners' *History of the Female Sex* is well known, but not exactly adapted for general reading. Segur *Sur les Femmes*, on the contrary, is in every body's hands. The English book which has been already quoted is rather prolix, though the author never descends into minute details; his remarks are sensible, and in his style he maintains throughout a certain dignity. He occasionally enters into very interesting enquiries on all kinds of subjects, having a nearer or more distant relation to the history of women; as, for instance, on the origin of magic, and the use of diamonds and silks.

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## THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No XLII.

She who for wealth doth take a mate,  
Will often curse the golden bait.——PRIOR.

IF the evils which must result to social life, were ready facilities of divorce allowed in the marriage state, did not appear demonstrable to the slightest reflection, the many unhappy matches which present themselves to our daily observation, would justify the opinion of Fontenelle, that the law of indissolubility in wedded life is at once cruel and barbarous. He exercises his usual vivacity on the occasion,

and mentions, with an expression of envy, that there is some country, though he forgets to name it, where the lover and his mistress do not marry till they have lived together during the probationary state of three years, the season allowed for proving the sympathy or congeniality of their characters. If after such a trial they are not found to agree, they are at liberty to go in search of other objects,

and to change their course of matrimonial experiment.

I do not mean to discuss this subject, indeed I have already precluded myself from the consideration of it, by my opinion, that it could not be admitted into any well regulated state of civil society. It must open such a door to prodigality, and give such a blow to those tender relations of life on which the harmony, and, consequently, the happiness of mankind appear to depend, that I cannot suppose Mr. Fontenelle's illustration to be founded on any authority. He found it in the treasury of his imagination, and there I shall leave it. Besides, being an old bachelor myself, it would be thought, particularly by the ladies, to be an unpardonable presumption in me, to attempt the consideration of a subject, of which I have hitherto proved myself unworthy; and of whose nature and circumstances I cannot be supposed to have a competent knowledge. Indeed, it is a letter which I am about to offer to the attention of my readers, whose complaints have drawn from me these preliminary observations.

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

*Sir,*

As you appear to be a man of genius, erudition, and knowledge of the world, you are certainly qualified to give me the necessary instructions how to relieve myself in my present dilemma, which arises from the laudable ambition I have ever entertained of being a woman of fashion, without meeting with the obstacles or suffering the mortifications which have hitherto interrupted or troubled

my tonish career. But you shall be made acquainted with my history, and that will enable you to consider my situation, and suit your counsel to the peculiar and actual exigencies of it.

I was the eldest of six children, and my father, who was a country gentleman, resided altogether on his estate. I occasionally went to London to visit a distant relation, who lived in the fashionable circles; first, for the advantages of a superior education; and afterwards, to be initiated into that society of which my cousin formed a distinguished part. She was considered as a woman of the most elegant manners; nor was I long before I discovered the attractions which she possessed, and the advantage it would prove to me, could I attain them. The best example was before me; and I did not lose the opportunity of profiting by it. At seventeen my education was completed, and, not to mention my own opinion, which may be suspected of arising from a certain and not uncommon self-preference, I was generally thought to be perfectly accomplished, and continually received the admiration which exterior qualifications generally obtain. I understood French, and knew how to introduce those phrases in that language, which, in fashionable life, are supposed to enliven and give a spirit to our own. I had also improved my mind by reading the best French novels, and had stored my memory with striking sentiments and beautiful passages from such an elegant source of improvement. I had also a competent knowledge of Italian, sufficient at least to translate the

airs which I occasionally sung. I was an agreeable, rather than a fine player on the piano-forte; but my music and my voice seemed always to please, when I was called upon to add to the entertainment of a party. I also knew something of drawing, and could use my needle in the fashionable works of embroidery, &c.; but I did not possess a decided taste, either for the one or the other. Dancing was my favourite amusement, and that I danced *à mercede*, no one who ever saw me at a ball would venture to deny.

Such were what I call the accomplishments of my education; but I was not without a natural sagacity, which enabled me to make certain accessions of knowledge, which may be considered as the accomplishments of the world. To all the *etiquettes* of behaviour and manners, I added a considerable degree of taste in dress, and was often consulted as a critic in that important article of life. Mere, indeed, by observation than by practice, I had acquired an insight into the more fashionable games at cards; but I had observed, that a young woman at a card-table was a certain object of ridicule among the men; and as that was not a situation in which I was willing to be exposed, I left whist, lu, and casino to the dowagers, and never ventured beyond a game of picquet, with a young man who had not the understanding to amuse me in any other way. I of course heard the chit-chat of the world, and did not fail to treasure up all that I heard. In short, I was an object of no small consideration in the circles with which I connected;

and if my father had been blessed with fewer children, and my fortune had been proportionately increased, there is little doubt but I might have been allied to rank and title.

With no small portion of amusement, and some prospect of a fashionable settlement in the world, I passed my time very agreeably with my relation, with one solitary exception; which arose from my not being able to square my expences with the allowance my father thought proper to make me. In fact, it was not equal to the appearance, which it was necessary, without any extravagance on my part, to make in the circles in which I was seen. The idea of being in debt was unpleasant to me; and though my father never refused my applications, I always occasioned those remonstrances, which mortified my pride, and a grave lecture or two when I returned home; where, besides, the habits of my town life disqualified me from enjoying the comforts of which every one seemed to be sensible but myself. I often heard my father and mother declare, that they would not suffer my sisters, who were some years younger than myself, to be educated in London. As to our family parties, I voted them *bored*; and visits from our more genteel neighbours gave me no pleasure, as the reception of them always appeared so awkward, and unlike any thing to which I had been accustomed. As for the generality of our acquaintance, however respectable they might be in their situations, I considered them as *quizzes*, and treated them accordingly.

Thus, Mr. Spectator, I existed, for life it could scarce be called, till I had reached my twentieth year, when Mr. Ledger, a wealthy merchant, and an East India director, who came to pass a month with his relation, a country squire in our neighbourhood, made proposals of marriage to me. My father, though he was pleased with, and rather encouraged his advances, did not interpose to influence my choice. He only desired me to reflect a little before I determined on a matter of so much importance; represented the nature of domestic happiness, and explained what he conceived to be the duties of the conjugal state. However, all I thought about the matter was the fortune of my lover, who certainly did not possess the *je ne sais quoi* which I had hitherto looked for in the person to whom I should give my heart. I had some time since taught myself to believe, that where there was money, happiness might be purchased; and that marriage might be rendered perfectly comfortable, though love should not be of the party. I felt no small delight in the reflection, that I should command fortune, and be my own mistress. I therefore complied without any particular coyness or hesitation, and Mr. Ledger conducted me to the altar.

It must be allowed that he was a well-tempered, generous, good sort of man; but he had been brought up in Mincing-lane; and though, on our marriage, he took a very handsome house in Bedford-square, he brought a larger portion of city habits along with him, than suited my notions of fashionable

life. He had no ideas, or, at least, very false ones, of the *ton*; and we soon began to engage in a warfare for appearance. I never considered the precise propriety, or real pleasure, of what I was to do, but whether it was consistent with the received notions of fashionable usage and elegance. On the contrary, my good husband was so perverse as to think of nothing but what he called comforts, while his friends were, as he described them, and, I doubt not, very justly, as the most worthy men in the world; while I could only say, that, with all their excellence, they were the most stupid people in existence. To many of his whims, however, I found myself obliged to submit; he always dined at four; and expected that I should accompany him to his villa from Saturday till Monday, and sometimes till Tuesday morning. I cannot say, but it was rather an elegant spot, and in a genteel neighbourhood, but then it deprived me of the Saturday opera and Lady M——'s Sunday music.

During the first year, however, our bickerings were not very frequent, and never very violent; and our first set out was certainly very handsome, and I should have been more than unreasonable to have complained. But afterwards it was *tout au contraire*. He would not sport new liveries as often as I required them; neither would he accommodate his carriages or the furniture of his houses to the variable fancies of varying fashion. He wrangled about paying my milliners' bills; and whenever I appeared in full dress and equipment for some showy fête, to which

I had been invited, he always repeated two Latin words, which, I believe, Heaven bless him! were the only ones with which he was acquainted. They were, *simplex munditiis*, which my man-midwife rendered—"Keep yourself clean, and the Devil take the finery." Thus we proceeded, sometimes in humour, and sometimes out of humour. I contrived, nevertheless, to keep up my character by occasional parties, which I knew how to make very pleasant to those who frequented them; and as I chose his birth-day for my grand ball, he knew not how to oppose it; and, I must own, never appeared to grudge the expences of it.

At length, after a ten years union, he became the victim of a violent fever; and I found myself in possession of two thousand a year for my life, and a legacy of five thousand pounds. The rest of his large fortune was settled upon his two boys. I now felt myself at liberty to follow my own inclinations. Accordingly, when I laid aside my weeds, I established myself at the west end of the town, where I have constantly resided five years, with the exception of three months at some watering-place during the summer. Nevertheless, I have not been happy. I have had the society I chose; I have enjoyed the pleasures I preferred; and though I had my satisfactions, they have been of that feverish nature, as to leave debility and languor behind them. My attention to the variations of fashion has been always the source of anxiety, and often embittered by mortification. The dissipated life which I have led has affected

my health, and, as my glass tells, irresistibly tells me, my beauty is gone. I assist it with all the practical skill which long experience has given me, but I do not succeed; and the smart men, who used to hover about and amuse me, have found new faces, and appear to turn from mine. I begin to find that all the dear creatures whom I thought my best friends, have no lasting principle of attachment, and if I were to cease from entertaining them, would not think a moment more about me. I have read of true and disinterested friendship, but I do not believe that such a thing exists in the world. I soon, indeed, contrived to shake off my late husband's friends, who, however, have never appeared to express the least regret at my neglect of them. Of my own family I have seen but little since I married; but have preserved a correspondence with my father, who has been a widower for some time. One of my sisters lives with him; the other two are suitably married in the country, and are fond of their husbands. They train up their children with care, manage their families with prudence, are sociable with their neighbours, and are charitable to the poor; while, in their gardens, woods, and rural occupations, they find health and enjoy contentment. One of my brothers is a clergyman, with comfortable preferment, and is highly respected in his parish and neighbourhood. All this tells very prettily, and may be very happy; but would such society suit me? Besides, my elder brother, having too much spirit to be a country squire, went some years



general interest. At the turning of a narrow street, the escort was obliged to open its ranks. Octavius, more anxious about his sister than himself, took advantage of the circumstance, pushed her with force against a group of women, which immediately opened, and again closed around her. In the twinkling of an eye, her hat was snatched from her head, and one of the large black mantles commonly worn in that part of the country, thrown over her in its stead. The darkness favoured her escape; guided by one of her female deliverers, and in the disguise of a village girl, she left the town, and flew back to her father.

It is impossible to conceive the uneasiness experienced by that affectionate parent, from the hour at which his children had been accustomed to return home. Emmeline, throwing herself into his arms with a feigned joy, related, that, through a most extraordinary mistake, her brother had been apprehended as a captain of banditti: "but," added she, with a forced smile, "when they find themselves deceived, they will soon send him back again to us, depend upon it. Octavius himself desired me not to forget to tell you so." The count affected to have as little doubt about the matter as Emmeline; and thus, from the suggestion of mutual tenderness, both the father and daughter strove to practise an innocent deception upon one another. Listening only to the dictates of paternal love, the unhappy old man was on the point of quitting his retreat to claim his son. Emmeline, however, exerted all the power of her caresses and of her tears, to

divert him from so imprudent a resolution; she declared, with a spirit above her age and sex, that she would go and ascertain what had befallen Octavius. Accordingly, and without stopping to take any rest, attired in her peasant's dress, she sallied forth to the town, and enquired her way to the prison. She arrived before the terrific gate; at sight of the iron bars and of the centinels, her heart throbbed: she could scarcely stand, and was incapable of uttering a word. The gaoler's wife suddenly appeared: her open countenance somewhat revived the spirits of the poor girl, who timidly went up to her, and, with a curtsy, offered a basket of fruit which she carried on her arm. Her appearance and manner prepossessed the woman in her favour. "What do you want, my lass?" said she.—"Ah! madam," replied Emmeline, "I should be glad to know something about a.... a gentleman who was to be brought here last night."—"A gentleman, I tell you, my girl, one of the robbers, who plunder the whole country."—"Oh! no, indeed, the one I mean is a very honest man: he is my.... my.... my cousin." The gaoler's wife could not help smiling. "Come along, my poor girl," said she, "while my husband is out of the way, I'll let you see your cousin, but make haste." Emmeline could have hugged the good woman; she followed her, and as soon as she perceived Octavius, ran and threw herself into his arms. The gaoler's wife again smiled, and left them together.

"My dear Emmeline," said Octavius, "I have but a moment to concert with you how to save our

father's life, therefore listen to me attentively. On my arrival in this dreary place, I found that I was preceded by a report, that the leader of a numerous band of robbers, whose principal members were already taken, had just been apprehended. Being surrounded and minutely examined by these banditti, they all saluted me aloud as their captain. I began to explain their mistake, but repeated signs warned me that I had best be silent. You know whether I have not other motives to induce me to be so. As soon as I could desire an explanation of the strange honour that had been thrust upon me, I found that my silence, taken for consent, would, by deluding justice, save the leader whom its officers were in quest of; and lastly, I was assured, that, in return for so signal a service, I should be the first released by the joint efforts of the whole band. Return then to our dear father, and keep up his spirits till I come back to you once more." At these words the gaoler's wife came to apprise Emeline, that it was time to retire; and she departed with a lighter heart, under the idea that she might next day perhaps be able to see her brother again.

But what a thunderbolt was it for her when she learned, on the morrow, from the lips of her protectress herself, that no person whatever was allowed to see the prisoners, and that their captain was more closely confined than the rest. She had scarcely strength to return home. It was absolutely necessary for her to muster up the difficult courage of disguising the truth from her father, and of filling his heart with cheering hopes, when her own

was rent by the keenest anguish. Several visits to the town, questions repeated even to imprudence, served only to convince her, that farther attempts would infallibly draw down destruction on two objects whose safety engaged all her thoughts.

Meanwhile the trials of the robbers commenced. Octavius persisted in his magnanimous imposture. The court exercised all the rigour of the laws against the criminals; but, as no proof of murder was brought against their supposed chief, he could not be doomed to the scaffold. The sentence pronounced upon him was, to be imprisoned for life and branded. At this dreadful idea, Octavius's courage began to fail; he was on the point of discovering himself, when the sudden recollection darted across his mind, that the mere mention of his name would be a death-warrant to his father. He accordingly submitted to the execution of the horrid sentence.

Some days afterwards the convicts were marched off for the fortress where they were destined to be employed in the public works. As they passed through a forest, the guards were attacked and put to flight, and the prisoners released. Octavius flew to his father. While the old man pressed him to his bosom, the hero of filial piety, in the feelings of the ignominy which he had undergone for his sake, could not forbear asking himself, if he was still worthy of the author of his existence?

The extent of his misfortune was known to none but himself. In the absolute seclusion in which Emeline and the old count had thought

it prudent to live, since the fatal moment which parted Octavius from them, they had scarcely heard even a rumour of the fate of the culprits with whom chance had so singularly associated him. They therefore gave full scope to their joy on seeing him again. Emmeline was still more pleased when she heard him conjure his father to remove, without delay, to the other bank of the Rhine. Besides the wish to ensure the safety of all that was dear to him, the unfortunate youth was secretly swayed by another motive, which he took good care not to divulge. An inward voice whispered incessantly, that the son of the Count de Montreal, branded with the mark of infamy, however undeservedly, ought not to allow himself to live. The war presented the means of fulfilling a resolution which no human affection had power to shake. A few days were sufficient to fix his father in a town of Germany. He consigned him to the care of Emmeline, and hastened to enrol himself in a corps of volunteers. The extraordinary valour displayed by him in many engagements, attracted the notice of his superiors. Escaping, in spite of his wishes, from every danger, and surviving all his brother officers, he was promoted, at the conclusion of the second campaign to the rank of colonel, and honoured with the decoration of the brave. The headquarters were fixed in the very town where the count and Emmeline resided; and he flew to their embraces. Though nothing was capable of attacking him to life, yet, while he lived, his heart could not dispense with their affection.

Plunged, even in the midst of the great world, into an habitual melancholy, he felt no relief for his woes but in the society of his sister. A perfect conformity of character had closely connected her with a young lady of her own age. Amelia von Schnitz thought herself obliged, out of regard for her friend, at first to love Octavius as a brother. She soon loved him, as, she figured to herself, a wife ought to love a husband when he is handsome, intelligent, and affectionate. Octavius was not so complete a misanthrope as not to perceive that Amelia was equally beautiful and accomplished; but was it not a profanation in his own eyes, to think, for a moment, of an union from which he was for ever cut off, by the terrible sentence he had pronounced upon himself? Amelia, listening, without fear, to the suggestions of her ingenuous soul, was, on her part, engaged in very different calculations from those of Octavius. She made no scruple to acknowledge to her young friend, that she should have attained the summit of her wishes, if she were united to her by still closer ties. Emmeline hastened to acquaint her brother with a circumstance which filled her own bosom with such intoxicating delight. But how great was her surprise! he grew pale, shuddered, and turned away his face, while burning tears trickled down his cheeks. Emmeline, alarmed and trembling, mingled her tears with his: she begged, she conjured him to open his heart to her. Affection finally triumphed over the obstinacy of her unhappy brother, and the fatal secret at length passed his lips.

He imagined that his story would have overwhelmed his sister with confusion and horror: he beheld her, on the contrary, animated with the warmest enthusiasm. The exaltation of her soul was transfused into her language; and, in a few words, she proved to Octavius, that what he considered as a mark of dishonour, he ought, in fact, to look upon as his best title to glory. "Did it not require," cried she, "a hundred times as much courage to save your father, at this price, as to seek a glorious death on the field of battle?" She forced him to confess, what he had not yet acknowledged to himself, that he adored Amelia; that her hand would restore him to peace and happiness, but that he should never have the courage to reveal to her the horrid mystery which embittered his existence. Emmeline endeavoured to convince him that his honour did not oblige him to disclose it; she even made him give her a solemn assurance, that it should be for ever buried in their two breasts only; and love powerfully seconded her efforts.

Endowed with that candour which forms one of the principal charms of the females of Germany, Amelia herself communicated to her father the wishes of her heart. The family of the young Count de Montreal, his rank, his military renown, appeared to the Baron von Selnitz a sufficient compensation for the fortune which he had lost, and he gave his consent to the ardently desired union.

Scarcely had Octavius begun to taste its pleasures, when hostilities were suddenly resumed with new fury. The enemy was but a single

march from head-quarters. A sanguinary engagement ensued: Octavius displayed his accustomed intrepidity, but received a dangerous wound, and was carried back to the town. Amelia would not suffer him to have any other nurse than herself. One morning, after a night passed in violent pain, Octavius fell asleep, but his slumbers were extremely restless. Amelia anxiously watched him: by a violent motion, one of his shoulders became uncovered. The mark of ignominy caught her view; she started, drew nearer, assured herself that her eyes had not deceived her, and sunk, bereft of strength, upon her knees, beside the bed of Octavius. He awoke: several times he had surprised Amelia in that attitude praying for his recovery. He held out his hand to her with a tender smile; she threw herself into his arms, and bathed his bosom with her tears.

Ever since this unwelcome discovery, death seemed to be imprinted on all the features of the unfortunate Amelia. Melancholy and silent, she passed whole days with Octavius. If he questioned her concerning the declining state in which she appeared, he obtained but a few incoherent words in reply, and sometimes nothing but sighs and sobs. Emmeline, greatly alarmed at her situation, endeavoured, as well as her brother, to ascertain the cause. Her entreaties and caresses at length prevailed, and she drew from her friend the fatal secret. Emmeline gave her a faithful account of all the circumstances connected with the terrible event. "I alone am to blame," cried she; "it was I who

made my unfortunate brother promise to keep the matter an everlasting secret : forgive me for having for a moment doubted . . . . .”

Amelia did not suffer her to proceed. Her face beaming with joy, she led her friend to the bed of her brother. “ Dear and generous Octavius,” said she, grasping his hand, “ till this day I loved you as the first man for whom my heart felt a preference; henceforth that

sentiment will be mingled with admiration and respect for the noblest, the most magnanimous of mortals.”—“ From this day too,” replied Octavius, “ I shall be completely happy, since I have now no secret that you are unacquainted with. One favour, however, I have to request, and that is, that my father may never be informed of what I have suffered for him.”

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### ACCOUNT OF SCHMITZ, THE GERMAN ENGRAVER.

TOWARDS the latter part of the last century, Professor Krähe held the post of superintendent of the picture-gallery of the Elector Palatine at Dusseldorf. One day, a young journeyman baker of that town called upon him; and after a short preamble, took a book from his pocket, intimating, that he wished to sell it to him. The professor opened the volume, and found that it was a prayer-book, adorned, after the fashion of the superstitious ages, with a great number of miniatures and designs; and after a close examination, he perceived it was the same as that which Clement Augustus of Bavaria, Elector of Cologne (elected in 1723), had ordered to be published, and copies of which had then become very rare and dear. The first question he asked the young man was, how he had come by the book? His visitor, blushing, replied, that it was only a copy made by a person who had borrowed the original. “ And who made this copy?” enquired Mr. Krähe. “ I did,” replied the modest baker. The professor began to examine the book again, with still greater attention;

and yet, in spite of all his skill, he could scarcely distinguish the copy from the original. He could no longer suppress his astonishment, and asked the youth why he had not rather chosen the profession of an engraver than the trade of a baker. “ That,” replied he, “ was the most ardent wish of my heart; but my father, having a numerous family to provide for, could not defray the expence of an education suitable for an engraver. “ I have resolved,” he continued, “ to apply myself to that art, but as my father cannot do any thing for me, and I heard of your passion for the arts, I formed a hope that you might perhaps purchase my copy, and thus enable me to make a beginning. I have no doubt, that, with industry and good fortune, I should get forward in time.” —“ Come to-morrow, my friend,” said Mr. Krähe; “ don’t fail to come,” he repeated, with an energy expressive at once of his pleasure and admiration.

Very early the next morning the good professor went to a friend residing at Kayserwerth, a small town a few miles from Dusseldorf;

of which his young *protégé* was a native. This friend was enabled by his fortune to do good, and he did not want the inclination. Krähe related to him what had passed the preceding day, expatiated on the rare dispositions of the youth, and requested him to lend this rising artist two hundred dollars. "He will, without doubt, become a distinguished engraver," added he, "and will, in a few years, be able to repay you, and, besides, I will myself be security."—"I want no security," warmly rejoined his generous friend; "there are three hundred dollars for you."

Krähe returned to crown the wishes of his new and interesting acquaintance, who received the money with transports of the most lively enthusiasm. He immediately quitted the oven and the peel, studied geometry, applied himself to drawing, and soon acquired a competent fund of historical information.

By two years assiduous application, he made such a rapid progress, that the professor advised him to leave Dusseldorf, where he could not hope to enlarge his professional knowledge, and to repair to Paris, promising to give him letters of recommendation to Mr. Wille, a celebrated engraver of that capital.

Schmitz, for so the young artist was named, followed the advice of his worthy patron, and, to husband his little stock of money as much as possible, he performed the journey from Dusseldorf to Paris on foot. As ill luck would have it, he fell sick as soon as he had reached that city; and though he found an asylum in a convent, into which he was received with the greatest

hospitality, and where he was treated with the utmost attention, yet the incidental expences to which he was subjected by his illness, which was very long, completely exhausted his pecuniary resources.

On his recovery, a feeling of that delicate self-love, which so frequently accompanies real genius, prevented him from calling upon Wille, to whom he could but have appeared a disgusting picture of indigence. One day as, sorrowfully meditating on his situation, he was wandering up and down the streets, he was met by two soldiers of the Swiss guard, one of whom thus accosted him:—"Young man, are you not a German?"—"Yes."—"From what place?"—"From Kayzerswerth, near Dusseldorf."—"Why, you are my countryman! What are you doing here?" Schmitz related his history, which he finished with observing, that a long illness had occasioned him the loss of a great deal of time, and robbed him of his little stock of money, but yet he could not bear the idea of being chargeable to any person. The soldiers, pitying his condition, advised him to enlist with them, assuring him that their duty was not hard, and would leave him sufficient leisure to follow the bent of his genius. Schmitz accepted the proposal, was conducted to a captain of the regiment, enrolled for four years, and soon afterwards introduced by his captain himself to Mr. Wille. He obtained permission to prosecute the study of engraving under the direction of that eminent artist, in all the leisure time that the nature of the service would allow him; and thus

continued for four years, at the expiration of which he received his discharge.

To perfect himself as much as possible, he remained two years longer at Paris, and exerted all his diligence to overcome by new efforts all the difficulties of his art. At the end of these two years he returned home, furnished with the best attestations of his talents, industry, and morality.

His kind patron, Krähe, received him with open arms, was delighted with his progress, and employed him in works for the cabinet which he superintended. Schmitz continued for two years to work under the inspection of the professor, always conducting himself in such a manner as to gain more and more the affection of his worthy employer.

One day the latter invited our artist to a dinner, at which several of the professor's friends were to be present. In the midst of this jovial company Schmitz made himself extremely happy, till all at once he learned that the entertainment was given in honour of a stranger; and that this stranger was no other than the happy mortal destined to be the husband of the professor's youngest daughter, a female beautiful in his eyes as an angel, and sensible as Minerva. Thunder-struck by this intimation, Schmitz thought of nothing but how to make a speedy retreat, which he actually effected as soon as he decently could, leaving the guests to sing and be as merry as they pleased.

The morning he returned to the cabinet in deep dejection, and with the most sorrowful countenance. His sudden change was remarked

by his benefactor, who urged him to communicate the cause. Schmitz, with a tremulous voice and an agitation which rendered it almost inarticulate, acknowledged how cruelly he had been disappointed in having conceived so violent a passion for a lady who was shortly to be consigned to the arms of another. "Have you acquainted my daughter with the whole extent of your affection?" asked the father. "Never," replied the noble-minded young man, "never have I opened my lips to her on the subject. How could I, who have neither titles, fortune, nor any pretensions whatever, have the presumption to talk of love to the daughter of my friend, my patron, my benefactor? It was enough for me that I could see her; I kept watch incessantly over my conduct to avoid all suspicion....and now I learn, that in a short time I am to be deprived of the only happiness to which I durst venture to aspire."

The good professor, deeply affected himself, did all he could to comfort Schmitz, and to cheer his spirits. He assured him of his warmest friendship, declared that he loved him as his own child, but at the same time earnestly exhorted him to stifle his love for Henrietta, hinting at the impropriety, especially under the present circumstances, of continuing to harbour such a passion.

Schmitz admitted the justice of these representations, and promised to obey; but the shock was too violent for his constitution; he fell sick, and was upwards of four months in imminent danger. Mr. Krähe paid him all imaginable attention, and administered all the

consolation in his power, but in their interviews never did the name of Henrietta escape his lips. Meanwhile the melancholy situation of this victim of the most discreet passion could not remain unknown to her who was the innocent cause of it: she pitied him from her heart, but though pity is nearly akin to love, duty and honour steadily upheld the barrier by which they were separated.

While this was passing, the bridegroom returned to his friends, and it was not difficult to perceive, from the tenor of his letters, that he was endeavouring to find pretexts for breaking off the projected match, though he durst not clearly express his sentiments on the subject. Henrietta, however, guessed his meaning, gave him full liberty to follow his inclinations, and released him for ever from his promise. The answer was such as had been anticipated. Her self-love was rather piqued at the facility with which her intended had renounced her; but her thoughts soon turned to the delicacy and sufferings of Schmitz, and her compassion was gradually transformed into attachment. She had then no hesitation to address her father. "I know," said she, "that you always wished to have Schmitz for a son-in-law; all obstacles are removed; inform him, that Henrietta consents to be his, if she can still contribute to his happiness."

The father, overjoyed at this intimation, acquainted the enamoured Schmitz with his daughter's dispositions. This good news had well nigh proved too powerful for the latter: but at length he came to himself again, and his constant

protector seizing his hand, conducted him to the feet of the worthy object of his passion. He recovered his reason and his strength while passing the evening in the society of his beloved Henrietta.

Let the reader conceive, if he can, the surprise of the whole family, when the following morning intelligence arrived, that this model of lovers had left the town in a coach and four, carrying with him all his plates and drawings. What a thunderbolt to the kind-hearted Krähe! what a mortification to the gentle Henrietta!

Satisfied that this freak could be no other than the act of a deranged understanding, they soon began to dread the return of the fugitive as much as they had deplored his departure. They received no news from him to dispel their apprehensions: at length, on the ninth day, he returned from Munich, with an order to the treasurer of the palatinate to pay him the sum of 600 florins per annum. He had gone and thrown himself at the feet of the Elector Palatine; informed him of his passion and his situation, and produced the certificates of his good conduct and the proofs of his talents. His highness, deeply affected, granted him the above-mentioned pension. "Ah! prince," exclaimed the tender-hearted Schmitz, rising, "I shall now be more worthy of Henrietta."

These particulars are extracted from a German work of considerable estimation, entitled, *Museum for Artists and Amateurs*. The circumstances themselves happened between the years 1770 and 1782.



**PLATE 12.—TRANSPARENCY EXHIBITED AT ACKERMANN'S  
REPOSITORY OF ARTS, IN CELEBRATION OF THE  
PEACE, 1814.**

THIS transparency, nearly 30 feet high, was so designed as to form one whole, the border being made up of trophies appropriate to the subject. The lower compartment represented the seven Christian and Cardinal Virtues, of the size of life, beneath arches, copied from the celebrated pictures painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds for the magnificent window of New College, Oxford. Above those arches were the royal arms of England, with the caduceus of Mercury on each side, grouping with the standards of England, France, Austria, Russia, Prussia, Sweden, Spain, Portugal, and Holland, the powers who have united in bringing about this glorious peace. The entablature, supported by female Caryatides, was enriched with dolphins, scallop-shells, and the trident of Neptune; and at each end were altars, which, during the nights of illumination, burned with a pure ethereal flame. The upper compartment represented the Temple of Peace, supported by four palm-trees; the goddess herself standing upon a globe in the centre, bearing in each hand a white flag. The word REGENT was inscribed in large letters on the front of the temple, the canopy of which was surmounted with the Prince's feathers. The whole was brilliantly illuminated with carbonic gas.

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**INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.**

THE art of engraving in mezzotinto, which is said to have been accidentally discovered by Prince Rupert about the year 1650, by observing the regularity of texture which the barrel of a gun exhibited by corrosion, was introduced into England by him. He practised that art for his amusement, and some prints by his hand are yet to be seen in the collection of many persons of taste. His print from a painting of Spagnoletto is dated 1658. From this period mezzotint engraving has been practised here with various success, until at length it has attained the highest excellence. This style of engraving is particularly suited to the character of the British school of painting, in which mellowness of colouring is so admirably united with a bold *chiaro oscuro*. The fine imitations of the paintings of Sir Joshua Reynolds, produced by Faber, Valentine Green, Smith, the Wards, and others, have spread to foreign nations the reputation of our illustrious portrait-painter, and purchased a just degree of fame for themselves; for the *chiaro oscuro* of painting is perhaps more closely imitated by this mode of engraving than any other. Among the first productions of this art, must be numbered the works of Mr. Say. A large print lately published by this artist, of *The Beggar Boys*, from the celebrated picture by Murillo, in the collection





of the late Mr. Desenfans, is an exquisite performance, as it conveys the entire spirit, character, and feeling of the original. This and other subjects engraved by his hand, particularly *The Cottage Girl*, from Rembrandt, form splendid prints for the port-folio, or for the decoration of our walls.

Mr. Say has, at present, in an advanced state, engravings of the *Duke of Wellington* and *Prince Platoff*, from the pictures by Mr. Phillips; and of *Warren Hastings*, Esq. from the portrait painted by Mr. Lawrence.

Mr Scott has just produced a very tasteful and masterly engraving, in the line manner, from a miniature painted by Mr. A. Chalon; the subject, an infant sitting upon a cushion with her hand upon the head of a shock dog. Mr. Scott's unrivalled excellence as an engraver of animals, has long been acknowledged. From works recently seen from his graver, copied from subjects of the human figure, his reputation will acquire no inconsiderable accession: for versatility of talent, united with skill in various departments, is rarely to be found in the same person, professor of any art or science. This print is dedicated to the Right Hon. the Countess of Cholmondeley. It is entitled *Infancy*.

*The Exile*, a Russian poem, written in England, and translated from the original MS. of the author, who fell in the battle before Dresden, with the anecdotes on which the poem is founded, is now in the press and will shortly appear. This novelty in literature is dedicated

to her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg.

*A complete Digest of the Custom Laws*, compiled by N. Jickling, Esq. barrister at law, for the use of the Lords of the Treasury, in one large volume royal 4to. is in the press. It will occupy above a thousand closely printed pages, and will be published towards the close of the year.

*A short Excursion in France*, 1814, will be ready in a few days. It contains engravings of the Venus de Medicis and Apollon Belvidere, which have been pronounced by Mr. West and Mr. Fuseli, faultless copies.

From experiments made a few years since in the East Indies, it was generally believed, that copious bleeding would not fail to have a powerful effect in hydrophobia; but some late cases of that dreadful affliction seem to favour a contrary opinion. One of these occurred at Portsmouth, where the son of a waterman, aged 13 years, was bitten in the cheek on the 25th of March, and did not begin to complain till the 13th of May. The paroxysms of the disorder were extremely violent, and he was copiously bled without any good effect. A second case occurred, in July, in the Casualty Hospital at Bath. The subject, a boy about five years old, was bitten about three weeks before the disease manifested itself. No precaution had meanwhile been used, as it was not suspected that the dog was rabid. Copious bleeding was resorted to, but to no purpose, the child dying within three days from the first attack. Bleeding has not been attended

with the success that was expected in India, where that practice originated. The son of Mr. Leonard, master of the Mission school at Calcutta, was, in October last, bitten by a lap-dog: the wound was for some kept open with caustic, and then healed. Symptoms of hydrophobia, however, appeared about three days before his death, and although recourse was had to bleeding, he fell a sacrifice to the fury of the disorder. The fatality of these melancholy accidents must render it peculiarly desirable, that some specific, capable of universal application, may be made public. Mr. William Hartwell, of the parish of Odell, in the county of Bedford, states, in a public advertisement, that he is in possession of a recipe for the cure of the hydrophobia, which has been transmitted from father to son for a long series of years, and has been administered with invariable success in the north of Bedfordshire, and the adjacent parts of Northamptonshire and Buckinghamshire:—that it is infallible in the human species and cattle of all descriptions; indeed it has never been known to fail, if taken in due time. He mentions numerous cases in proof of the infallibility of his medicine, and assures us, that many of the persons enumerated, have requested him to make public use of their names. In a matter of such universal interest, we would suggest the appointment of a committee of medical gentlemen, to investigate the justice of Mr. Hartwell's claims, and in case of their being established, the propriety of a remuneration from the legisla-

ture, on condition of his making known his recipe for the benefit of the public.

In the neighbourhood of Highgate resides a married woman, aged 35 years, the whole of whose body is exactly divided by a straight line into white and black. The right side, arm, and leg are black, and subject to eruptions; and the left side, arm, and leg altogether white. This distinction terminates at the neck, which, with her face, is white. She has two children, who have no such peculiarity, for which her mother, though an ignorant woman, does not attempt to account in the usual marvellous way.

Some years since a specific for the gout was introduced into this country from France, under the name of *Eau Medicinale d'Husson*, which excited considerable discussion among the members of the medical profession. Its effects were universally acknowledged to be very powerful, though in some instances much more dangerous than the disease which it was designed to remove. Mr. Want, surgeon to the Northern Dispensary, North Crescent, Bedford-square, states, that two years ago he discovered the composition of a medicine which possesses the power of removing the paroxysm of gout in a degree fully equal to the *Eau Medicinale*. This consists of the fresh sliced root of the *Colchicum autumnale*, or meadow saffron, in proof spirits of wine, sherry, or Lisbon, in the proportion of four ounces of the former to eight of the latter. A recent infusion of the fresh or dried root in water is equally efficacious. The dose of the tincture,

whether made with water, wine, or spirit, should be two drams, or two ordinary teaspoonfuls, for an adult, and vary according to the constitution of the patient. Mr. Want assures us, that his experiments, made in at least forty cases, have been followed by the most satisfactory results, the paroxysms being always removed, and in several instances no return of the disease having taken place after an interval of several months.

Literature and the sciences have been cultivated in Poland, notwithstanding the late inauspicious state of affairs. Count Sierakowsky has published at Cracow a magnificent work on architecture, in two folio volumes, one of which is filled with plates. It is written in the Polish language, and is thus spoken of by the native critics:—Architecture has been studied by various Polish authors but none of their works has been brought to a conclusion, because the printing of them has been invariably interrupted by the misfortunes of the country. A short time before the last partition of the kingdom, Count Stanislaus Potocki had formed an Architectural Society, with a view to the publication of a work on architecture, and of this society Count Sierakowsky was a member; but on that event the project was abandoned, and the society dissolved. The latter nobleman, however, continued singly to collect materials, and his work, the result of twelve years labour, is published at his own expence. It is divided into three parts; the first of which treats of beauty, the second of convenience, and the third of the construction of buildings public and

private. The author having formed his taste in Italy, has introduced into the volume of plates, representations of the finest buildings in the city of Rome. In short, the work embraces every department of architecture, from the cottage to the palace, and from the cistern and the ice-house to the aqueduct.

Mr. Samuel Witter, of Dublin, desirous of witnessing the progressive effects of carbonic oxide, when freely respired, with a view to comparative analogy in reference to nitrous oxide, lately made an experiment, which had nearly proved fatal to him, in the laboratory of the Dublin Society. Mr. Wharmby, assistant to Professor Higgins, having carefully prepared a considerable quantity of the gas, first noticed some points of resemblance between it and nitrons oxide, particularly the remarkable sweetish taste; and having made two or three inspirations, was seized with a convulsive tremor and giddiness, that nearly overpowered sensibility. These violent effects were but transient, though considerable headache, languor, and debility remained for many hours afterwards. Mr. Witter having first exhausted his lungs of common air as completely as possible, next made three or four inspirations of the gas, and immediately fell upon the floor senseless, and indeed apparently lifeless, pulsation being nearly extinct. Various means were in vain employed for his recovery by several medical gentlemen who happened to be at hand: at length the introduction of oxygen gas by compression into the lungs, was suggested and tried. A rapid return

of animation ensued, accompanied, however, by convulsive agitations, excessive headach, and quick irregular pulsation. For some time after mental recovery, total blindness, extreme sickness, and vertigo, with alternations of heat and shivering cold, were painfully experienced, and succeeded by an unconquerable propensity to sleep, which was broken and feverish. An emetic of tartarised antimony removed these symptoms, and the only unpleasant effects felt the following day were those of the fall. Though this alarming accident prevented the observation of the phenomena which was the object of the experiment, yet, from its results, we may fairly deduce, with Mr. Witter, that oxygen gas would prove highly efficacious in cases of suspended animation, produced by carbonic acid, choke-damps, and other suffocating gases.

Mr. Sadler has given the following account of his ascent from Burlington Gardens on the 15th of July:—"After clearing the east wing of Burlington House, the ascent was slow, and it was evidenced to me and my son only by the receding of the objects; for it was not we who seemed to rise, but every thing beneath us to retire. In a few minutes we were perpendicular with Leicester-square, and our prospect was grand: the whole of London and its magnificent buildings lay below us, with its surrounding fields, canals, and parks; the beautiful serpentine form of the river, with its rich shipping, docks, and bridges. We enjoyed this scenery for about 15 minutes, and at a quarter before four o'clock entered a dense cloud, which com-

pletely shut us out from all sight of the earth. At this time we could sensibly perceive the balloon to be rising. When we had soared through this cloud, my son observed to me, that, from the variegated colours reflected from the multitudinous congregation of vapours, and the effulgence of different lights, he could scarcely see to any great distance, nor make any distinct observations on the numberless forms around us, although, from the splendour of the balloon, I could easily discover, that we had altered our course to the north-east. From the intense cold and a most violent pain in my ears, which I never experienced before, our height could not be less in my calculation than five miles. The late Right Hon. William Windham, when he ascended with me 30 years ago, experienced a similar attack in his eyes, though we had not then ascended above two miles and a half; but from my best observations, calculated upon former experiments, we must have been about that height. My son soon afterwards found the same effect, though in a much slighter degree. By the various currents of air and the renewed motion of the machine, I judged we were approaching the sea, and requesting my son to open the valve, we perceived ourselves rapidly descending. The clouds were so near the earth, that after lowering for a quarter of an hour, we heard the lowing of cattle, but could not discover *terra firma*. Shortly after, the clouds opened beneath us, and displayed the variegated fields and the Thames, which informed us that we had altered our direction

again, and were returning from the south-east to the north-west, over East Tilbury, &c. We had a distinct view of the river, Margate, Ramsgate, &c. with their coasts and shipping; but the clouds collecting and rolling over one another, again inclosed us. After once more descending below the clouds, we saw an inviting hay-field at a considerable distance, and opening the valve again, a sufficient quantity of gas escaped for us to reach the proposed spot, and after throwing out the grappling-irons, we came to the ground easily. We remained quiet till all the gas had escaped; by which time a number of spectators had arrived, but not till we had secured every thing properly."

The excavations at Pompeji are pursued with unremitting diligence by the Neapolitan government.—The most recent discoveries have been, three magnificent tombs adorned with sculpture, and a hall which is supposed to have been a court of justice, and is decorated with a triple row of columns. In the same place were also found bronze stoves, of a beautiful form, with a Faun and Bacchus two feet high and of exquisite proportions; lastly, a small bronze gladiator, exactly similar to that which has already been so much admired, and is in the attitude of supplicating life from the spectators. Not long since, a beautiful silver vase, probably used in religious worship, was discovered: it is adorned with figures in relief, and resembles in form that in the royal cabinet of France published by Caylus. A third vase of the same kind is in

the cabinet of the late Cardinal Borgia.

#### MUSICAL REVIEW.

*The Conflagration of Moscow, grand Fantasia for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to the Russian Nation, by D. Steibelt. Pr. 5s.*

IF it is possible, by a combination of musical sounds, to excite sensations analogous to those which human passions or striking events produce, the present attempt of Mr. S. may be affirmed to have accomplished that object with more truth, skill, and success, than any similar work we are acquainted with. Mr. S.'s fame exempts us from entering into a critical analysis of the twenty-five close pages before us; suffice it, therefore, to declare, that his name will derive additional estimation from this loyal effort. But, in order to give our readers some idea of the variety of scenes he has depicted, we shall state, that after a beautiful introduction in G minor, "Napoleon enters Moscow" by the sound of a very impressive triumphal march, founded on the air of Marlborough: but the triumph of the would-be conqueror is soon arrested by the beginning of the "Conflagration;" in the course of which Mr. S. represents "the despair" of the invaders and invaded, the solemn "invocation" of the latter, "the explosion of the Kremlin," the "arrival of the Cossacks," "the battle" in the streets, the "arrival of the Russian infantry," the "lamentation of the conquered," and, finally, the rejoicings of the people, by means of a Russian dance; upon the theme of which a series



of the most exquisite variations has been founded. The scenes of French action are judiciously introduced by airs of French origin, and the Russian portions of the picture founded upon genuine Russian airs; the treatment of both of which, as well as the still greater quantity of original matter, is far above our praise, and will, we are convinced, be admitted to deserve that character by those who shall hear its performance by an able player.

*The Return of the Troops, a grand March, for two Performers on one Piano-Forte, composed by Frederick Ries. Op. 53. Pr. 3s.*

Although, in our opinion, this grand march (in D) will, taken in the whole, coincide less with the general taste of the musical public, than another grand march (in C) lately written by the same composer, it nevertheless possesses all that sterling merit which might be expected from the author's pen. Among its distinguishing excellencies is the admirable distribution of the parts between the four hands, approaching as nearly as possible the concertante effects of the fullest orchestra; to which purpose this march has, we perceive, been separately arranged; and of the various very original ideas which are conspicuous throughout the whole, a peculiar period which pervades the trio (in G), cannot fail to engage particular attention. In one respect we observe Mr. R. judiciously adapts his more recent compositions to as extensive a class of players as his conceptions will allow. The march before us is set with a degree of ease which renders it accessible to moderately

skilled performers, provided they are sufficiently expert in the observance of time.

*The Grand Jubilee, commemorated on the 1st of August, 1814, in Celebration of the glorious Peace, &c. &c. a Divertimento for the Piano-Forte and Harp, composed and selected by P. Rosolli. Pr. 5s. Single, 3s.*

A very comprehensive and correct design of St. James's Park, in its late holiday dress, with the Chinese bridge, pagoda, canal, boats, tents, flags, &c. and a side view of the Temple of Concord, impart to this publication every possible advantage of exterior interest; and the number of pieces successively introduced within, give to the divertimento a decided superiority over the fête itself in point of variety. As to the movements themselves, some of which are professedly put in requisition from the works of other composers, we suppose in order to please all parties, on an occasion of such general rejoicing, Mr. R. has chosen to follow modern taste in the first half, and the old school in the concluding portion of his melody. Some of the melodies in the former part are agreeable and ingenious, and the episodic portions respectable; but in several instances we do not think the harmonies altogether unobjectionable. Great allowance, no doubt, is due to the celerity with which this divertimento has been brought forth, although it would be underrating its value, were we not to add, that that plea is required in a less number of instances than generally occur in compositions produced under similar circumstances.

*Ariette, with Variations, an Introduction and Finale for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss E. Fitz-Simons, of Dublin,* by J. W. Holder, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Op. 40. Pr. 2s. 6d.

By this composition Mr H. has very greatly enhanced the favourable opinion we had already formed of his talents. Every page of it bespeaks not only sound knowledge, but real classic taste and true musical feeling. The introductory adagio is conceived in an impressive, pathetic style, and treated, as to harmony, in a skilful manner. The theme of the variations, terse and elegant, could not have been devised more to the purpose which the author had in view. Their number is not less than thirteen; but such is their diversity of character and treatment, that we only became sensible of the quantity by the figures prefixed to them. Our room prohibits a regular muster; yet not to be too general in our commendation, we will only advert to the fine variation in six flats, p. 5; the 9th variation, where the thirds of the melody are inverted into sixths, and supported by an excellent running bass, &c. To the 13th variation (a very sweet allegretto in  $\frac{3}{4}$  time) a fine coda is appended, which, after once more recalling the theme, concludes this happy effort of Mr. H.'s harmonic Muse.

*Three Madrigals, one* by S. Webbe, sen.; *two* by S. Webbe, jun.

The conviction, derived from perusal, of the rare worth of these three vocal pieces, has left behind a sincere regret, that, previously to giving them a place in our monthly catalogue, an opportunity should

not have been at our command to judge of the effect which that perusal fully enabled us to anticipate; but we would not delay bringing them to our reader's notice. The first is a sextett by Mr. Webbe, sen. "Fly swift, ye hours," &c.—the second, a sextett also, by Mr. Webbe, jun. to the sacred Latin text, "Providebam Dominum in conspectu meo"—and the last, a quartett, likewise by Mr. Webbe, jun. "I pierced the grove." All the three pieces are of first-rate excellence, and their staves may be held out to incipient composers as models and examples for their diligent study and analysis. The science and skilful contrivance displayed in the imitations, repercussions, the contrapuntal and fugued passages; in short, the whole construction and economy of the parts, leave nothing to be wished for, and remind us of the following lines in Horace:—

Fortes creantur fortibus: et bonis  
Est in juvenis, est in equis patrum  
Virtus.

*The Allied Sovereigns, grand March and Waltz for the Piano-Forte, composed in Commemoration of their Arrival in England, June 6, 1814,* by S. F. Rimbault. Op. 8. Pr. 2s.

If the march, in its ideas and structure, appears somewhat less uncommon than the occasion which it is intended to commemorate, the spur of that occasion may be allowed to operate as a strong plea. As it stands, it proceeds through its several periods in a regular, easy, and plain spoken manner. Neither do we discover in the waltz much novelty of conception, but it is agreeable, especially the trio, which, as

well as other portions of *p. 5*, presents some neat ideas. The parts too in three and four flats (*p. 6*), deserve distinct favourable mention, the whole of that page and of *p. 7* being well put together. To moderate performers this production may serve as proper practice.

*The Allied Sovereigns, grand March and Waltz, a second Trio for three or two Performers on the Piano-Forte*, by S. F. Rimbault. Op. 9. Pr. 3s. 6d.

As the same movements constitute this publication which we have noticed in our preceding article, we shall only draw our readers' attention to the novelty of stowing three performers within the narrow range of one key-board; an operation which may be practicable for three misses of slender elegance, but which, with every good-will on

his part, the writer of this, although far from absolute corpulency, in vain attempted to go through.

*"Early one Morning, just as the Sun was rising," an old English Ballad, sung by Mrs. Liston at the Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden; the Harmonies and Accompaniments for the Harp or Piano-Forte*, by Wm. Hawes. Pr. 1s. 6d.

However old this tune may be, there is an artless simplicity in it which cannot fail to please the unsophisticated musical ear. Mr. Hawes's share in the publication is satisfactory. It consists in the symphonies, which are interesting; the accompaniment, which, altho' continual harpeggios, is proper in substance; and in some variegated neat turns he has given to the melody and harmony of the second verse.

## RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

### FRANCE.

ON the 22d July, the budget for the present year was laid before the House of Deputies, by M. Louis, the minister of finance. The comparison to which it cannot fail to give rise, must afford the French people a powerful additional reason for congratulating themselves on that change in their government, to which the valour of the allies smoothed the way.

The ordinary and extraordinary expences for the present year, were estimated by the late government at about 1246 millions of francs. In the first three months, the receipts did not amount to 62 millions, leaving an arrear of above 250 millions on the estimate of those three months, independently

of immense losses not taken into that account. The reduction of territory and the economy of the new system, will, it is expected, gradually bring the expences and receipts more nearly upon a level. The new government have reduced the estimate for the present year from 1246 millions to 827; and they calculate, that, during the whole year, they shall receive 520, leaving a deficit of 307 millions. The estimate of receipts and expenditure for 1815, is 618 millions. It may be remembered, that when Bonaparte first seized the consulate, he announced, that the ordinary national expenditure would not exceed 341 millions of francs. In 1803, he gave out, that 444 millions, and the year following, 500

millions, would be fully sufficient. In 1806, he declared, 600 millions to be necessary in time of peace, and 800 in war. In 1809 and 1810, he stated the expenditure at 710 millions; in 1811, he raised it to 954, and in the present year, to 1240 millions. Notwithstanding this rapid rise in his estimates, notwithstanding his swindling tricks, his partial bankruptcies, forced loans, foreign tributes and contributions of every kind, the receipts for every successive year, down to the moment when France was rescued from his harpy claws, were gradually more and more inadequate to the expenditure; and the accumulation of the deficits at the present time, forms an addition of 1308 millions of francs to the public floating debt.

It is evident, that in a country so bare of all pecuniary credit as France, this arrear must be a very serious obstacle to all financial operations. Some part of it, however, is of such a nature as not to require immediate provision: with this deduction there still remains a deficit of 759 millions; and one principal object of the budget is, to provide for the liquidation of this sum, which is proposed to be done partly by obligations on the treasury, payable to order at three years certain, bearing an interest of 8 per cent. and partly by inscriptions in the Great Book, at the market-price of the consolidated 5 per cents. To meet the obligations in question, a quantity of forest land is to be sold, and the produce to be employed as a sinking-fund in buying them up. To meet the regular estimates of this and the next year, the following

are the calculated ways and means:

	1814.	1815.
Direct contributions	291,866,000	340,000,000
Indirect do.	86,500,000	130,000,000
Registry, Domns. &c.	114,715,000	120,000,000
Lottery, Post-Of. &c.	27,519,000	28,000,000
	520,000,000	618,000,000

A motion has been submitted to the House of Deputies, respecting the civil list and property of the crown. As it will in all probability pass into a law, we shall give a brief outline of the proposed provisions; which are as follow:—that 25 millions of francs per annum be allowed for the expences of the king and his household; that the Louvre and Tuileries be assigned for his habitations; that the domains of Versailles, Marly, St. Cloud, Meudon, St. Germain, Rambouillet, Compiègne, Fontainebleau, &c. constitute the inalienable endowment of the crown; and that a further sum of eight millions be paid to his majesty for the princes of the royal family. It has also been resolved, to entreat the king to lay before the house a statement of the debts contracted by him while resident in foreign countries, in order to their payment by the state.

The house has, during the past month, been engaged in the warm discussion of a projet of a law presented by the king, for the purpose of restraining the abuse of the liberty of the press. It was proposed to establish a censorship, to which all literary works of less than 30 sheets should be submitted previously to publication. This projet was referred to a committee, which expressed a decided hostility to the principle of the measure before it came under the consider-

ation of the whole house. The discussion occupied several sittings. That a matter of so much moment should have excited a considerable sensation in the public mind, is not surprising; but to such a length did the Parisians carry their curiosity, as to exhibit a proceeding most indecorous and disgraceful to a country calling itself civilized. It appears, that on one of the days when this subject was to have occupied their representatives, a great concourse of people, chiefly females, gained possession of the House of Deputies, to the exclusion of the members, and maintained their places in spite of the orders of the president, who was in consequence obliged to adjourn the sitting. The debate closed on the 11th of August, when the censorship was adopted by a majority of 57 votes out of 217; with these amendments, that it should extend only to works of less than 20 sheets, that it should not interfere with the opinions of the members of the house, and that the duration of the law should be limited to the end of the session of 1816. Scarcely was this discussion finished, when the operation of the new law began to be felt in the apprehension of two advocates and two booksellers, charged with having written two pamphlets on the sale and restitution of the property of emigrants, tending to excite rebellion and civil war. In spite of the strong objections which may be urged against such a measure in the abstract, we question whether, under the present circumstances of France, it was not imperiously demanded, to ensure the safety of the state and the welfare of society.

The French papers report, that the king has sent three commissioners by way of England to St. Domingo, to prevail upon the people of that island to submit to the royal authority; and that they sailed from Falmouth on the 15th of July, for their destination. Hopes seem to be entertained, that the hostilities between Petion and Christophe will accelerate this object. The armies of these rival chiefs are said to have had a bloody engagement, in which Petion lost the greater part of his troops and generals.

#### NLTERLANDS.

The fate of that portion of the Belgian provinces westward of the Roer, may be considered as finally fixed. They have been placed by the allies under the government of the Prince Sovereign of Holland, to whom the late Governor-General Baron de Vincent surrendered his authority at Brussels on the 31st of July. Though the proclamations issued on the occasion represent this occupation as provisional, yet, from their whole tenor, there can be no doubt that this valuable acquisition will be confirmed at the approaching congress.

Agreeably to an article of the late treaty, by which the squadron at Antwerp was to be divided between France and Holland, seven ships of the line and a brig were given up on the 5th of August to the commissioners of the allied powers, and hoisted the Orange flag.

#### GERMANY.

We shall not repeat the rumours that are circulated respecting the changes in different parts of Germany, or notice the symptoms of disharmony that are said to have

arisen among our three great allies respecting the partition of the Saxon dominions. That a great part of the latter will be divided among the neighbouring states, seems, however, to be taken for granted. The reason assigned for this severe treatment of the captive monarch, is, that he unnecessarily betrayed to Napoleon the plan of operations agreed upon by the allies, and communicated to him, during his visit to Bohemia, at the time of the armistice, by the Emperor Francis.

Austria has once more taken possession of the Tyrol, ceded to her by Bavaria, which has received the grand duchy of Wurzburg, in lieu of that loyal and unfortunate province.

The German princes generally are preparing to visit Vienna, for the purpose of attending the approaching congress, which is expected to open on the 1st of October.

The King of Prussia reached his capital on the 5th of August, three days before he was expected, to avoid the parade of a public entry, and was received with the highest degree of enthusiasm by his loyal subjects.

#### SWITZERLAND.

The new Swiss constitution appears to have excited great dissatisfaction in the powerful canton of Berne. The erection of the Pays de Vaud and Argovia, formerly subject to the latter, into independent cantons, has produced

public remonstrance from the chief magistrate of Berne against the Federal Pact, as it is denominated. The Vaudois, however,

seem determined not to submit, and as the people of Argovia would rather rush to arms than recognize the authority of Berne, there is every reason to fear, that, without foreign mediation, these dissensions will terminate in bloodshed.

#### ITALY.

The fine provinces of this peninsula are yet very unsettled; and such is the want of a vigorous government, from the uncertainty which still prevails respecting the destiny of some of them, that the whole coast, from Nice to Naples, is described as being in the possession of banditti. In Piedmont, also, the number of robbers, armed and regularly organized, is said to amount to 3700.

The Pope, who, since his return to his capital, has been assiduously engaged in restoring the old order of things, has remonstrated against the continued occupation of the legations of Bologna, Ferrara, and Romagna, by Austria, on the one hand, and of Ancona and Urbino by Naples, on the other. King Murat is, meanwhile, assembling an army of 20,000 men, for the alleged purpose of some grand manoeuvres, but more probably with a view to retain the spoil which political circumstances have enabled him to seize.

King Ferdinand resumed the reins of government in Sicily in the beginning of July, and opened the session of parliament on the 18th by a speech to both houses.

Lucien Bonaparte has been invested by the Pope with the titles of a Roman prince and Duke of Musignano. His mother is gone to visit the new dominions of her

son Napoleon, while Joseph has purchased a fine estate in Switzerland, near the lake of Geneva.

#### SPAIN.

The accounts from this country continue to present a deplorable picture of the unsettled state of affairs: but as no journal, except the Madrid Gazette, is allowed to circulate, it is very difficult to form any conjecture on the real state of facts. The order for the apprehension and execution of General Elio, captain-general of Valencia, alluded to in our last, has been disclaimed by King Ferdinand as a forgery, and a reward of 10,000 dollars has been offered for the discovery of the author. Similar orders were sent at the same time to put to death the Conde de Labisbal and Don Juan Maria de Villavicencio, the governors of Seville and Cadiz; but the imposition was fortunately detected before it was too late. We have no clue to enable us to determine whether this plot originated in the intrigues of persons surrounding the king, or in the vindictive spirit of the opposite party.

By a royal decree of the 21st July, the Inquisition was formally re-established. The beloved Ferdinand, while thus proving his gratitude to the subjects whose exertions preserved for him that sceptre which he now employs to crush every thing like freedom of thought and independence of sentiment, does not neglect the opportunity of striking a blow at those foreigners to whose generous support he is equally indebted. Among the reasons assigned by him for the restoration of the *Holy Office*, he men-

tions the introduction of dangerous opinions, partly by the "sojournment in Spain of foreign troops of different sects, almost all infected with sentiments of hatred against our religion."

Meanwhile the persecutions and troubles which distract the peninsula have induced many persons of distinction to emigrate to Italy. Some of these are rallying round the person of Charles IV. at Rome, whom some accounts have already represented as reclaiming the Spanish crown, and declaring his supposed abdication to be a forgery. A violent tumult, in which the most favourable disposition was manifested to support the pretensions of the exiled monarch, is reported to have taken place at Barcelona, and to have been quelled only by the interference of a large body of troops with artillery.

#### SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

The mission of the envoys of the allied powers to Prince or rather King Christian, has totally failed, and their correspondence with him has been made public. They arrived at Christiania on the 30th of June; some days afterwards they had an audience of his majesty, and on the 7th of July they presented their first note. They agreed to the armistice proposed by the prince, to give him time to assemble the diet and learn its determination; but demanded that the four principal fortresses of the kingdom should meanwhile be placed in the hands of the Swedes. As the prince refused to comply with this condition, the envoys had their audience of leave on the 17th, and the same day returned towards Sweden.

The most active preparations for war were meanwhile made by the latter power. An army of 40,000 men was assembled at Gottenburg, where Bernadotte arrived on the 19th of July to take the command; while the Russians, under Bennigsen, kept advancing into Holstein, to overawe Denmark. Proclamations addressed to the Norwegians having been previously issued by the Prince Royal and his Swedish Majesty, military operations commenced on the 26th of July, by the advance of the Swedish flotilla against that of Norway, stationed near the Hualoerne Islands, off the entrance to the port of Frederickstadt. The Norwegian commander evacuated his position in the night, and the enemy took possession of the islands on the following day.

## AMERICA.

In this quarter the British arms have sustained a reverse, but unaccompanied with dishonour. The Americans having landed in great force on the Niagara frontier, reduced Fort Erie by capitulation on the 3d of July. On the 5th they advanced, to the number of 6000, for the purpose of attacking Major-General Riall, who, with 1500 regulars, some militia, and Indians, had taken post at Chippewa, waiting for reinforcements; but that officer gallantly anticipated the intention of the enemy, whom he attacked in the position which they had taken at Street's Creek. After an action highly creditable to the small British force engaged, the general was obliged to retire to Chippewa, after sustaining a loss of 500 in killed, wounded, and missing. Up to the dates of the last accounts, the Americans had

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not attempted to advance in this direction. As many of the reinforcements from Bourdeaux have reached Quebec, it is hoped that their arrival will speedily give a turn to operations in this quarter.

Along the coasts of the Atlantic great alarm has been excited by the spirit of our dashing seamen, who have destroyed the shipping in various harbours, and done considerable mischief to the enemy on shore at different places where they have landed.

An expedition fitted out at Bermuda, has taken possession, without opposition, of Moose Island, and the other islands in the bay of Passamaquoddy, belonging, by right, to the government of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, but where, through inattention on our part, the Americans have been suffered to establish themselves. Our re-occupation of these islands will deprive them of the facility of carrying on an extensive illicit traffic, and tend to keep the bay of Fundy free from their privateers.

The republicans continue to strain every nerve to strengthen their navy. The Independence of 74 guns has been launched at Charlestown, the Guerriere frigate at Philadelphia, and the Mohawk of 50 guns at Sackett's Harbour, on Lake Ontario, where the American squadron under Commodore Chauncey is waiting for a reinforcement of seamen. The gallant Sir James Yeo has, on account of ill health, resigned the command of the British naval force in that quarter.

On the 28th of March, the U. S. frigate Essex was taken, after a smart action, by the Phœbe and Cherub, in attempting to escape



with a smaller vessel from the port of Valparaiso, in Chili, where they had been, for a considerable time, blocked up by the British ships. The loss on our side was trifling; that of the Essex very severe. Unfortunately for the gallant captors, the enemy had landed two millions of dollars at Valparaiso before they started.

The Rattlesnake, of 18 guns, the fleetest sailing sloop in the American navy, on her return from a cruize in the British seas, became a prize to the Leander frigate on the 11th of July.

The British and American envoys have opened their conferences at Ghent, and the latter have sent home for further instructions. The departure of Lord Hill, to take the chief command of our Trans-atlantic forces is probably deferred till it shall be seen what turn these negotiations are likely to take.

#### DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

On the 27th of July Parliament was prorogued, in the usual form, by his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, till the 27th of August, and the time for the meeting of the two Houses has since been deferred to the 1st of November.

The unfortunate disharmony ex-

isting in that branch of the royal house to which the attention of the nation is more particularly directed, has led to the departure of the Princess of Wales for the Continent. Her Royal Highness embarked on the 8th of August at South Lancing, near Worthing, in the Jason frigate, for Cuxhaven, whence she will proceed, in the first instance, to Brunswick, the residence of her brother, the reigning duke, and afterwards visit Italy.

On the 11th of August, the Duke of Berri arrived in the British metropolis, which he quitted again on the 15th. The French papers have ascribed some important political object to this brief visit, while our own, with greater probability, assert, that he was only the bearer of an invitation to the Prince Regent, to the celebration of the birth-day of Louis XVIII. but which his Royal Highness thought proper to decline.

Lord Castlereagh left London on the 15th of August, for Vienna, to attend the approaching congress there on the behalf of the British government; while his brother, Lord Stewart, fills the post of ambassador to the Austrian court.

#### PLATE 13.--FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

Nos. 1. and 2. are chairs for halls of solid mahogany, the ornamental parts carved in the same wood; the pannels in the front legs sunk out of the solid wood. In No. 2. the parts in black are of ebony; the finishing, in other respects, as No. 1.

No. 3. a chair in the Gothic

taste, adapted for cottages or Gothic mansions. It is here intended to be of oak; the Gothic relieve carved, or it may be painted in imitation of the same wood, and relieved by shadows, to have a good effect.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

IN consequence of the bright warm weather at the beginning of last month, the harvest on the warm, highly cultivated soils is ten days or a fortnight earlier than was expected, the greater part of the wheat being cut, and some of it well housed. The blight or mildew upon the lighter soils in the southern counties, is very prevalent. On many breadths the straw is nearly black, but the ear remaining bright with the grain, is little affected; in others the corn is very light and troughey, so much so, that it becomes doubtful whether the produce will be adequate to the expence of harvesting and threshing. But where the crop is not affected, the produce is of the finest quality, and a great crop.

Barley harvest is heavy, and the quality fine, and has the appearance of an average crop.

Oats are well corned, and their quality good, but the crop light upon stiff soils.

Beans large on the halm, and well corned in those crops where the plants are not too much crowded.

Peas a great crop both of straw and corn, and free from the grub.

Vetches a light straw and well corned.

Turnips made a strong growth at the beginning of the last month, but the dry weather checked them towards the end.

Hops are very promising, and the summer fallows in a clean, husbandmanlike state.

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 MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

## RULES TO DISCOVER MARRIED COUPLES IN LARGE SOCIETIES OR IN PUBLIC.

1. If you see a gentleman and lady disagree upon trifling occasions, or correcting each other in company, you may be assured they have tied the matrimonial noose.

2. If you see a silent pair in a hackney or any other coach, lolling carelessly one at each window, without seeming to know they have a companion, the sign is infallible.

3. If you see a lady drop her glove, and a gentleman by the side of her kindly telling her to pick it up, you need not hesitate in forming your opinion; or,

4. If you see a lady presenting a gentleman any thing carelessly,

her head inclined another way, and speaking to him with indifference; or,

5. If you meet a couple in the fields, the gentleman twenty yards in advance of the lady, who perhaps is getting over a stile with difficulty, or picking her way through a muddy path; or,

6. If you see a lady whose beauty attracts the attention of every gentleman in the room but *one*, you can have no difficulty in determining their relationship to each other—the *one* is her husband.

7. If you see a gentleman particularly courteous, obliging, and good-natured, relaxing into smiles, saying smart things, and toying with every pretty woman in the

room, excepting *one*, to whom he appears particularly reserved, cool, and formal, and is unreasonably cross—who that *one* is nobody can be at a loss to discover.

8. If you see a young or an old couple jarring, checking, and thwarting each other, differing in opinion before the opinion is expressed; eternally anticipating and breaking the thread of each other's discourse, yet using kind words, like honey-bubbles floating on vinegar, which soon are overwhelmed by the preponderance of the fluid, they are, to all intents, man and wife! It is impossible to be mistaken.

The rules above quoted are laid down as infallible in just interpretation: they may be resorted to with confidence; they are upon unerring principles, and deduced from every day's experience.

#### PRUDENT FORETHOUGHT.

On the intended erection of a Methodist chapel, at a village in Yorkshire, upon leased premises, for a long period, it was proposed by an attorney to make it for 999 years. An old woman present hoped they would extend the lease farther, if possible; for if they should be under the necessity of pulling the chapel down at the expiration of the lease, it would completely stop the road to her house. To obviate the inconvenience which this provident matron apprehended, the parties were kind enough to extend the term to 9999 years.

#### ROBERT BURNS.

The following verses, in the hand-writing of Burns, are copied from a bank-note, in the possession of Mr. James F. Gracie, of Dumfries. The note is of the Bank of

Scotland, and is dated so far back as the 1st of March, 1780.

Woe worth thy power, thou cursed leaf!

Fell source o' my woe and grief!

For lack o' thee I've lost my lass!

I or lack o' thee I scrip my glass!

I see the children of affliction

Unaided, thro' thy curs'd restriction.

I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile

Amid his helpless victim's spoil:

For lack o' thee I leave this much lov'd shore,

Never, perhaps, to greet o'ld Scotland more.

R-

Kyle.

THE LATE WM. HUNTINGTON, S. S.

The following letter, addressed to a late Dissenting minister of Bristol, is copied *literally* from the manuscript:—

“ Bristol, Novem. 16—86.

“ Rev. Father in the Lord,—  
Grace mercy & peace be with thee.

“ If God permit & you approve—I will honour your pulpit next thorsday Evening—onour it I say with the person of the vilest sinner that ever liv'd—in the possession of a hope that can never die. If you want to know my Pedegree—I am by birth a Beggar, by practice a devil, by trade a coalhever, by profession—& possession a sinner saved, by principal a stiff decenter—and one of God's own makeing for it was he alone that call'd—ordaind me, and sent me out—and he has bin my Bishop—my tutor, my provider & my defence ever since—Else I had bin kill'd or starv'd long ago.—If you or your people are fond of the original languages—of Eloquence—oratory—or grammar, I am the man that can disapoint them all. But if apostolick Ignorance will suit them—they will go nigh to glean a few scraps of that sort—but by degrees will promis nothing farther than that. But to inform my Rev'd Father a little about my

**Iregularities**—I am in my prayers very short—in my sermons short also—unless the master attends the feast—If so—and the cruse gets a spring of oyl in it—then I generly drop all thoughts of working by the day—nor can I give it up untill I have emtied the whole contents—tho I know I shall get no more, without much knocking—and a deal of calling at mercies door.—This I call liberality—and am vain enough to think, that this is furvant charity; and *that* charity, which if aplyed, covers a multitude of sins—and no wonder, when we hold forth freely the blood and righteousness of him that cleanseeth from all the guilt of sin—and the robe that covers all the remains of sin—Rev'd Father God Bless you—abundant happyness—comfort & sucksess attend bouth you, your family,—and your flock—while I remain—tho unknown, affectionately yours

“WM. HUNTINGTON.”

LETTER FROM A QUAKER TO A  
WATCHMAKER.

LITTLE DALE, the place of the residence of my fleshy tabernacle, the 19th of the 9th month, in the year of 1759, where thou mayest be welcome to such as I keep.

*Friend Joseph,*

I desired Christopher Hopkins, who sells the dead letter, and gains much by trading with such books, to bring to thee an erroneous movement called a watch, to give it thy friendly correction and reproof. She has long been guilty of lying, and seldom speaks the truth; by her losing I have been often led into mistakes; she has been twice at thy school for amendment, but as yet has profited little at thy hands:

I fear her inward principles are not right, for she is very apt to lie; nor dare I trust to her outward indications; I wish thou wouldst cast the spirit of untruth out of her, and instruct her to point to that which is right: plainly, friend, I confide very much in thy ability and outward skill, and hope thy integrity is equal to them. If the fault prove from any defect in the outward man, the spring, or any other cause, I must desire thee to rectify them. Evil principles, thou knowest, seldom produce good effects. I fear there is some latent root of evil in her, otherwise she would not deceive both thee and me. She tells me thee has filed her, and yet all her defilements continue still. She says thee has turned her canter-wheel; yet the whole machinery goes wrong. She says thee has taken out her crevices, yet her old sores remain. She says thee has turned the lips of her teeth, yet she remains unconverted to the truth: and thus, in the literal sense, O watchman, thou watchest in vain! Thee demands the fifth part of a pound sterling, as the world calls it, for thy labour. I own thee art worthy of a recompence when thy labour doth profit me; but she has been wound up regularly ever since she came to my hands, and yet she errs and fails in her duty. I have once again sent her unto thee: I pray thee to enter into a friendly conference with her, and reform this vice of lying: I will board her with thee a few days, and pay thee for her fare, if thee requires or desires it, for I would not be too troublesome to thee: I desired our friend Hopkins to content thee for thy

pains. Thus leaving her to thy friendly care and correction, I remain thy friend, in the light, &c.

P. H.

#### IMPROVEMENT ON EPITAPHS.

A tomb-stone, with the following decorations and inscription, was set up last month in the church-yard of Bisbrook, Rutland:—On the top a gaudy representation of a waggon and four horses, with the driver; a figure of the church; a gate; a green hedge; and different implements of husbandry on each side; and the subjoined inscription:—

"Sacred to the Memory of Nathaniel Clark,  
who died Jan. 27. 1813, aged 74.

"Here lies the body of Nathan I. Clark,  
Who never did no harm in the light nor in the  
dark;

But by his blessed horses taking great delight,  
And often travel'd with them by day and by  
night."

#### ANECDOTE, FROM LAMBERT'S TRAVELS THROUGH CANADA.

Madame B—t d'A—y had made a most absurd and ridiculous vow, previous to the birth of a child, that if she died in child-birth, and the infant was a female, it should be dedicated to the service of Christ. This event did happen, and the child was accordingly brought up in the strictest manner at the convent of Quebec. The father too appeared fully determined, that when of age his daughter should take the veil, agreeably to the dying request of her mother. When the young lady, however, grew up to years of maturity, she seemed more inclined to fulfil the divine command of the Almighty, to "increase and multiply," than to lead a life of celibacy in a convent. Her heart was soon captivated by the tender assiduities of a gallant

youth, and vows of love, instead of religion, bound her to him. Their affection was mutual, and as long as she reflected upon that, she dreaded not the infatuated vow of her mother. It happened that her lover was obliged to go abroad for some time. Imperious circumstances delayed his return, and the time approached when she was to be sacrificed at the altar. It was now two years since he had left her, and for a long time she had heard no tidings of him. Hope, fear, and despair, alternately took possession of her mind. She could not believe that he was faithless, yet knew not how to account for his absence and neglect; at a period too when he must be acquainted with her unfortunate destination. The father persisted in his determination to make her renounce the world, and the day arrived when this distressing scene was to take place. Her story was well known in Quebec, and crowds were at the convent at an early hour to witness the sight. Like a lamb led to be sacrificed, she approached the altar. The bishop commenced the ceremony, which generally lasts a considerable time. At length he came to that part where she is asked, whether she will accept the veil, that is to wed her to Christ? At this moment all eyes were fixed upon her pale and deathlike countenance. Her eyes were drowned in tears, and her frame was nearly sinking under such a weight of woe, when, looking round the crowd, she suddenly started, and immediately turning to the bishop, declared, with much firmness, that she would be wedded to no one earth but that young man, pointing to her lover. In an in-

stant all eyes were turned upon the fortunate youth, who had providentially arrived that day at Quebec, and, on hearing the melancholy tale, immediately hurried to the convent, and pushing his way through the crowd, arrived just in time to prevent the unfortunate catastrophe. It was a joyful scene, and the bishop, without hesitation, married the young couple on the spot.

#### FROZEN ELEPHANT.

Some time ago an imperfect account appeared in the public journals, of the discovery of the frozen carcase of an immense animal on the coast of Siberia. The following interesting narration has been since published by the celebrated naturalist Cuvier, in a recent work on *The Theory of the Earth*:—"In the year 1769, a Tungusian fisherman observed a strange shapeless mass projecting from an ice-bank, near the mouth of a river in the north of Siberia, the nature of which he did not understand, and which was so high in the bank as to be beyond his reach. He next year observed the same object, which was rather more disengaged from among the ice, but was still unable to conceive what it was. Towards the end of the following summer, 1801, he could distinctly see that it was the frozen carcase of an enormous animal, the entire flank of which and one of its tusks had become disengaged from the ice. In consequence of the ice beginning to thaw earlier and to a greater degree than usual in 1803, the fifth year of this discovery, the enormous carcase became entirely disengaged, and fell down from the ice-crag on a sand-bank forming

part of the coast of the Arctic Ocean. In the month of March in that year, the Tungusian carried away the two tusks, which he sold for the value of fifty rubles; and at this time a drawing was made of the animal, of which I possess a copy. Two years afterwards, or in 1806, Mr. Adams went to examine this animal, which still remained on the sand-bank where it had fallen from the ice, but its body was then greatly mutilated. The Jakuts of the neighbourhood had taken away considerable quantities of its flesh to feed their dogs; and the wild animals, particularly the white bears, had also feasted on the carcase; yet the skeleton remained quite entire, except that one of the fore-legs was gone. The entire spine, the pelvis, one shoulder-blade, and three legs were still held together by their ligaments and by some remains of the skin; and the other shoulder-blade was found at a short distance. The head remained covered by the dried skin, and the pupils of the eyes were distinguishable. The brain also remained within the skull, but a good deal shrunk and dried up, and one of the ears was in excellent preservation, still retaining a tuft of long bristly hair. The upper lip was a good deal eaten away, and the under lip was entirely gone, so that the teeth were distinctly seen. The animal was a male, and had a long mane on its neck. The skin was extremely thick and heavy, and as much of it remained as required the exertions of ten men to carry away, which they did with considerable difficulty. More than thirty pounds weight of the hair and bristles of this animal were

gathered from the wet sand-bank, having been trampled into the mud by the white bears, while devouring the carcase. Some of the hair was presented to our Museum of Natural History by M. Targe, censor in the Lyceum of Charlemagne. It consists of three distinct kinds. One of these is stiff, black bristles, a foot or more in length; another is thinner bristles, or coarse flexible hair, of a reddish-brown colour;

and a third is a coarse reddish-brown wool, which grew among the roots of the long hair. These afford an undeniable proof, that this animal had belonged to a race of elephants inhabiting a cold region, with which we are now unacquainted, and by no means fitted to dwell in the torrid zone. It is also evident, that this enormous animal must have been frozen up by the ice at the moment of its death."

### FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

#### PLATE 14.—MORNING DRESS.

A ROUND robe of lilac or evening primrose-coloured sarsnet, trimmed entirely round the bosom with a quilling of blond lace, edged with chenille; sarsnet flounce, headed with tufts or quilling of blond, corresponding with the top of the dress; long full sleeve, partially drawn up and fastened with bows of silk cord; a lace cuff. The French hat, composed of white and lilac satin; the crown trimmed with tufts and bows of ribbon, and ornamented with a large cluster of

flowers. Slippers of lilac kid. Gloves pale tan.

#### PLATE 15.—EVENING HALF-DRESS.

A plain frock, with full-drawn back, composed of striped sarsnet Italian net of peach-blossom colour; full flounce of blond lace, headed with tufts of the same; a quilling of blond round the top of the dress; long full sleeve of white satin, inlet with lace. Hair in short full curls behind, and blended with flowers on the front of the head. Slippers of white kid. Linerick gloves.

### Poetry.

ELLEN.

By J. M. Lacy.

OCTOBER'S dreariest, darkest day,  
Denied Sol's pow'r a transient ray  
To seek the hour of gloom;  
'Twas cheerless all,—the heavy air  
Was suited but to sad despair,  
Which contemplates the tomb.  
A hapless fair, on such a day,  
To grief's too bitter pang a prey,  
And disappointed love,  
Had left her once delightful home,  
With melancholy far to roam,  
Deep in the distant grove.

For in that grove, in luckless hour,  
She felt the force of love's strong pow'r,

A false one stole her peace:

He fled! and left the maid so fair,  
Who droop'd the victim of despair,

Nor found from woe release.

She sought the tree,—her fav'rite tree—  
Whose wild-grown root her seat would be,

Whose branches form'd her bow'r,  
And there she wept the dull day through,  
For love as false as her's was true.

Nor knew mild comfort's pow'r.

'Twas there she sat in happier days,  
When love attun'd his sweetest lays,



NEEDLEWORK PATTERN.





And summer clad the tree :  
 But now, alas ! its boughs were bare ;  
 Emblems of Ellen's deep despair,  
 Of Ellen's misery !  
 If pray'rs, fair maiden, can avail,  
 Mine, oh ! believe me, shall not fail  
 To sue for mercy's care ;  
 'Tis only Heav'n can sooth thee now,  
 For Heav'n has heard thy fervent vow,  
 'Twill not be slighted there !

## LINES

*From Miss C. in the Highlands of Argyleshire, to Miss N. in Edinburgh.*

Far from my friend through Highland  
 scenes I rove,  
 Romantic scenes, delightful to the eye ;  
 Ardgaithan\* sure, I'll never fail to love,  
 Nor for gay cities wish again will I.  
 Contentment here, and peace, and plenty  
 reign ;  
 Each day some new amusement gives  
 delight ;  
 Some lie to fishing, some to walk the  
 plain ;  
 Now music charms, and dancing does  
 invite.  
 I love at morn by verdant banks to stray,  
 Cull wreaths of wild flowers from the  
 mountain's side ;  
 Hence to the lake, at noontide of the day,  
 O luxury ! and bathe me in its tide.  
 Love and the Graces here delight to  
 dwell ;  
 Serenely Phœbus gilds fair Autumn's  
 sky ;  
 Old Ocean smiles, blythe Triton tunes  
 his shell,  
 None hence can feel more happiness  
 than I.

M. C.

\* The seat of Mr. C. on the banks of Loch,  
 or Lake Long, an arm of the sea, about  
 80 miles from Inverary.

## A DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

(From the Phoenix Nest, 1599)

Now what is Love, I praise thee tell ;  
 It is that fountaine, and that well,  
 Where pleasure and repentance dwell  
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It is, perhaps, that sauncing bell  
 That tol's all in, to heauen or hell :  
 And this is Loue as I heare tell.

Yet what is Loue, I praie thee saie ?  
 It is a worke on holie daie ;  
 It is December matcht with Maie,  
 When lustie bloud's in fresh arraie :  
 Heare ten months after of the plaie ;  
 And this is Loue as I heare saie.

Yet what is Loue, I praie thee saine ?  
 It is a sunshine mixt with raine ;  
 It is a tooth-ache, or like paine ;  
 It is a game, where none doth gaine ;  
 The Lasse saith No, and would full faine ;  
 And this is Loue as I hear saine.

Yet what is Loue, I pray thee say ?  
 It is a yea, it is a nay,  
 A pretie kinde of sporting fray ;  
 It is a thing will soone away,  
 Then take the vantage while you may :  
 And this is Loue as I heare say.

Yet what is Loue, I pray thee shew ?  
 A thing that creepes, it cannot goe ;  
 A prize that passeth to and fro ;  
 A thing for one, a thing for mo,  
 And he that prones must finde it so :  
 And this is Loue (sweet friend) I troe.

## THE MARCH TO MOSCOW.

BLONAPARTÉ he would set out  
 For a summer excursion to Moscow,  
 The fields were green and the sky was  
 blue,

Morbleu ! Parbleu !

What a pleasant excursion to Moscow !

Four hundred thousand men and more,  
 Heigh ho for Moscow !  
 There were marshals by the dozen and  
 dukes by the score,  
 Princes a few, and kings one or two,  
 While the fields were so green and the  
 sky so blue,

Morbleu ! Parbleu !

What a pleasant excursion to Moscow !

There was Junot and Augereau,  
 'Heigh ho for Moscow !

B B

Dombrowsky and Peniatowsky,  
General Rapp and the Emperor Nap,  
Nothing would do,  
While the fields were so green and the  
sky so blue,  
Morbleu! Parbleu!  
But they must be marching to Moscow.

But then the Russians they turn'd to,  
All on the road to Moscow;  
Nap had to fight his way all thro',  
They could fight, but they could not  
parley-vous;  
But the fields were green and the sky  
was blue,  
Morbleu! Parbleu!  
And so he got to Moscow.

They made the place too hot for him,  
For they set fire to Moscow;  
To get there had cost him much ado,  
And then no better course he knew,  
While the fields were green and the sky  
was blue,  
Morbleu! Parbleu!  
Than to march back again from Moscow.

The Russians they stuck close to him,  
All on the road from Moscow:  
There was Tormazow and Jemalow,  
And all the others that end in *ow*;  
Rajefsky and Noverefsky,  
And all the others that end in *efsky*;  
Schämscheff, Souchosaneff, and Schepe-  
leff;

And all the others that end in *eff*;  
Wasikschikoff, Kostomaroff, and Tchog-  
loloff;

And all the others that end in *off*;  
Mitaradovitch, and Jaladovitch, and Ka-  
ratchkowitch,

And all the others that end in *itch*;  
Oscharotfsky, and Rostofsky, and Kaza-  
tichkoffsky,

And all the others that end in *offsky*;  
And last of all an admiral came,  
A terrible man with a terrible name,

A name which you all must know very  
well,

Nobody can speak and nobody can spell;  
And Platoff he play'd them off,  
And Markoff he mark'd them off;  
And Tutchkoff he touch'd them off,  
And Kutousoff he cut them off,  
And Woronzoff he worried them off,  
And Dochteroff he doctor'd them off;  
And Rodinoff he flogg'd them off:

They stuck close to them with all their  
might,

They were on the left and on the right,  
Behind and before, and by day and by  
night;

Nap would rather parley-vous than fight;  
But parley-vous no more would do,  
Morbleu! Parbleu!

For they remembered Moscow!

And then came on the frost and snow,  
All on the road from Moscow!

The Emperor Nap found as he went,  
That he was not quite omnipotent;  
And worse and worse the weather grew,  
The fields were so white and the sky so  
blue,

Sacrebleu! Ventrebleu!

What a terrible journey from Moscow!

The devil take the hindmost,  
All on the road from Moscow!

Quoth Nap, who thought it small delight,  
To fight all day and to freeze all night;  
And so not knowing what else to do,

When the fields were so white and the  
sky so blue,

Morbleu! Parbleu!

He stole away, I tell you true,  
All on the road from Moscow!

'Twas as much too cold upon the road,  
As it was too hot at Moscow;

But there is a place which he must go to,  
Where the fire is red and the brimstone  
blue,

Morbleu! Parbleu!

He'll find it hotter than Moscow.

# LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from Aug. 1 to 6.

TOTAL 6,799 quarters.—Average, 69s. 2½d per quarter; or 2s 4½d. per quarter higher than last return.

Return of Flour from Aug. 6 to 12.

TOTAL, 22,301 sacks.—Average, 66s 1½d per sack, or 2s 9½d. per sack higher than last return.

Average of England and Wales, Aug. 13.

	s	d	Barley	s	d	Beans
Wheat	71	4	34	11		45
Oats	40	4	26	6		48
Pease						

## CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	d.	Tares, per bushel	s.	d.
Wheat white, per quarter	54	86	Turnip	7	10
—red	50	80	Mustard	18	24
—foreign	50	64	—brown	10	18
Barley, English	34	36	—white	6	14
Malt	32	30	Causes, per qr.	10	17½
Oats Feed	60	27	Hempseed	66	74
—Friesland	16	97	Linseed	65	110
—Poland	17	30	Clover, red, per cwt.	40	82
Potatoes	24	33	—white	70	105
Beans, Pigeon	48	52	—foreign, red	44	84
Horse	50	61	Trefoil	75	108
Pease, Boiling	50	61	Caraway	1	34
—Grey	43	48	Coriander	2	96
Flour per sack	70	75			
—Seconds	60	65			
—Scotch	50	60			

American Flour — s — per barrel of 48 lbs.

Reported, per bag — £20 a £28 a £34.

Oil Cakes, per thousand, £18. 18s. to £20 0s.

1853

## SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

Muscovade, fine 102 a 110 s d

—good 96 a 101 s d

—ordinary 90 a 95 s d

East India white 105 a 115 s d

—yellow 96 a 104 s d

—brown 90 a 95 s d

MOLASSES 54. 0d. a — s. d.

REFINED SUGAR. Fine 75 a 85 s d

Double Leaves 180 a 205 s d

Hambro' ditto 106 a 170 s d

Powder ditto 158 a 198 s d

Singit ditto 186 a 194 s d

Canary Lump 150 a 160 s d

Large ditto 148 a 154 s d

Bastards, whole 95 a 100 s d

—faced 100 a 105 s d

—middles 90 a 105 s d

—tips 85 a 95 s d

GINGER. Jamaica, white 82 a 300 s d

Barbadoes, ditto 75 a 80 s d

—black 70 a 75 s d

RICE, Bonded. Carolina 24 a 26 s d

Brazil 26 a 28 s d

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 65s. 4d.

Both raw and refined sugars continue in brisk demand, rather advancing prices.

## HOPS in the Borough.

	£	s	d	per cwt.
Kent	5	0	7	7
Sussex	5	0	6	6
Essex	5	0	7	7

## CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	Aug.	Wheat	Barley	Oats	Beans	Peas
Newcastle	13	60	76 35	36 32	31	64 a 71
Northampton	—	—	—	—	—	—
Canterbury	—	—	—	—	—	—
Leves	20	80	88	97	30 44	48
Chesterfield	13	69	85	97	34 48	53
Ashbourne	13	73	84	98	32 56	60
Guildford	20	—	40	98	33 50	54
Gainsboro'	16	68	85 35	97 32	27 40	44
Leith	17	63	72 32	80 20	24 38	42
Huntingdon	13	84	84 30	93 20	25 30	38
Newark	17	88	92	94	38 45	48
Spilshy	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ryegate	—	—	—	—	—	—
Devizes	18	68	88 36	99	32 48	54
Reading	20	70	89 30	91	36 43	51
Swansea	17	78	90	96	—	—
Henley	19	60	94 60	41 90	35 44	56 44
Maidenhead	16	74	92 31	37 34	30 48	56
Salisbury	10	73	91	35	—	—
Leamington	17	70	98 20	34 32	29 46	50
Wokingham	—	—	—	—	—	—
Andover	—	—	—	—	—	—
Wormminster	20	73	84 90	38 96	38 50	60

## SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

	s	d	per d	per d
Brandy, Cognac	8	9	2	6
—Spanish	5	0	5	2
Holland Gin	8	0	8	6
—Irish	—	—	—	—
—Scotch	—	—	—	—
—Low, Ind	3	5	4	6

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JULY, 1814.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1814. JULY	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	S W 2	30.06	30.0	30.030	64.0°	51.0°	57.50°	cloudy	100	
2	S W 1	30.12	30.06	30.090	69.0	52.0	61.50	fine	106	
3	S W 1	30.18	30.12	30.150	72.0	50.0	61.00	fine	070	
4	S W 1	30.12	30.08	30.100	70.0	50.0	64.00	cloudy	.072	—
5	S W 2	30.12	30.08	30.100	70.0	50.0	64.50	cloudy	.066	—
6	S W 3	30.08	30.02	30.050	71.0	50.0	64.50	gloomy	.114	.075
7	S W 2	30.02	29.86	29.940	66.0	50.0	62.00	rainy	.056	—
8	S W 1	29.86	29.78	29.820	70.0	52.0	61.00	fine	.070	.250
9	S 1	29.82	29.78	29.800	70.0	50.0	64.50	fine	.090	—
10	S W 1	29.88	29.82	29.850	68.0	56.0	62.00	rainy	.104	—
11	S W 1	30.14	29.82	29.980	70.0	50.0	60.00	rainy	.065	—
12	N W 1	30.28	30.14	30.210	72.0	53.0	62.50	fine	.100	—
13	N W 3	30.28	30.00	30.140	69.0	50.0	61.00	cloudy	.086	130
14	N W 3	30.00	29.88	29.940	60.0	52.0	56.00	cloudy	.054	—
15	S W 1	29.88	29.84	29.860	64.0	52.0	58.00	cloudy	.084	.010
16	W 1	30.00	29.88	29.940	63.0	52.0	57.30	gloomy	.050	—
17	W 1	30.04	30.00	30.020	66.0	50.0	60.50	brilliant	.100	.100
18	W 2	30.04	29.98	30.010	64.0	52.0	58.00	cloudy	—	—
19	S E 2	29.98	29.80	29.890	68.0	54.0	61.00	gloomy	—	1,460
20	Var. 2	29.80	29.70	29.750	70.0	58.0	64.00	variable	—	.020
21	Var. 2	29.60	29.50	29.830	60.0	52.0	56.00	cloudy	.310	—
22	S W 1	29.80	29.80	29.800	64.0	56.0	60.00	brilliant	.062	—
23	S W 1	30.34	29.86	30.100	65.0	57.0	61.00	brilliant	.076	—
24	S W 1	30.34	30.10	30.220	75.0	61.0	68.00	brilliant	.122	—
25	S E 1	30.10	29.90	30.000	80.0	62.0	71.00	brilliant	.170	—
26	S W 2	30.06	29.90	29.990	76.0	61.0	69.00	brilliant	.150	—
27	S W 1	30.10	30.06	30.080	75.0	58.0	66.50	cloudy	.120	—
28	S 1	30.06	29.92	29.990	70.0	60.0	71.50	brilliant	.070	—
29	S W 1	29.90	29.82	29.860	72.0	56.0	64.00	gloomy	.130	—
30	S W 2	30.16	29.90	30.030	68.0	56.0	62.00	cloudy	.100	—
31	S W 2	30.16	30.06	30.110	70.0	58.0	64.00	cloudy	.094	.680
		Mean 29.991			Mean 62.40				2,797	2,735

## RESULTS.

Mean pressure, 29.991—maximum, 30.34, wind S W 1.—Minimum, 29.70, wind Var. 2.—Range, .64 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .32 inch, which was on the 11th. Spaces described by the curve, formed from the mean daily pressure, 3.5 inches—Number of changes, 11.

Mean temperature, 62° 4—Max 80°, wind S. E. 1.—Min 50°, wind S. W. 1.—Range 30.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 22°, which was on the 3d.

Water evaporated (from a surface of water exposed to the effects of winds and the sun, but not to its direct rays), 2,797 inches.

Fall of rain, 2,735 inches—rainy days, 15—snowy, 0—hail, 1.

## WIND.

N 0 NE 0 E 0 S E 2 S 2 S W 19 W 3 N W 3 Variable. 2 Calm. 0

Brisk winds 3—Boisterous ones 0.

Notes—4th. Drizzly rain in the evening.—6th. Brisk south-west wind during the day, but in the evening a calm with drizzly rain.—17th. Seasonable showers of rain at five o'clock P. M.—the day was fine and warm.—20th. About four o'clock P. M. much loud thunder and vivid lightning, when rain descended in torrents; in half an hour there fell nearly an inch and a half in depth—in the forenoon there was a fine breeze from the south-west, but the weather was very sultry and oppressive, particularly in the afternoon, when there was a calm.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JULY, 1814.

Conducted by Mr. J. GIBSON, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1814. JULY	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	S W	30,06	29,96	30,010	64°	44°	54,0°	fine	—	—
2	N W	30,07	30,06	30,065	69	45	57,0	fine	—	—
3	N W	30,09	30,07	30,080	76	54	65,0	fine	—	—
4	N W	30,09	30,08	30,085	68	58	63,0	fine	—	—
5	N W	30,10	30,09	30,095	76	54	65,0	fine	—	—
6	S W	30,10	30,03	30,065	76	55	65,5	fine	.88	—
7	S W	30,03	29,98	30,005	76	60	68,0	cloudy	—	—
8	S W	29,99	29,86	29,930	69	62	65,5	rainy	—	—
9	S W	29,86	29,86	29,860	72	63	67,5	cloudy	—	—
10	S	29,96	29,86	29,910	67	49	58,0	showers	—	.32
11	S W	30,10	29,96	30,030	73	54	63,5	showers	.59	—
12	N W	30,15	30,10	30,125	68	55	61,5	cloudy	—	—
13	N W	30,10	29,95	30,025	62	51	56,5	cloudy	—	—
14	N W	29,95	29,88	29,915	63	53	58,0	cloudy	.27	—
15	W	29,88	29,80	29,840	65	53	59,0	showery	—	—
16	N E	29,97	29,80	29,885	62	50	56,0	showery	—	.22
17	S E	29,97	29,87	29,970	70	59	64,5	showery	—	—
18	S W	29,97	29,96	29,965	70	52	61,0	showery	—	—
19	N W	29,96	29,80	29,880	70	61	65,5	fine	—	—
20	S W	29,86	29,77	29,815	75	59	67,0	fine	.60	—
21	N W	29,99	29,86	29,925	72	63	67,5	fine	—	.20
22	N W	30,25	29,99	30,120	69	53	61,0	fine	—	—
23	S W	30,25	30,19	30,220	86	56	71,0	fine	.52	—
24	S W	30,19	29,98	30,085	80	63	71,5	fine	—	—
25	S E	29,98	29,90	29,940	84	61	72,5	fine	—	—
26	N W	30,05	29,90	29,975	80	60	70,0	fine	—	—
27	S E	30,05	29,98	30,015	83	70	76,5	fine	—	—
28	S E	29,98	29,84	29,915	91	66	78,5	sultry	1,08	—
29	S W	30,05	29,90	29,975	71	56	63,5	cloudy	—	—
30	N W	30,10	30,05	30,075	72	65	68,5	fine	.27	—
31	W	30,10	29,98	30,040	79	54	66,5	fine	.12	.17
		Mean	29,995		Mean	64.7		Total	4,53in.	.91in.

RESULTS. — Prevailing winds, westerly. — Mean height of barometer, 29,995 inches; highest observation, 30,25 inches; lowest, 29,77 inches. — Mean height of thermometer, 64,7°; — highest observation, 91° — lowest, 44° — Total of evaporation, 4,53 inches. — Total of rain, .91 inch. — Total in another gauge, 1,06 inches.

Notes. — 1st. Fine moonlight night — 5th. A shower in the morning. — 16th and 23d. A stratus on the marshes at night — 27th. Some lightning at night. — 28th. Frequent vivid lightning in the evening. — 29th. Some lightning this morning with rain — a strong breeze from the westward all day.

*Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for AUGUST, 1814.*

Commercial Dock	£145 10s a 146 10s pr.sh.	Coventry Canal	£810 pr sh.
East London Water-Works	£70 do.	Grand Union	95 a 96 10s do.
Grand Junction Ditto	39 10s a 40 do.	Grand Western	54 dis.
West Middlesex Ditto	30 10s a 40 do.	Grand Trunk Ditto	1221 pr.sh.
Rock Life Assurance	2 15s. do.	Hilgate Archway	12 12s. do.
Kent Ditto	10 do.	Strand Bridge	27 10s. do.
Birmingham Fire Ditto	199 10s 200 do.	Vauxhall	34 do.
Eagle Ditto	2 2s do.	London Com. Sale-Rooms	53 do.
London Ditto	21 do.	Flour Company	5 do.
Birmingham Canal	650 do.	Drury-Lane Theatre, 500/ Sh. 900 a 220 do.	
Chesterfield Ditto	101 do.	Irish Tontine, £100 Deben-	
Frewash Ditto	800 do.	ture of 3d Class, 1777	63 do.
Grand Junction Ditto	228 do.		

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&amp; FORTUNE &amp; Co. 18, Cornhill,

## PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 pr. ct. Red.	4 pr. ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr. ct.	Long Ann.	2d Out. for 1814.	Impts. pr. ct.	Impl. Anns.	Irish 5 pr. ct.	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Ann.	India Stock	India Bonds.	Exchur. Bills 3 d.	St. Lotty. Tickets	Cons. Aug 25
July 21	259	68 a 1	68 a 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	2 1 Pm.	65 1	3 1	96	—	—	195 1	14 Pm.	5 Pm.	£19.19s.	68 1 a 1
22	259	68 a 1	68 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	2 1 Pm.	65 1	—	96 1	—	—	—	15 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	68 1 a 1
23	259	68 1 a 1	68 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	2 1 Pm.	—	—	—	—	—	—	15 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	68 1 a 1
24	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25	259 1	68 a 1	68 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	2 1 Pm.	65 1	—	—	—	—	—	15 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	68 a 1
26	259 1	68 a 7 1	68 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	2 1 Pm.	65 1	—	—	—	—	—	17 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	68 a 1
27	259 1	68 a 7 1	68 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	2 1 Pm.	65 1	—	—	—	—	—	17 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	68 a 1
28	259 1	67 a 1	67 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	1 1 Pm.	65 1	—	—	—	—	—	18 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	68 1 a 1
29	—	67 a 1	67 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	1 1 Pm.	65 1	—	—	—	—	—	18 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1 a 1
30	—	67 a 1	67 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	1 1 Pm.	65 1	—	—	—	—	—	18 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1 a 1
Aug. 1	257 1	67 a 1	67 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	1 1 Pm.	65 1	—	—	—	—	—	19 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1 a 1
2	—	67 a 1	67 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	1 1 Pm.	65 1	—	—	—	—	—	19 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1 a 1
3	—	67 a 1	67 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	1 1 Pm.	65 1	—	—	—	—	—	19 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1 a 1
4	300	67 a 1	67 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	1 1 Pm.	65 1	—	—	—	—	—	19 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1 a 1
5	259	67 a 1	67 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	1 1 Pm.	65 1	—	—	—	—	—	18 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1 a 1
6	—	67 a 1	67 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	1 1 Pm.	65 1	—	—	—	—	—	18 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1 a 1
7	260	67 a 1	67 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	1 1 Pm.	65 1	—	—	—	—	—	18 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1 a 1
8	—	67 a 1	67 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	1 1 Pm.	65 1	—	—	—	—	—	18 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1 a 1
9	259 1	67 a 1	67 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	1 1 Pm.	65 1	—	—	—	—	—	18 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1 a 1
10	—	67 a 1	67 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	1 1 Pm.	65 1	—	—	—	—	—	18 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1 a 1
11	300	67 a 1	67 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	1 1 Pm.	65 1	—	—	—	—	—	18 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1 a 1
12	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
13	—	67 a 1	67 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	1 1 Pm.	65 1	—	—	—	—	—	18 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1 a 1
14	—	67 a 1	67 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	1 1 Pm.	65 1	—	—	—	—	—	18 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1 a 1
15	—	67 a 1	67 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	1 1 Pm.	65 1	—	—	—	—	—	18 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1 a 1
16	259 1	67 a 1	67 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	1 1 Pm.	65 1	—	—	—	—	—	18 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1 a 1
17	259	67 a 1	67 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	1 1 Pm.	65 1	—	—	—	—	—	18 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1 a 1
18	259 1	67 a 1	67 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	1 1 Pm.	65 1	—	—	—	—	—	18 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1 a 1
19	—	67 a 1	67 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	1 1 Pm.	65 1	—	—	—	—	—	18 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1 a 1
20	—	67 a 1	67 1	84 1	97 1	10 1	1 1 Pm.	65 1	—	—	—	—	—	18 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	67 1 a 1

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## TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*We earnestly solicit communications on subjects of general interest, and also from professors of the arts and authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.*

*As we expect a Description of the Buildings erected in the Parks for the Grand Jubilee, from the pen perhaps most competent to describe them, we have deferred the particulars respecting the Pagoda till our next Number, which will contain a View of the Temple in the Green Park.*

*The Lucubrations of Senex would not, we fear, have much attraction for the readers of the Repository.*

*We are under the necessity of rejecting, for obvious reasons, the Account of a notorious Female Impostor.*

*We wish to call the particular attention of our readers to the affecting picture of some of the distresses occasioned by the late war in the little duchy of Saxe-Weimar, from a MS. communication, replete with a variety of interest. May Britain ever distinguish herself by healing, like the good Samaritan, the wounds which unfeeling robbers have inflicted !*

*The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.*

THE  
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OF  
ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,  
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For OCTOBER, 1814.

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*The Seventieth Number.*

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—————The suffrage of the wise,  
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd  
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

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CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNIUS.

(Continued from p. 131.)

MISS EVE. You say, that, in drawing a figure, you draw it correctly according to the vigour of the action when it was first exerted, and not as it appears when it has become in any degree languid. I suppose to do this you never make a stroke without being able to account for its truth, its anatomical accuracy according to the spirit of the original.

MISS K. I aim at this. Many who draw at academies, produce very insipid figures, by copying the appearances of the figure when it is in different degrees exhausted. Many who copy models for their pictures also fall into this error.

MISS EVE. It is related, that Vandyke, and others of the best portrait-painters also, did not copy from the sitter in an exhausted state, but only the freshness and vigour apparent in the first five minutes of sitting.

MISS K. Yes: portrait-painters  
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also should give all the beauties and virtues they can, and suppress defects.

MISS EVE. I have some drawing-books in a good style by Flaxman the sculptor, representing, as it is said, the heroes of the Iliad, but entirely naked. This gives a very imperfect idea of Achilles, Ulysses, Ajax, and the other distinguished characters of that poem. Reynolds observes, that the neglect of separating modern fashions from the habits of nature, leads to that ridiculous style which has been practised by some painters, who have given to Grecian heroes the airs and graces practised in the court of Louis XIV.—an absurdity almost as great as it would have been to have dressed them after the fashion of that court.

MISS K. Hector, Paris, and other figures, whether Trojan or Grecian, to be sure never appeared pulchely in this way. If the sculptor were

C c

asked the reason of his representing them thus, he would plead his profession, and that he could not exhibit the beauties of the muscles if the figures were dressed. Laocoon, the priest of Neptune, and many other figures, have been thus exhibited, and even truth transgressed, as the least evil of the two. The sculptor has copied the antique with success; his works of this sort rank in the first class of drawing-books; they teach simplicity, grace, and elegance: but Homer is totally different in many particulars; he is as well coloured and shewy in ornamental dress and decorations as Paul Veronese, Tintoret, or Rubens would have wished. He coloured like Titian, and as gaily as the masters before-mentioned, and finished as highly as Vanderheyden, Vanderwerf, Van Huysum, or Denner.

Miss *Ere*. Will you repeat a passage from Homer that illustrates your observations?

Miss *K*. I will repeat the arming of Achilles:—

Full in the midst, high tow'ring o'er the rest,  
His limbs in urns divine Achilles drest;  
Arms which the father of the fire bestow'd,  
Forged on th' eternal anvils of the god.  
Grief and revenge his furious heart inspire,  
His glowing eye balls roll with living fire;  
He grinds his teeth, and, furious with delay,  
O'erlooks th' embattled host, and hopes the bloody day.

The silver cuirass first his thighs infold,  
Then o'er his breast was brae'd the hollow gold:

The brazen sword a various baldrick tied,  
That, starr'd with gems, hung glittering at his side;

And like the moon, the broad refulgent shield  
Blaz'd with long rays, and gleam'd athwart the field

Next his high head the helmet graced; he-  
hind  
The standard hung floating in the wind:

Like the red star that from his flaming hair  
Shakes down diseases, pestilence, and war;  
So stream'd the golden bosom from his head,  
Trembled the sparkling plumes, and the loose glories shed.

The chief beholds himself with wondering eyes,

His arms he poises and his motions tries;  
Buoy'd by some inward force, he seems to swim,

And feels a pinion lifting every limb

And now he shakes his great paternal spear,  
Ponderous and huge, which not a Greek could rear.

From Pelion's cloudy top an ash entire,  
Old Chiron fell'd, and shaped it for his sire;  
A spear which stern Achilles only wields,  
The death of heroes and the dread of fields.

Automedon and Alcimus prepare  
Th' immortal coursers and the radiant car;  
The silver traces sweeping at their side;  
Their fiery mouths resplendent bridles tied,  
The ivory-studded reins returned behind,  
Waved o'er their backs and to the chariot join'd.

The charioteer then whirl'd the lash around,  
And swift ascended at one active bound.  
All bright in heavenly arms, above his squire  
Achilles mounts, and sets the field on fire.

Miss *Ere*. I can repeat the lines describing Agamemnon arming:—

The king of men his hardy hosts inspires  
With loud command, with great example fires;  
Himself first rose, himself before the rest,  
His mighty limbs in radiant armour drest.  
And first he cased his manly legs around  
In shining greaves, with silver buckles bound:  
The beaming cuirass next adorn'd his breast,  
The same which once king Cinyras possess'd:  
The fame of Greece and her assembled host,  
Had reach'd that monarch on the Cyprian coast

'Twas then the friendship of the chief to gain,  
This glorious gift he sent, nor sent in vain.

Ten rows of azure steel the work infold,  
Twice ten of tin, and twelve of ductile gold;  
Three glittering dragons to the gorget rise,  
Whose imitated scales against the skies  
Reflected various light, and arching bow'd  
Like colour'd rainbows o'er a showery cloud;  
Joy's wonderful bow of three celestial dyes,  
Placed as a sign to man amid the skies.

A radiant baldrick o'er his shoulder tied,  
Sustain'd the sword that glitter'd at his side;  
Gold was the hilt, a silver sheath encased  
The shining blade, and golden hangers grac'd.  
His buckler's mighty orb was next display'd,  
That round the warrior cast a dreadful shade;

Ten zones of brass its ample brim surround,  
And twice ten bosses its bright convex crown'd;  
Tremendous Gorgon frown'd upon its field;  
And circling terror form'd th' expressive shield;  
Within its concave hung a silver thong,  
On which a mimic serpent creeps along;  
His azure length in easy waves extends,  
Till in three heads th' embroider'd monster  
ends.

Last o'er his brows his fourfold helm he placed,  
With nodding horse-hair formidably graced;  
And in his hands two steely javelins wield,  
That blaze to heaven, and lighten all the  
fields.

Reynolds calls Michael Angelo the Homer of painting; but Homer, like Michael Angelo, did not despise and omit the ornamental parts. Some say, that Michael Angelo had no infancy in the art, but burst out at once, like the sun from behind a dark cloud.

Miss K. A number of strange things are related of eminent men. Thus I met with an author who says, that Michael Angelo was suckled by a sculptor's wife, and took in the art, as it were, with his milk.

Miss Eve. This would sound more plausibly if he could have sucked the sculptor.

Miss K. Perhaps the truth was, that he was suckled by a sculptor's wife, and the husband instructed him in his art, taught him the greatness imparted by the convex line, length of lines, harmony of lines, the effect of a few great parts harmoniously arranged, and the advantage to be derived from skimming the milk or rather the cream of his predecessors, such as Masaccio, &c.

Miss Eve. Some assert, that this artist generally made the neck of his figures too short, the hair too scanty, and that he did not vary them enough.

Miss K. He is justly charged

with these and many other defects, yet he was the sublimest painter among the moderns.

Miss Eve. Homer and Milton were blind in their old age—I believe it is not known at what time Homer became so. I think persons who have a defect in their spine, like Pope, never live to be very old.

Miss K. Pope lived to the age of 56: it is uncommon to see one in his situation older than this.—Just before Pope died, he was almost certain that the awful event would soon take place; and under this impression he wrote the following letter to a lady of his acquaintance:—

“The weather is too fine for any one that loves the country to leave it at this season, when every smile of the sun, like the smile of a coy lady, is as dear as it is uncommon; and I am so much in the taste of rural pleasures, I had rather see the sun than any thing he can shew me, except yourself. I despise every thing in town, not excepting your new gown, till I see you dressed in it—which, by the bye, I don't like the better for the red. The leaves I think are very pretty.—I am growing fit, I hope, for a better world, of which the light of the sun is but a shadow; for I doubt not, but God's works here are what come nearest to his works there, and that a true relish of the beauties of nature is the most easy preparation and gentlest transition to an enjoyment of those of heaven; as, on the contrary, a true town life of hurry, confusion, noise, slander, and dissension, is a sort of apprenticeship to hell and its furies. I am endeavouring to put

my mind into as quiet a situation as I can, to be ready to receive the stroke which I believe is coming upon me, and I have fully resigned myself to yield to it. The separation of my soul and body is what I could think on with less pain, for I am very sure he that made it will take care of it, and in whatever state he pleases it shall be, that state must be right; but I cannot think without tears of being separated from my friends, when their condition is so doubtful that they may want even such assistance as mine. Sure it is more merciful to take from us after death all memory of what we loved or pursued here; for else what a torment would it be to a spirit still to love those creatures it is quite divided from, unless we suppose, that, in a more exalted life, all that we esteemed in this imperfect state will affect us no more, than what we loved in our infancy concerns us now?

"This is an odd way of writing to a lady, and I am sensible would throw me under a great deal of ridicule, were you to shew this letter among your acquaintance. But perhaps you may not yourself be quite a stranger to this way of thinking. I heartily wish your life may be so long and so happy, as never to let you think quite so far as I am now led to do; but to think a little towards it, is what will make you the happier and the easier at all times. There are no pleasures or amusements that I don't wish you; and therefore 'tis no small grief to me, that I shall for the future be less able to partake with you in them. But let Fortune do her worst, whatever she makes us lose, as long as she never makes us

lose our honesty and our independence. I despise from my heart whoever parts with the first, and I pity from my soul whoever quits the latter."

Lady Montague says,

Spirits departed are wondrous kind  
To friends and relations left behind,  
Which nobody can deny.

Miss Eve. It seems to have been a particular desire of Pope's to visit Italy and other countries, but he never indulged this wish.

Miss K. I should like, Miss Eve, a ramble with you to Italy; it would much improve and entertain us.

Miss Eve. I should like also to visit Troy, Carthage, those ancient cities now no more, likewise Jerusalem. We may truly say with Pope—

Smit with the love of sister arts we came,  
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;  
Like friendly colours found, our minds unite,  
While each from each contracts new strength  
and light

How oft in pleasing tasks we'll wear the day,  
While summer suns roll unperceiv'd away!  
How oft our slowly growing works impart,  
While images reflect from art to art!  
How oft in view, each finding, like a friend,  
Something to blame, and something to commend!

What flatt'ring scenes my wand'ring fancy  
taught!

Rome's pompous glories rising to my thought;  
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,  
Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy.

With thee on Raphael's monument I'll mourn,  
Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's urn;  
With thee repose where Tully once was laid,  
Or seek some ruin's formidable shade;

While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,  
And builds imaginary Rome anew.

Here thy well-studied marbles fix our eye,  
A fading fresco here demands a sigh.

Each heavenly piece unweary'd we'll compare,  
Match Raphael's grace with the lov'd Guido's  
air;

Caracci's strength, Corregio's softer line,  
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth di-  
vine.

Jerusalem is now in the hands of

the Mahometans; whose Paradise, I think, consists of sensualities.

Miss K. Yes; and on this subject Dryden has the following simile in his *Don Sebastian* :—

So when Mahomet

Had long been hammering in his lonely cell  
Some dull insipid, tedious Paradise,  
A brisk Arabian girl came tripping by;  
Passing, she cast at him a side-long glance,  
And look'd behind in hopes to be pursued;  
He took the hint, embraced the flying fair,  
And having found his heav'n, he fix'd it there.

Miss Eve. The Roman Emperor Constantine little thought, when he founded Constantinople on the ancient Byzantium, that the Mahometans would reside there so many years.

Miss K. No; he knew nothing of the Mahometans: and as little could Julius Cæsar foresee, that Rome would be governed so many years by the Pope. Men toil for riches, and build but they know not for whom. Henry I. of England expected that his son William would be William III. He little thought it would be near 600 years after his time before a prince of that name would reign in this country.

Here is a picture of the shipwreck of William Duke of Normandy, only son to King Henry I. who, with Maud his natural sister, was drowned in the passage from Normandy to England, in 1120.

Miss Eve. How dismal, how dreadfully fine, you have pictured the horrors of the foaming ocean, in the best manner of Ludolph Backhuysen!

Miss K. William had an only sister, named Matilda or Maud, who disputed the crown with Stephen, Henry's successor, and who was mother to Henry II. William and Matilda were Henry the First's children by his Queen Matilda,

daughter of Malcolm, King of Scotland.

Miss Eve. I suppose this was Malcolm III. who succeeded Macbeth, the murderer of Duncan.

Miss K. Yes.

Miss Eve. I think the unfortunate Maud who was drowned, was Countess of Perche.

Miss K. She was. The pilots, in their passage, got intoxicated with liquor, and for want of proper management, the ship struck upon the rocks near Barfleur, where she immediately foundered. When the king was informed of this unexpected catastrophe, he immediately fainted away, and was never seen to smile from that moment to the day of his death, so affectionately did he love his children.

I should have observed, that Malcolm's daughter Matilda was by a sister of Edgar Atheling, who was the real heir to the crown of this country, when it was usurped by Harold II. in 1066.

Miss Eve. How well this idea would suit in a song of two lovers! a sailor, for instance, goes to sea and is shipwrecked; his sweetheart hears the melancholy tidings of his death, and is never seen to smile again.

Miss K. Yes; this is the way many of the best poets and painters borrow, as they call it, and become renowned for genius. Cowper has borrowed this idea, and it forms the best line in his *Crazy Kate*.

Miss Eve. Will you repeat the passage?

Miss K.

There often wanders one whom better days  
Saw better clad, in cloak of auld; trimm'd  
With lace, and hat with splendid ribbon  
bound.

A serving maid was she, and fell in love  
With one who left her, went to sea, and died.  
Her fancy followed him through foaming  
waves

To distant shores; and she would sit and weep  
At what a sailor suffers; fancy too,  
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,  
Would oft anticipate his glad return,  
And dream of transports she was not to know.  
She heard the doleful tidings of his death—  
And never smil'd again! and now she rouns  
The dreary waste; there spends the livelong  
day,

And there, unless when charity forbids,  
The livelong night. A tatter'd apron hides,  
Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown  
More tatter'd still; and both but ill conceal  
A bosom heaved with never-ceasing sighs.  
She begs an idle pin of all she meets,  
And hoards them in her sleeve; but needful  
food,  
Though press'd with hunger oft, or comelier  
clothes,  
Though pinch'd with cold, asks never—Kate  
is crazed.

A poet or a painter should, when  
he borrows, endeavour to mature  
or perfect the materials which he  
works upon. Many of the best  
productions in writing and painting  
are crude beginnings thus matured.  
Here is the original of the favour-  
ite song, " 'Twas within a mile of  
Edinburgh Town," written many  
years ago, and called *The Scotch  
Haymakers*, tho' but lately brought  
to what it is.

'Twas within a furlong of Edinburgh town,  
In the rosy time o' th' year, when the grass  
was down,  
Bonny Jocky, blithe and gay, said to Jenny  
making hay,  
Let's sit a little, dear, and prattle, 'tis a sul-  
try day.

He long had courted the black-brow'd maid,  
But Jocky was a wag, and would not consent  
to wed;  
Which made her pish and phoo, and cry it  
will not do,  
I canna, canna, winna, winna buckle to.

He told her, marriage was grown a mere joke,  
And that no one wedded now but scoundrel  
folk;  
Yet, my dear, you shall prevail; but I know  
not what I ail,  
I shall dream of clogs and silly dogs, with  
bottles at their tail.

Miss Ere. I will sing this song  
in its improved state.

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,  
In the rosy time of the year;  
Sweet flowers had bloom'd and grass was down,  
Each shepherd wooed his dear.  
Bonny Jocky, blithe and gay,  
Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay;  
The lass she blush'd, and frowning cried,  
Ah na! it will na do,  
I canna, canna, winna, munna buckle to.

For Jocky was a lad that never would wed,  
Though long he follow'd the lass;  
Contented was she to eat her brown bread,  
And so cheerfully turn'd up the grass.  
Bonny Jocky, blithe and gay,  
Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay;  
The lass she blush'd, and frowning cried,  
Ah na! it will na do,  
I canna, canna, winna, munna buckle to.

But when he told her he'd make her his bride,  
Though his socks and herbs were not few;  
She gave him her hand and a kiss beside,  
And vow'd she would ever be true.  
Bonny Jocky, blithe and free,  
Won her heart right merrily.  
The lass no more blush'd, and frowning cried,  
Ah na! it will na do,  
I canna, canna, winna, munna buckle to.

JUNINUS.

## FRAGMENTS FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

(Continued from p. 131.)

ON THE STRICT ADHERENCE TO,  
AND PEDANTIC IMITATION OF,  
CLASSIC MODELS.

ONE would almost be tempted  
to suppose, that a servile and un-

deviating adherence to precedent,  
formed the pre-eminent merit of  
an architect, as if his art was the  
only one in which all attempt at  
innovation or originality was to be

proscribed as barbarous. The remains of antiquity certainly ought to be studied with attention, yet they are not to be followed too indiscriminately or too servilely. When the artist professedly copies any celebrated piece of architecture, it behoves him to imitate his model with scrupulous fidelity. On other occasions, it is needless to impose rules which tend only to fetter him. Still I am far from wishing to become the advocate of licentiousness and caprice. Not the most enthusiastic admirer of the ruins of Pæstum and Athens, can view with greater abhorrence than myself, the liberties of many modern architects. Pediments within pediments, broken pediments, ballustrades running up pediments, disproportioned roofs, twisted columns, windows in entablatures, &c. &c. must disgust not only the critic eye of the orthodox champion of antiquity, but of him who is a great latitudinarian in his taste; for such extravagancies err not only against the practice of the ancients, but against every principle of propriety and beauty.

Surely in this, as in the sister arts, there is a happy medium, equally remote from pedantic precision on the one hand, and tasteless caprice on the other. To condemn an artist because he has attempted to be novel or original, is hardly liberal; to blame him for having violated the principles and rules of good taste, is just.

The *licentia sumpta pudenter* has always been allowable in poetry and painting; why, therefore, the same privilege should not extend to architecture, I do not see. Should a critic pretend to judge the me-

rits of our modern dramas according to the rules of Aristotle, he would deservedly be stigmatised as a pedant; for it has at length been discovered, that a strict attention to the unities is to be attained only by the sacrifice of probability; and rules arbitrary in themselves, and productive of no real utility, will be retained or defended by obstinate bigotry alone. The chorus of a Greek tragedy is wisely deemed inadmissible on a modern stage. The employment of writing modern Latin verses, interspersed with all the common-place allusions to the ancient mythology, is consigned to schoolboys. Even our poets prefer any subject to a hackneyed story drawn from the annals of Greece. Who is so deeply smitten with a passion for classic lore, as to prefer the *Epigoniad* or *Leonidas* to the *Rape of the Lock*? In architecture alone we must be inflexibly classical; we must forget Palladio and Chambers, and resort for the models of our villas and palaces, not to the banks of the Brenta or the Thames, but to Girgenti, Pæstum, and Egypt. To what else than pedantry can be ascribed that indiscriminate rage for the antique, which considers nothing undeserving imitation which is sanctioned by the authority of precedent? What else than pedantry would induce an architect to make his windows narrower at the top than below, because some examples of this diminution of the aperture is to be found in ancient temples, although it has no convenience to excuse so gross a violation of beauty?

In describing the monuments of ancient architecture, most writers



expatiate on the effect produced from their being executed on a gigantic scale, and on the delicacy and beautiful workmanship of the reliefs and sculptures which ornament them. But we may ask, are these excellences to be discovered in those *classical* imitations of them which it is now the fashion to extol? Do they possess proportions equally grand? or are they any way remarkable for a peculiar excellence of execution? Or supposing that they are distinguished by these advantages, it does not, therefore, follow, that the Palladian style would not be equally beautiful, were the same attention bestowed on the execution.

After all, colossal proportion will produce edifices stupendous, rather than beautiful; such as will rather astonish by their gigantic bulk, than captivate by their symmetry and elegance. It may therefore reasonably be inferred, that that style whose characteristic is a massy and uncouth majesty, will not afford the best models for domestic architecture; which, though it admits both magnificence and elegance, can hardly attain the sublime. That the stupendous, but barbarous remains of Egyptian art should attract the attention of the curious, is no more surprising than that a monster should be interesting to a naturalist. Yet, when we behold deformities, once attractive only as far as they tended to throw light on the history of a singular and celebrated people, actually serving as models to our artists, our astonishment can be equalled only by our regret. For my own part, I should as soon think of sending the young student for the

improvement of his taste to Stonehenge, as among the pyramids and temples of Egypt.

It must be confessed, that a taste for the *monstrous* is too prevalent. —In poetry, imagery the most wild and fantastic, characters the most unnatural and contradictory, and fictions the most extravagant, are preferred to the modesty of nature. For the exquisite melody of Pope and Goldsmith, is substituted a sort of verse run mad, better suited to the wildness of dithyrambic strains than to narrative poetry, while freebooters and bandits are selected for heroes. This propensity to extravagance arises partly from *l'ennui du beau*, partly from affectation.

Painting also has not been exempt from this contagion; witness the *monster-creating* Fuseli, who has reached the very acme of distortion and the very bathos of the sublime; whose females are the very ideals of disgusting indelicacy, all modelled upon one prototype, and whose figures oftentimes appear writhing in convulsions. In his draperies Fuseli is perfectly *sui generis*. His women are almost universally clothed in a sort of sack, without any waste, or at most a girdle just under the bosom; their head-dress equally elegant. The dress of his male figures is what might be fancifully styled, nude drapery; for, by some adhesive qualities which I presume the ingenious artist has discovered, their attire displays, rather than conceals, and that too in a manner oftentimes as offensive to decency as to common sense. That such a painter, delighting in all the wildness of the supernatural (or per-

haps, to speak ~~not~~ plainly, the unnatural, should ever have condescended to employ his powers on less dignified subjects, is indeed lamentable. I allude to the design which disfigure, for I will not say embellish, an octavo edition of Cowper's Poems, printed for Johnson, 1808. The charming domestic scenes which the pen of Cowper had portrayed with equal fidelity and taste, delineated by the pencil of Fuseli, become divested of every attraction. With such a delightful picture of a winter's evening fire-side before him, as that at the opening of the fourth book of the *Task*, it is astonishing that any man could conceive such an extravagantly ridiculous design as Mr. F. has done. On beholding such figures, one is almost tempted to exclaim, in the words of Macbeth,—

—What are these

So wither'd and so wild in their attire,  
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,  
And yet are on't?

They certainly appear like beings of another sphere, yet more resembling "goblins damned," than "spirits of health." These observations apply equally to the other plates, especially those of *A Dressing-Room*, and *A Mother with her Family in the Country*. If it was the design of the artist to improve on nature by combining it as much as possible with ideal grandeur and beauty, he has failed most lamentably; for such preposterous absurdities are as remote from ideal, as from natural beauty: they betray at best but a contemptible affectation of excellencies incompatible with the subjects.

Now, it appears to me, that to copy the sepulchral edifices of

Egypt, and the magnificently ponderous architecture of the Posidonian temples, in our domestic buildings, is no less pedantic, not extravagant, nor affected, than to introduce the ideal beings of Fuseli, with their fantastic costume, into a domestic scene of the present day. To confess the truth, I do not discover in the ancient Doric that superlative beauty which calls forth the enthusiastic applause of its admirers. Strength it certainly possesses in an eminent degree; but, it may be asked, are extreme strength and durability so extremely important (especially among a people who build merely to pull down, and pull down merely to rebuild,) as to be worth the sacrifice of beauty? Perhaps I may be prepossessed in favour of modern architecture; at any rate, I consider it as better adapted for domestic purposes, susceptible of greater variety of design and embellishment, than the more severe Grecian style. I am, moreover, inclined to think, that some of our travellers who have visited Athens, &c. have been rather hyperbolic in their eulogiums on what they beheld. Perhaps a cloudless sky and pure atmosphere, together with the transporting consciousness of treading classic ground, might induce them to discover greater beauties in the objects that surrounded them, than they could possibly do if enveloped in the smoke of London; at least, I must avow, that, judging from the engravings of Stuart and Le Roy, I could never perceive that boasted superiority over modern architecture. The materials indeed may be more costly, the finish more laboured; they

may be executed on a more extensive scale, and a mild climate may have preserved the beauty of the marble unimpaired: still, as far as regards design merely, I do not find that pre-eminence which is attributed to them; certainly not that variety to be discovered in modern

magnificent Cus-  
tlin, Peckwater  
nbridge Senate-

House, Greenwich Hospital, the eastern front of the Louvre, the Garde-meubles, Burlington and Somerset Houses, must delight every one who is not obstinately resolved to be blind to the beauties of modern architecture. Far be it from me to endeavour to depreciate the noble remains of ancient art, but surely we may pay due reverence to them, without affecting to speak contemptuously (as is but too prevalent a custom) of later buildings. We may venerate Homer, yet it is no disparagement to our taste to admire Pope; and if this attitude or liberality be allowable with respect to poetry, I do not perceive why the same privilege should not be extended to a sister art.

#### MONUMENTAL COLUMNS.

The practice of raising insulated columns as public monuments, although sanctioned by the authority of ancient and modern architecture, is little better than a solecism in taste. A column thus placed, has always an unstable and tottering appearance, which is offensive to the eye; nor does a Brobdignian

pillar, standing by itself, indicate the purest taste. A detached column forms no more a whole than a single leg of a table; and it would hardly be more absurd to erect a tower in the form of the one than of the other. Suppose any one should design a building in the shape of an immense Corinthian capital, however ingeniously the artist might overcome the difficulty, I think that every one would be shocked at such egregious caprice. When a statue is placed on a column, if even of colossal size, still, if proportioned to the column, it will not be sufficiently large to enable the spectator to discover hardly more than its attitude and general air.

#### COLLECTORS.

Amongst the various pursuits of the present day, that of the illustrator and collector is not the least prominent. It is certainly as innocent as hunting or gaming, and as gentlemanly as barouche-driving; yet it appears to discover hardly more refinement in taste than is required for any of the above-mentioned pursuits. Prints the most hideous and vile, provided they are scarce, are admitted with pleasure into the illustrator's port-folio; nothing can be too insignificant or futile. *Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum*, is a motto peculiarly applicable to one of this class. Unless he possesses engravings of every stone mentioned by Pennant, every insignificant face noticed by Granger, he is indefatigable in his researches, and considers hardly any price as too extravagant for the purchase. A collector of this sort will prefer any libellous represen-

\* In the ancient temples there is a monotony of plan and outline that is wearisome when contrasted with the diversity of buildings erected since the restoration of the arts.

tation of the human face, any miserable old print or etching, if rare, to the most excellent engraving. He appears to contemplate with delight objects whose deformity would inspire any one else with disgust. Of a taste diametrically opposite to the *elegans spectator formarum*, he appreciates not from intrinsic beauty, but from rarity and difficulty of attainment. A Queen Anne's farthing is as precious in his estimation as a beautiful cameo. Many will perhaps ex-

claim, *De gustibus non est disputandum*; yet, if this were to be seriously admitted, why endeavour to refine the taste at all, if equal gratification is to be obtained from deformity as from beauty? since, in that case, it would be indifferent whether we placed our admiration on a Grecian Apollo, an Egyptian mummy; the majestic simplicity of Virgil, or the *unadulterated simplicity* of Wordsworth.

(To be continued.)

## THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

### No. IX.

Affliction is enamour'd of my parts,  
And I am wedded to calamity.—*Romeo and Juliet.*

In the attainment of the several departments of the arts and sciences be the cause of females forgetting, that the chief charm of their character is the cultivation of the domestic virtues, let us be condemned to take for helpmates the mere household drudge—let us sacrifice the *tournaire* of an elegant mind, to the homely qualities of a good wife and a tender mother. We are not willing to suppose, that woman can lose a single charm by the attainment of knowledge; and tho' some men may declare, that they would rather choose for a wife the domestic plodder, we cannot but suppose that they would prefer a female for their fire-side, whose companionship would be necessary to the happiness of the married state, to one whose ideas reached no further than what might enable her to

Suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

The question has long been agitated, and much ink spilt in the

controversy, "Whether the cultivation of the female mind be productive of a higher degree of happiness in the wedded state, than when only the common duties of daughter and mother stimulate its exertions?" This is not the place to vent our feeble voice, either negatively or affirmatively, on so serious a subject; but this exordium is merely to pave the way for a letter which I have received, where, contrary to all former custom of the softer sex claiming the advantages of education, one of that sex now comes forward with a complaint, that, from this cultivation of the female mind, she is rendered the most miserable of her sex.

Mr. Scriblerus,

Actuated by the interest you appear to take in what concerns our sex, I have ventured to address you, in the hope, that if you cannot impart consolation to me by your advice, I may at least have the melancholy pleasure of telling

my grief. Ten years are elapsed since I was married to a young gentleman who had long gained my affections. Alas! he has not yet lost them, or I might not be so miserable as I am. I flattered myself I was to be happier than the rest of wives, and it is only at this distance of time that I find I am mistaken. My husband possessed attainments sufficient to satisfy the most accomplished mind; and I had flattered myself, that although I did not possess those perfections which are now called accomplishments, I did possess a comprehension to value in others what I had not attained myself. Happy was at one time my Edward in displaying the effects of a liberal education for my admiration alone. Assisted by him, the mimic tulip was taught to shed a warmer glow; and aided by his superior skill, and encouraged by his smile, my voice and my harp became more animated and pleasing to him and myself.

Thus passed the first years of our wedded love; the cares of which, however, left me every year less time to cultivate those accomplishments which we once enjoyed together. But my Edward had also a literary taste. I thought his periods better rounded than those of any other author. I read his productions with greater pleasure, and wept at his tales of pity; I laughed at his coruscations of wit, and in the hours of infantile slumbers, we still snatched a little enjoyment in the cultivation of those pursuits which make life cheerful and occupation elegant. An epithalamium, or an ode on the birth of a child, made me prefer his numbers to those of Pope and Dryden; nor

did he read the works of others with less taste or feeling than he did his own.

The delicate and endearing attentions I ever received from him are engraven on my heart; remembrances dear indeed, because they are lost. Yet dare I not reproach the truant, for I am sure he is not conscious of his lost regard for me, but rather will I blame the stars which presided at my birth, at a time when a knowledge of hydrogen and oxygen were not necessary to matrimonial happiness.

On a visit last autumn to Cheltenham, we were introduced to Maria, a young widow of five and twenty. Elegant and fascinating as she was, I was overjoyed in meeting with such a friend, and delighted that my Edward could, by her attainments, be sometimes relieved from the tedium of a nursery by the debates of science. Often have I listened to arguments carried on by the lovely widow (for lovely I must call her) and my husband, and though inwardly pleased when he gained the better of his fair opponent, I was ready to admit, that she was no mean advocate for the privileges of our sex. Although Maria was also a wit, and oftentimes wounded me by the splendour of it, yet I bore it with placidity, until I found she could dare, before my face, to throw out hints of her surprise, that so accomplished a man as my husband could be so fond of a wife, whose refinement of education reached no further than singing a ballad or painting a fire-screen. My friend, or rather my acquaintance, ranged through the whole circle of arts and sciences; she was a chemist, a bota-

nist, and an author, a painter and a musician. All her attainments in these various characters were exerted to draw my husband from his allegiance. Alas, she has too well succeeded, and I am for ever miserable. Under some pretence or other, which he thinks I see not through, he has been obliged to leave London; he is now at a place where resides the too fascinating Maria, and I have received letters from my too officious friends, informing me that—oh! freezing idea!—my husband has fluttered round her charms until he is caught in the fulness of their blaze; nay, he has owned to a friend, that he loves her, and that he regards me with pity alone—that he harbours a passion which can never be returned but with criminality—in short, that I shall never see him again, but as the estranged husband of my affections.—Cruel Maria! come here and see my anguish—view these innocent babes asking for their father—hear me also wearying Heaven to restore him to my affections! Whither, wretched as I am, shall I fly for consolation? Should I write to Maria, she will treat me with scorn? If I reproach my husband, what will that avail? Can I *compel* affection, or receive him with a divided heart? No, I will suffer in

silence. Let then his Sappho (a name by which he designates her, for they correspond,) triumph over me—she has reason for it. Time will perhaps open the eyes of my Edward, and by my patience he will be convinced, that the loss of science is not a sufficient counterbalance for the loss of a heart devoted to him as is that of

LAURA TEMPLE.

It will, perhaps, be argued by the favourers of the cultivation of the female mind, that Laura's misfortune entirely arises from the want of that which her friend Maria possesses. But can females be initiated alike into the *utile* and the *dulce*? What time does the lecturer or the teacher leave for the studies of economy and domestic arrangement?—None. The merely ornamental it appears must be given up. Which then comes more consistently from a mother's mouth, the language of the nomenclature, or the receipt of the Housekeeper's Assistant? That which is most useful. We cannot hire a wife merely to accommodate our domestic arrangements, but we can pay singing-men and singing-women for our amusement; we can subscribe to a course of lectures, but we can find no syllabus for a complete domestic system.

## ACCOUNT OF LIEUTENANT THEODORE KÖRNER.

(In a Letter from one of his Comrades.)

Dear Friend,

You wish me to give you so account of Theodore Körner, so celebrated as a poet, but still more distinguished as the defender of

his country. I cheerfully comply with your request, as you desire not a minute and circumstantial biography, but only such particulars of my deceased friend and

comrade as my memory will furnish.

The father of Theodor Körner is Counsellor of Appeal at Dresden, whose family consisted of one son and one daughter. Happy in the love and care of his excellent parents, the affection of his sister, and in his general circumstances, he was acquainted with life only on its fairest and most agreeable side, on which he continued to view it to the very last moment, and which even the horrors of war were incapable of obscuring. This, however, was more particularly a consequence of a genuine spirit of religion and conscious virtue which imparted to his mind invariable cheerfulness and serenity. His extraordinary talents for poetry, which the more strongly commanded the admiration of all who knew him, the more his modesty sought to shun it, contributed also to produce this effect. Even his robust and active frame promoted, in a high degree, the happiness of his life, and that harmony of the whole which diffuses tranquillity and serenity around it, and which is very rarely found in persons of the greatest genius. Körner was accustomed to look at every thing on the best side; he loved every body, and was beloved and admired by all who knew him: and thus enjoyed a happiness which is not calculated to cherish and mature poetical genius.

He had scarcely finished his studies at Leipzig and Berlin, when, in his 21st year, he was invited to the situation of poetical composer to the Imperial theatre at Vienna; an offer which, from his love of the art, he immediately

accepted. In that capital also his talents acquired him the loudest applause and the highest admiration of the public; and, by his amiable disposition and manners, he secured the favour of the highest circles, and the respect of the most enlightened persons of that city. All courted the society of the youthful poet, who was as far removed from all pedantry and stiffness as from that vanity sometimes peculiar to the votaries of the Muse. The homage, public and private, that was thus daily paid him, could not fail to embellish the life of a young man who so well knew how to guard against its poison. I think also, that I could gather from many of his remarks in conversation, that if he gave a preference to any part of his life, it was to his residence of not quite two years at Vienna. So much the greater was his merit in relinquishing this enviable situation; and even a female, who, in regard to personal and mental qualities, was perfectly worthy of the affection of this excellent youth, and to whom he was shortly to be united, when he conceived that the hour for the deliverance of Germany had arrived. Accompanied by a few friends, he hastened to Breslau, to join the forces of the first German prince who declared against the tyranny of France. He entered as a private into the corps of cavalry, which Major (now lieutenant-colonel) von Lützow, previously known by Schill's expedition, and Professor Jahn, celebrated for his literary works, and his undaunted German spirit, were then raising. This corps soon became distinguished throughout Germany

by the appellation of the *Corps of Revenge*, on account of its extraordinary enthusiasm for the good cause, and the hatred which all its members had sworn against the oppressors of their country; and it will not fail to be a singular phenomenon in history, on account of the great number of young men conspicuous for talents and education, whom it numbered in its ranks. You may easily imagine that Körner was received by all with open arms, as he richly deserved to be: for if it be true that this corps displayed perseverance under fatigue, intrepidity in danger, and daring courage in action, it is equally true that these effects were principally owing to the martial and other songs by which he daily infused into us new life and spirits. I inclose some few specimens, which I happen to have by me, chiefly copied from the originals, in the hand-writing of the author; but refer you to the collection of his pieces, printed at Berlin under the title of *Lyre and Sword*. If these performances possess great intrinsic merit, particularly on account of the sweetness of the ideas, the choice selection of the images, the purity and harmony of the language, their value is infinitely enhanced by the warm feelings which gave birth to them, and by the poet's life, which was the best commentary to his productions. Körner did not sit in safety at home, when he addressed to us sentiments such as these:—

Again shall our country be happy and free,  
Or free we'll descend to the graves of our sire;  
but he set a personal example of this patriotic determination at our advanced posts in the face of nu-

merous and mighty enemies. Körner did not merely extol the felicity of sacrificing his life for his country, and excite in every bosom the wish to die the death of a hero, celebrated by him in such energetic strains; but he himself died that death twice I may say, in such a manner as ranks him with the most virtuous heroes that have ever terminated their lives in the field of battle, and afforded to us the most solemn confirmation of the sincerity of the sentiments expressed in his poems.

When in the spring of 1813, we were stationed as a corps of observation on the Elbe; and Major von Lützow set out on an expedition, in the rear of the French army, through Westphalia and Saxony into Franconia, the warrior poet, impatient to distinguish himself, solicited permission to accompany the party, which was readily granted. The armistice, however, surprised this partisan corps in the midst of its daring enterprise, and Major von Lützow proceeded peaceably through Saxony, agreeably to the route received from the French head-quarters at Dresden, and accompanied by Saxon commissaries, in order to join us again on the left bank of the Elbe. Pursuing the prescribed route, not far from Leipzig, he was suddenly attacked by the orders of Buonaparte, during the truce, by the Würtemberg General Normann, according to a plan devised by the Duke of Padua commanding in Leipzig, which I shall not term either treacherous or assassin-like, but for which I am at a loss for an appropriate epithet, as no language ever had occasion to record such a



deed. Lützow, observing the unaccountable advance of large bodies of cuirassiers, gave orders to his brave followers to dismount, determined to expose himself and them to every danger, rather than to give the enemy occasion to break the truce. This was just what those valiant cuirassiers had been waiting for. They now fell upon our comrades, who had thus voluntarily relinquished all means of defence, and butchered them with cold-blooded barbarity. Many young men of high expectations fell; many were carried wounded to Leipzig, and not treated as prisoners of war, but dragged as traitors to France, where they were thrown into dungeons, or sent to the galleys; some, among whom was the major himself, escaped under cover of a neighbouring wood; and very few found an opportunity to mount their horses, in order to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Among these last was Körner. Having received a severe sabre wound on the head, he fell from his horse, and was left for dead on the field. This was about noon. Towards evening, when all had become quiet around him, he awoke, but, as he himself was persuaded, soon to fall asleep again for ever. He was so exhausted by the loss of blood, that he was unable to stir from the spot, and thought only of awaiting death in face of the glow of evening, which, in his feeble, and at the same time inspired state, he mistook for the dawn of morning. According to his usual practice of clothing his ideas in the language of poetry, he involuntarily took out his pocket-book, and with difficulty

wrote a sonnet, in which we overlook the magic of the language and the sublimity of the ideas, in the image which he there portrays of his pure, innocent, and pious spirit.

At the concluding words, the last remains of strength forsook him; he fancied himself borne to the realms of everlasting day, and became insensible. In this state he was found by some countrymen, who came to bury the dead. As he yet breathed, one of them lifted him into his cart, carried him to his habitation, had his wound dressed, and Körner not only came to himself again, but in a few weeks recovered so far, through the care of these good people who kept him concealed at the hazard of their lives, that he could go abroad and make himself known to some friends in the neighbourhood of Leipzig. By them he was supplied with money and clothes; and having contrived to pass through the French army without detection, he reached us again in safety on the 10th of August, 1813, when we were stationed on the Steknitz in Mecklenburg. You may conceive our joy, when we were surprised by the appearance of our beloved friend, whom we had given up for lost. This joy, alas! was not destined to be of long duration. On the 26th of August we were encamped near Wehelin, in Mecklenburg. Major von Lützow had gone, early in the morning, with Körner and a squadron of our hussars, to intercept, if possible, an enemy's convoy coming from Hamburg. We sat, till late that evening, around our watch-fire, thinking of Körner, and singing his

songs. The watch-fire, like our hopes, was ready to expire; but above us the everlasting stars shone bright, and revived our sinking spirits. From such ideas I was roused by the rattling of carriages. It was the convoy of 40 provision-waggons taken by our hussars! "They are dearly purchased," said one of the escort to me; "we have lost our lieutenant." He repeated the name of Körner; but as I would neither believe my own ears nor what he said, he pointed to the next waggon. There indeed lay Körner; but, as far as I could perceive by the moon-light, with a countenance so serene and composed, that he seemed only to be asleep. Too soon, however, did the coldness of his face, and a shot-wound in the abdomen, convince me that this time we had lost him for ever. According to the account of the hussars, immediately on the first onset, the French *tirailleurs* had thrown themselves into a neighbouring coppice. Körner, who never thought of difficulties, but merely of what seemed necessary to be done, called out to the nearest hussars, "Whoever loves me, follow me!" With these words he sprung into the coppice, filled with the enemy's sharpshooters. He had not reached any of them before he was struck by the fatal ball, and sunk from his horse.

To his comrades, who carried him from the coppice to the nearest waggon, he said, "It will not be of much consequence;" but when they had laid him in the waggon, he turned his head on one side, as though he had been going to sleep, and expired.

I shall say nothing of our inexpressible grief on this occasion. All Germany mourned his loss; how much more keenly, then, must it have been felt by us, who had known him, not only in the character of a poet and a hero, but also in that of the warmest of friends! Agreeably to the wish so often breathed in his compositions, we dug him a grave beneath two oaks, which stand in the middle of a field near Webelin, and cut in one of them his name and the year of his death. As we escorted him to the grave, the eyes of even the oldest warriors overflowed with tears; for all were strongly attached to him, and deeply felt the magnitude of the sacrifice offered in him to German independence.

The Duke of Mecklenburg has, I understand, ordered a monument to be erected on the spot to his memory. It is to be hoped that it will serve to remind the Germans that they still possess bards, who, like those in the days of Arminius, know how to handle both the lyre and the sword. I am, &c. A.

EUDOXIA, CONSORT OF THE EMPEROR PETER THE GREAT.

(Continued from p. 143.)

No sooner was Peter released from the troublesome vigilance of his wife, than he indulged without restraint in the delights which he found in the undisturbed possession of the fair inhabitant of Stamboda.

No. LXX. Vol. XII.

Love reigns with tyrannic sway; to its influence the sceptre and the pastoral crook must yield alike: its

F. E

frenzy overpowered the heart of the young czar to such a degree, that he would not have scrupled to bind himself to his mistress by matrimonial ties, had she been at all solicitous to improve the opportunities which every moment presented to her. But the possession of the diadem, which dazzles the eyes of so many mortals, had no charms whatever for Anna. She received the impetuous solicitations of the czar for her hand with so little warmth, that he ascribed it to a total want of inclination for him. He became more attentive, and his penetration soon discovered, that her caresses were bestowed only on the monarch, and not on the lover; that she liked his liberality, but cared very little for his person. They who know the human heart, will admit, that love, without reciprocity, is seldom of long duration: it was therefore but natural that the passion of the czar, who saw through Anna's sentiments, should gradually expire, till at length she became perfectly indifferent to him. His visits grew less frequent, till he entirely forsook her. This circumstance gave Anna not the smallest uneasiness; she had amassed wealth enough to confer happiness on a foreigner, named Cesarion, who thought it no disgrace to the rank of an ambassador to marry the mistress of a mighty monarch to whose court he was accredited.

Thus Peter was at first Anna's passionate admirer, and the same prince, shortly before his death, condemned the brother of his former mistress to the scaffold, because he could not clear himself from the suspicion of a criminal

familiarity with the czar's second wife, the Empress Catherine. This was nothing new: tenderness and cruelty, gaiety and firmness dwelt very near together in the same heart. His life furnishes numberless, and sometimes revolting illustrations of this assertion. It cost him no effort to cause even such persons as seemed to be dear to him to be put to death; nay, on such occasions he was not always a quiet spectator, but sometimes undertook himself the office of executioner. An instance of this kind was witnessed by Baron Prinz, ambassador of Frederic William I. King of Prussia. As his mission related to matters which would not bear delay, and he desired to be immediately presented to the emperor, he was conducted to a dock-yard on the Neva, where the czar happened to be at the top-mast head of a ship that was just finished. Peter being informed of the ambassador's arrival, called out to him to climb up the rope-ladder; but Prinz having excused himself, as being unaccustomed to that mode of mounting aloft, Peter had the condescension to go down to him. The czar gave a grand entertainment; and as the overtures of Baron Prinz were very agreeable to him, he ordered some mutinous Strelitzes to be brought, during the repast, out of prison, and, in presence of all the guests, struck off their heads with his own hand, as a proof of his gaiety and dexterity. This sight completely took away the ambassador's appetite.

Nature, however, had endowed Peter with a comprehensive genius, for whose powers no enter-

prize was too great. He brooded over the idea of metamorphosing the whole state, and creating a new people. With this view he determined to travel, and to seek in foreign countries the model of those innovations which he proposed to introduce in his own dominions. Resigning the helm to his uncle, Leo Narischkin, to Prince Boris Galliczyn, and to Bojaris Procarofski, Peter's mind, absorbed by this gigantic project, was henceforth open to no other passion than glory.

This change in his sentiments kept alive in Eudoxia's bosom the hope of better times; at least she had no reason to fear, that the peace of her seclusion would be interrupted in any unpleasant manner.

The czar, however, when at Vienna, suddenly received information of a new conspiracy at Moscow, the leaders of which intended to place the Princess Sophia on the throne. Relinquishing his plan of visiting Italy, he returned without losing a moment to his capital, and put to death the chiefs, together with their accomplices, with the most excruciating torments, under which not one of them accused the Princess Sophia. Notwithstanding her innocence, the intention of the people to crown her empress, would have cost her her life, had not Lefort opposed Peter's resolution with all his might. So much is certain, that he caused the whole corps of Strelitzes to be cut in pieces, and the bodies of the wretched victims to be strewed round the convent in which Sophia was confined, where they diffused for several days a pestilential, cadaverous smell; till her entreaties so softened him, that he deter-

mined to visit her, and became convinced of her innocence.

Lefort died soon afterwards, and the czar felt the full extent of his loss. He watered with his tears the grave of this man, who, like Peter, owed every thing to his own industry, and nothing to education; and the pomp with which he performed the funeral obsequies, proved to the astonished public how highly he esteemed this foreigner.

Alexander Menzikof, who raised himself from the humble situation of a pastry-cook's boy to the highest honours, obtained the same favour and confidence of the czar as Lefort had enjoyed. No sooner had fortune bestowed on him this important post, than he strove to establish his influence on a foundation too solid to be shaken. He determined to provide for the czar a companion who should be attached to him from gratitude, and whose charms and address should for ever fix the heart of the monarch.—A Livonian female prisoner, who had fallen into his hands, seemed to possess all the qualities requisite for this purpose. She afterwards acquired so great a name, that it may be worth while to enter into some particulars of her history.

Voltaire makes her the sister of a Livonian gentleman, named Scavronski, whom the czar acknowledged as his brother-in-law, after a Polish ambassador, on a journey, had discovered him in a village ale-house. Flattery generally gives to the lowest favourites of princes a noble genealogy and distinguished ancestors: the great herd hear and believe, without requiring proofs. But Voltaire quotes, as his authority, a manuscript trans-

mitted to him by nobody knows whom; a very treacherous method of obtaining access for flattery, but which misleads no historian who takes truth alone for his guide.

Catherine Aliexiewna was born near the lake Worsteri, in the government of Riga; her father was a peasant, and vassal to Colonel Rosen. At the age of five years she lost father and mother, upon which the minister of the parish received her out of compassion into his house. As his income was so scanty, that he could with difficulty afford to maintain her, a canon of Marienburg, named Glück, relieved him of this burden, and took the child into his family. With this benefactor Catherine continued till she grew up, and won the affection of her foster-father to such a degree, that he would have married her. A serjeant belonging to the garrison, whose age more nearly corresponded with Catherine's, at the same time courted her hand with such assiduity, that the good canon resolved to sacrifice his own happiness to that of his ward, and gave her to the serjeant. The marriage was solemnized on the very day that General Bauer took the town by storm. Catherine's husband was killed on the first assault, and thus she was, on one and the same day, a wife, a widow, and a captive. General Bauer at first took her into his service: there Menzikof saw her, and he had no great difficulty in persuading the general to transfer her to his hands. In the house of his new favourite the czar became acquainted with her, and was so struck with her beauty and wit, that he enjoined Menzikof to keep Catherine for

him. The favourite was immediately aware of the great advantages that he might derive from this new passion of the czar, which he strove by all possible means to cherish. In these endeavours he succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations; for in a short time the girl of Marienburg became the declared favourite of the emperor.

Catherine's face was so fascinating, that she made an impression on every one who cast ever so slight a glance upon her person. Her behaviour was simple, but insinuating; her genius lively and penetrating. In a word, she united in her person all the qualifications fitted to render her the absolute mistress of a heart so averse to servitude as Peter's, whose attachment to her remained unalterable to the end of his life. She could neither read nor write, and yet became not only the wife of one of the greatest monarchs of Russia, but after his death the sovereign of the most extensive empire in the world.

Thus did Catherine raise herself from the lowest condition of life; while Eudoxia, whom birth, charms, and talents approximated to the diadem, hurled, without any of the forms of justice, from the throne, was doomed to languish in the deepest degradation under the weight of insipid monastic penances, and to regret the transitory joys of human nature in the most susceptible period of life. But this privation was not the acme of Eudoxia's misery; for more painful trials awaited the anxious heart of the mother, and the tender sensibility of the wife. Catherine's

power over Peter daily increased, and the diligence with which she studied the shades of his character, exposed to her abundant means of extending it. Her pride augmented with this conviction; and her pretensions became more aspiring: the throne was now the object of all her wishes, and she neglected no means of attaining it. She was sure of Peter's heart; she was acquainted with all his inclinations, and knew how to bend them to her purpose; but religion alone seemed to stand in the way of her plans: she therefore renounced the faith of her forefathers, the Lutheran confession, and went over to the Greek church. No sooner was this ceremony performed, than Peter, seeing no farther obstacle to the gratification of his long-cherished wishes, offered her his hand. Catherine had been privately married to the czar ever since 1707, but the formal nuptials, accompanied with the imposing pomp of majesty, did not take place till six years later; and this solemn act wiped away the disgrace of the birth of two daughters, whom Catherine had previously brought him, the eldest of whom was, in the sequel, married to the Duke of Holstein, and the youngest succeeded, by the name of Elizabeth, to the Russian sceptre.

From the period of this elevation, Catherine's ambition knew no bounds; for well was she aware that she must rule Peter's heart with the same despotic sway as he governed his dominions. She resolved to exclude Alexis Petrowitz, the son of the unfortunate Eudoxia, from the succession to the throne. This prince the czar

had united a year before his own marriage, with Christina Sophia, Princess of Wolfenbüttel, and sister-in-law to the Emperor Charles VI. though this match was contrary to the law invariably followed by his ancestors and by himself.

Catherine's object was to place the imperial crown on the head of her own children, at the expence of the legitimate heir. The ruin of the unfortunate Alexis was decreed in her heart; she availed herself of Menzikof's assistance to carry it into execution; and as neither had any scruples about the means of accomplishing their purpose, they could not fail to render the prince perfectly odious in the eyes of the czar. They began by impressing it upon his mind, that neither the manners nor the propensities of Alexis were calculated to support the increasing glory of his reign; that the prince even censured, in private, the great actions which would confer immortality on his name; that he was attached to the ancient barbarous customs of the Russian nation, with the proscription of which had commenced the era of that admiration which all Europe paid to the czar; and they soon convinced him, that if Alexis should ever mount the Russian throne, he would give back to the Swedes the provinces subjected by his father's arms to the Russian crown, acquiesce in the claims of the patriarchs, restore the clergy to its former usurped rights, reinstate the convents in their confiscated possessions, revive the fashion of wearing long Russian coats and beards, and encourage all the antiquated absurd practices which it had cost the

czar so much trouble and patience to abolish.

This was quite sufficient to touch the czar in the tenderest part ; for to him wide coats and long beards were an abomination : he employed sworn tailors to crop the former, and sworn barbers to take off the latter for his faithful subjects in the public streets. His pride, moreover, was too much flattered by the successful and indisputably beneficial changes which he had effected in his dominions, and he was too firmly persuaded ; that by reforming his nation, however little he had upon the whole reformed himself, he had paved the way to immortality, not to be most painfully affected by the mere probability of a future revolution, which should overturn this gigantic work.

Measures of this kind were adapted with great subtlety to the vehemence of his character, which precluded all dispassionate consideration, and could not fail to excite the czar's highest indignation against Alexis, whose inactivity, apparent propensity to religious devotion, and a certain repulsive manner, had long displeased his father ; for at the time when this mine was sprung, his heart retained none of that tenderness which nature has implanted in parents towards their children, in whom they fondly hope to leave behind an image of themselves.

It cannot be denied, that Alexis, whose education had been totally neglected, had, without any fault of his own, defects which furnished his enemies with arms against himself. The death of his wife, which was ascribed to venison, occasioned by his libertinism, and his sub-

sequent conduct, when he threw himself, with unbridled passion, into the arms of the Finland Euphrosyne, alienated from him many hearts which had been attached to his interest. But what had he done more than follow the example of his father ? And had he any well-meaning Mentor to make him sensible of the difference between virtue and vice, or to bring him back from the devious paths into which he had strayed ?

These circumstances accelerated the accomplishment of Catherine's purpose, as they seemed to give probability to all the accounts which every moment poured in upon the monarch. He resolved to confine his son in a convent, to compel him to take the monastic vow, and to declare him to have forfeited his right of succession to the throne, in order to transfer it to Catherine's children. He communicated his intention only to the most trusty persons of the council of state, the senate and the clergy ; and as this monarch was feared beyond all conception, not one of them ventured to remonstrate. The intelligent discovered in this step the overwhelming influence of Catherine and the favourite Menzikof ; but this very conviction induced them to acquiesce the more readily in the will of the czar, as they had every thing to apprehend from the omnipotence of the former. Peter's violence, also, was but too well known ; the slightest opposition endangered the life of the man who had the boldness to contradict him : his will was law, and woe to the unlucky mortal who durst disobey it. For this reason, all seemed to agree from convic-

tion in the opinion of the czar, though at the same time the majority abhorred the flagrant injustice of the proceeding.

This did Peter clothe the rigour of this unnatural treatment with the appearance of formality, and personally acquainted the prince with the unhappy fate that awaited him. This sentence so overwhelmed the wretched Alexis, that he was un-

able to utter a single word, while horror and despair were painted in his features. His father allowed him only six months to fix upon the convenience which he was to pass the remainder of his life—a melancholy privilege that, which merely leaves to the condemned the choice of the mode of death.

(To be continued.)

## THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XLIII.

If Britons seek a foreign shore,  
They'll only love their own the more.—ANON.

I HAVE of late received various letters from persons who have been induced, by a curious spirit and a love of novelty, to visit France; and I cannot say, that I am sorry to find the general dissatisfaction which accompanies, more or less, the accounts of my travelling correspondents. One of these epistolary communications consists of a diary of fifty-six days, and there is not one of them which does not display the following expressions, as characteristic of the different places they visited in their tour; or, at least, of the treatment which they received from the inhabitants of them, with whom they had any dealings or communication:—“Imposition”—“grievous impositions”—“abominable impositions.”—“Such a set of cheats never were seen.”—“As dear as the inns on the Bath road.”—“Extraordinary impertinence.”—“Absolute insolence.”—“The French seem to have a rooted antipathy to us as English; nor does our submission to their extortions sooth them into common civility.”—

“Held a cabinet council whether we should proceed any further.”—

“Went on with the hope of faring better; but, in this determination, we verified the old English proverb, of going further and faring worse.”—“Sometimes a little better—but best was bad.”—“Almost ready to kiss the ground when we landed at Dover.”

Another of these letters, which is written with uncommon sagacity and intelligence, concludes in the following manner:—

“I remember France under its ancient regime, and consequently its inhabitants as they then were; and I must own, that what I shall call a philosophical curiosity, was the principal motive to my journey: to see the change which the Revolution had wrought in the national character, and in what way the tyranny and splendour of Bonaparte's reign had operated upon the licentious and blood-thirsty progress of Robespierre's atrocious dominion. I had, indeed, prepared myself for something like that which I have now found. I shall



not notice the voracity which appeared after the money of English travellers; that arises from obvious circumstances, which do not require explanation, though it is carried to a height which I did not altogether expect. But the civility and obliging exterior of the fathers of the present race is so rarely to be seen, that it surprises by its occurrence, and seems to be an exception to the general and existing character of the people. Paris, as a city, has certainly received considerable improvements; and the vast accession of art from the universal robberies of the Corsican, heightens its interests as far as relates to the eye. There is also a more easy admission for strangers into the society of the superior classes, than was to be obtained under the ancient regime; but, in its present state, there is little of attraction in it. There is the old profligacy, without the winning elegance of manners, and that mixture of ease, variety, and splendour in their festivities, which formed the enchantments that are seen and felt no more. I am very well contented with my tour, because I have seen what I went to see; and my expences, though much beyond my original notion, are of little consequence to me. But I heard continued discontents among my countrymen; and of the thirteen people in the packet, I was the only one who did not, in very unreserved terms, declare their dissatisfaction, in speaking of their respective visits to France, and the pleasure they felt on their approach to Old England; while they either pitied or laughed at the folly of those who, like themselves, pass over to

France, in order to enjoy pleasures, to be gratified with varieties, and be treated with respect and civility, in a higher degree, and at a much cheaper rate, than they can possibly find such delightful things at home."

The French have certainly undergone a great change, but whether for the better or worse, is a point which I cannot pretend to determine; for what may be altogether better or worse, politically speaking, is not a subject which I have time or inclination to consider in this lucubration.

Each nation, it is true, has its particular manner of seeing and feeling, which forms its character; and in every nation character either changes on a sudden, or alters by degrees, according to the sudden or insensible alterations in the form of its government, and consequently of its public education, of which the political institution always forms a part. The gaiety of the French has become almost proverbial; nevertheless, they were not always gay; as the Emperor Julian, speaking of the Parisians, gives this remarkable account of them:—"I prefer them," says he, "because their character, like my own, is austere and serious." Now, it would not surprise me, if the bloody abominations of the early part of the Revolution, the oppressive tyranny of Bonaparte which followed, and the portion of freedom which they now enjoy, might graduate the French character into a comparative sobriety.

The characters of nations change, but it may be asked, at what period is the alteration most perceptible? It may be readily answered,

at the moment of revolution, when a people pass on a sudden from liberty to slavery. Then, from a bold and haughty people, they become a weak and pusillanimous race: but the change does not appear to be effected at once. The transition may make slaves in fact, because they are compelled to submit to power, and know that resistance would be vain: but it requires the operation of subsequent habit and education, to extinguish the freedom of thought, and to make men intellectual as well as physical slaves.

What a striking picture of change in the character of a nation does the Roman history display! What people, before the elevation of the Cæsars, discovered more energy, more virtue, and a greater love of liberty, or horror of slavery? and what people, when the throne of the Cæsars was established, discovered more weakness or depravity? Even Tiberius blushed at their degradation. Indifferent to that liberty which their ancestors purchased with rivers of blood, they absolutely refused it when Trajan offered to restore it to them. All things were then changed in Rome, and the determined and grave character which distinguished its first inhabitants, was succeeded by that light and frivolous disposition with which Juvenal, in his tenth satire, so severely reproaches them. But to advance nearer to our own feelings:—Compare the English of the present day with those under Henry VIII. Edward VI. and the Queens Mary and Elizabeth: how different were they from the British people, now so humane, indulgent, learned, free,

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and industrious; lovers of the arts, and renowned for their cultivation of philosophy and science!

In the French nation there has long been a kind of inherent principle in the individuals who compose it, which, while it maintained the horrors of the Revolution under the name of liberty, appeared to support the imperial tyranny that followed under the notion of national grandeur; and now operates in producing the hatred which betrays itself towards the principal nations of Europe, and particularly to the English, while it has thrown every obstacle which the Bourbons have found in the way of their final re-establishment.—And this is the *national vanity*, which, it must be acknowledged, has suffered a severity of mortification that is fully sufficient to trouble it, and, for a time at least, to give a new impulse to what may be called the popular humour. This subject is susceptible of extensive enlargement; but I have already prolonged it beyond my original intention, and I have scarce space to insert a letter from a correspondent, relative to a peregrination into France, which, from the whimsical circumstances it relates, may, perhaps, make some amends for the serious disquisition of the foregoing part of this paper.

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

Mr. Spectator,

Having fallen into a very ridiculous error, and, which is worse, an expensive one into the bargain, I wish to make it public, in order to prevent others from engaging in similar undertakings, and committing similar follies.

You must know, then, that I am

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a grocer, in very respectable and advancing trade; and, having made a good hit in sugars, my wife and daughters persuaded me to exchange our usual summer's trip to Margate, for the more fashionable resort of Brighton. With this request I complied: but it was not long before the female part of my family, who saw the packets sail to, or arrive from, the coast of France, as they sat at the window, gave strong hints of the pleasure which a visit to Dieppe would afford them. My eldest girl, who is a sharp miss, and her father's own daughter, used to say, "That *would* be something to talk of." I did not appear to notice it, but, having heard that sugars were enormously dear in France, it occurred to me, that if I could take a small cargo of that article, the profits would pay the expences of the voyage to Dieppe and a short journey to Rouen, a fine and famous city in that part of Normandy. This struck me as a good speculation, and as I also had a little bit of a fancy to see, for once, some other country besides my own, I did not hesitate to order fifty sugar-loaves, of different prices, to be sent down by the waggon. In the mean time all the captains of the packets encouraged me in my undertaking. At length, with a good deal of contrivance, the sugars were all got on board, and we arrived, after a very pleasant passage, in the harbour of Dieppe. Here I was tempted to smuggle a few of the double-refined loaves on shore. My wife had a couple under her petticoat, and my daughters undertook to conceal as many ~~more~~: my cloak-bag also had a

charge of sweets: but it so happened that the French custom-house officers were too sharp for us; for, they not only rummaged the women in a manner too indecent to be repeated, but insisted that the attempt to smuggle a part of my cargo was a forfeiture of the whole; and all my fifty sugar-loaves were irrecoverably consigned to a place called a *Douane*, which I understand means the custom-house. But this was not all: for as my cloak-bag was found to contain a couple of these unfortunate loaves, that was also declared to be contraband; and every morsel of clothes, but those I had on my back, were taken from me. I was recommended to employ a person in negotiating my concern with the commissioner of the customs at this port; and I paid him a one-pound note, to be told that I had no other remedy than to have my case drawn out, and sent to the Duke of Wellington, the British ambassador at Paris; and that probably, in the course of a month, I might receive an answer to it. But as I pretty well know how difficult it is to get any thing out of custom-house officers' hands at home, I was not such a fool as to be adding to my losses and my folly, by waiting here any longer than the sailing of the first packet. Some stormy weather and contrary winds, however, kept us for six days: and, for my part, I found every thing dear here as well as sugar; at least, the expences at the hotel where we lodged, were such as to deprive me of all notion that I was in a cheap country or among civil people. For it is a real fact, what I am about to add, that when

I was at the custom-house, to solicit the return of my clothes, which were worth between twenty and thirty pounds, a dirty, Jew-looking fellow, with a pen in his hand, told me, that my wife was forfeited as well as my cloak-bag, as she had contraband articles about her; but that they had returned her to me, as they never seized worn-out goods.

I was not, as you may suppose, in very good spirits to enjoy myself; but as I did not wish to prevent the women from enjoying themselves, I put as good a face upon it as I could. We had rather a blustering passage back, and I was sick through the whole of it. But our mortifications did not end here; for the history of my misadventure accompanied us on our return; and our acquaintance, in one way or other, were continually rallying us upon our *sweet* voyage. My daughters were continually quizzed by the title of the *sweet* girls; and I was occasionally saluted with the distinction of *sweet* sir. If I and

my family take a walk together, we were sure to hear, There go the *sugar-loaves*; Here come the *sugar-loaves*; and, How snart the *sugar-loaves* are to-day! nay, an impertinent fellow, who thinks himself a wit, told the girls, as they were returning from bathing, that he wondered they did not melt.

In short, the annoyance became so serious, that it hastened our departure from Brighton; and we all acknowledged the renewed comforts of our own respectable home in the neighbourhood of Cannon-street. Here my daughters can talk, with some degree of importance, about their visit to France, without the apprehension of any unpleasant remark; and I, who know that trade must have its casualties, have very quietly added my French expedition to the general account of PROFIT and LOSS.

I am, sir, your obedient, humble servant,

MICHAEL MALAGA.

## ACCOUNT OF THE SUFFERINGS OF THE DUCHY OF SAXE-WEIMAR FROM THE LATE WAR.

By JOHN FALK, *Counsellor of Legation to the Duke of Saxe-Weimar.*

SINCE October last, from the battle of Leipzig to June, 1814, our little country has suffered inexpressibly. Who but has heard of Weimar, the German seat of the Muses, which has done more for the arts and sciences than the vast holy Roman empire, whose emperors and kings consigned to the care of the petty duke and sovereign of this district, and, as it were, bequeathed to him as a legacy, the immortal names of Schil-

ler, Herder, Gothe, Wieland, and many other distinguished geniuses. The proud inhabitants of England, that pearl of the ocean, have long been accustomed to estimate men and their value, not by the area in square miles which they occupy on the map; for in that case they would themselves fall very short, and a bloated political body, like several in Europe, would outweigh, in the balance of the world, that Florence, which was the nursery

of the arts, and the country of the Medicis. The English, I say, will have a different standard for Weimar. Permit me now to give you a brief, faithful, and unaffected description of the calamities which, during the storms of fortune, have befallen our country in the space of eight years.

First came the battle of Jena, bringing in its train universal conflagration and plunder, and a contribution of half a million [of rix-dollars]. In the next place, one of the finest quarters of Eisenach which belongs to us, was blown up through negligence by French powder-waggons; on which occasion hundreds of persons were crushed, mutilated, burned, and buried in the ruins. We were then compelled to send off our children to be stoned to death in the Tyrol. When this was over, our hearts' blood was again required, that it might be spilled to no purpose in the deserts and mountains of Spain. No one collected the tears of the mothers which congealed in their eyes, like their children, who, after the burning of Moscow, were left behind, frozen and petrified, in the snowy plains of Wilna and on the banks of the Berezyna: still we had not emptied the cup of misery. On Easter-day, 1813, the campaign between young Blücher and Marshal Ney opened with a bloody engagement within our walls. Blücher was forced to retire, and we were again exposed to the caprice of an enemy whose suspicions were awakened. Secret arrests of men, who were surprised at night, in the bosom of their families, and hurried to Erfurth, were at this time very common. To this must be added

the French system of extortion and contribution, which has, alas! been adopted also by the other powers of Europe, to the infinite prejudice of science and civilization, which had previously attained to such a height in this quarter of the world; and the incessant labours at the ditches and fortifications of the Petersberg at Erfurth, prosecuted by high and low, women and children, both night and day. All this reminded us involuntarily of the horrid picture of the cruel oppressions exercised in Switzerland of old by its tyrannic governors. Half-starved peasants, sent off with their tools from Altenburg to Erfurth, often sat, even at midnight, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, by the road-side, pouring forth execrations against their driver and the new Egyptian bondage which he had thus introduced in a country that did not belong to him. All ties, social and political, seemed to be dissolved. Not a day passed without some sanguinary murder. If the incessant entertainment of the soldiers of all the regions of the globe, the passage of all the soldiers of the Continent, first to Spain, then to Russia, for seven successive years, by the two military roads that led through our country, exhausted the patience and pockets of the citizen and the peasant, wore out the strength of the cattle, and reduced their owners to the brink of despair—what must be that state which commenced when, previously to the battle of Lützen, the corps of the Duke of Ragusa, who, with his murderous bands, 20,000 strong, arrived fresh from Spain; and also General Bertrand's corps, of the like

number, established their destructive bivouacs, in the true Tamerlane style, in the villages of Schwabsdorf, Wiegendorf, Umpferstedt, Isserstedt, &c. in the vicinity of Weimar and Jena.—Where the fires of such a bivouac tinge the horizon, there the troops warm themselves at the expense of houses, barns, mills, and villages. In twenty-four hours the fields round such an encampment are laid bare, the houses emptied, and the inhabitants without food or shelter. Eighty oxen for breakfast, and as many for supper, in exchange for a bit of paper from an imperial commissary—in this manner the cattle of a country are soon completely exterminated. The men want huts and shelter to screen them from the rain which begins to fall; also fuel to warm themselves and to cook their provisions. For this purpose, nurseries, fruit-trees, chairs, tables, staircases, windmill-sails, wainscot, in a word, every thing made of wood is welcome. The smaller domestic animals, hogs, goats, are killed at once upon the dunghill. Fowls, geese, pigeons, poultry of all kinds are carried off to begin with. I saw a soldier carrying a live pig, which squeaked most pitifully, on his back to the camp; one of his comrades went behind him, and with his sabre chopped off one of the animal's hind legs, ham and all, singed the bristles at the fire, and immediately hung up this his share of the booty to roast in the general kitchen of the bivouac; and when dressed, devoured it with the keenest appetite. I heard these banditti at night strike up again their atrocious song, which, on the 14th of October,

1806, during the plundering of Weimar, when the battle of Jena terminated in our streets, shocked me to such a degree as to bring on a nervous attack, and which is nearly as follows:—

Buvons,  
Brulons,

Mettons le feu à tous les maisons!  
Venons à cinquante, cinq cents!  
Chiens, brigands, paysans,  
Ouvrez donc la porte! Panc!

At the same time they thundered against the doors with the butt-ends of their muskets, and when they were not opened, set them on fire, and thus obtained admittance. Such a miscreant I saw in the village of Wiegendorf, dragging a widow along by a rope, at night, through the streets of the place; and he would not let her go, till a centinel, alarmed by the poor woman's shrieks, fired upon the barbarian. I saw the bivouacs of the Duke of Ragusa (Marmont), whose arm was yet in a sling, in consequence of a wound which he had received in one of his engagements with the English during the preceding year, and who had pitched his tent in a corn-field at the extremity of Schwabsdorf, where the eye overlooks an extensive plain. The Spaniards, a great number of whom accompanied him, were among the bravest of his troops. The French were accustomed to say of them, *Ils se font hacher sur les canons*: but at the same time they were notorious plunderers (*fameux pillards*), who always went in quest of gold, silver, watches, and rings; while the others, especially the Germans and Flemings, who likewise belonged to this corps, were satisfied with catables. Here too I saw a regular

sheep-shearing held by the soldiers. Near Blankenhayn they had met with a farmer who either would not, or had it not in his power, to furnish horses for the conveyance of their baggage, and from whom they in consequence took a whole flock of Spanish sheep, his property. Spaniards, Brabanters, French, and Germans lent a hand to shear the poor animals by the watch-fires, and their wool was sold at the rate of 18 pfennigs (about 2½d. English) per pound. The industry of these depredators went still farther. They had met on the road with a Leipzig or Frankfurt carrier, with a load of sugar and coffee, of which they made prize. The horses were immediately harnessed to the cannon, but the sugar and coffee carried off in large packages for the bivouacs. A new seque, which surpassed in effect every thing of the kind that I had ever yet witnessed, now opened in the orchard of neighbour Ewald, at Schwabsdorf, whose hedges were broken down, so that the communication was perfectly open with the fields, and the innumerable French, Flemish, Spanish, and Dutch watch-fires, whose blazes ascended on all sides, and reddened the sky. Soldiers staggered along by hundreds, under the burden of willows, limes, ash-trees, poplars (the hopes of many years toil), which the husbandman had planted round his fields, and set them up before their tents in the camp, as though they had fixed their abode there, and intended to eat up all the villages in the vicinity. Others brought bundles of straw, which they strewed and trampled upon in rows together; benches, tables, chairs, kettles, pails, pots, in a

word, all the household furniture of the villagers in their hands and on their shoulders; so that the unfortunate peasant had nothing left but the bare walls, that is to say, when these were not of wood. When, however, that happened to be the case, these also, as well as the stairs and doors, were pulled down and carried off for fuel; so that it often happened, that maid-servants and children were heard in the morning crying for help to the passengers from the upper rooms or lofts of a house, the stairs of which had been pulled down and burned, so that they were deprived of all means of descending. In short, whoever has not seen with his own eyes this barbarous mode of proceeding, for the total abolition of which all the nations of Europe ought to unite, after the example of the truly noble, and in this respect likewise unrivalled Wellington, can scarcely form any idea of it. A gay and gaudy town for soldiers and suttlers, rises in a few hours, as by enchantment, out of the earth, before the eyes of the astonished spectator; the accessories are a mere bagatelle, only seven or eight adjacent villages destroyed and reduced to ashes. In those nights of horror I wore a very wide great-coat, which served as a place of safety where my poor neighbours deposited their most valuable effects, such as their purses, watches, rings, &c. which they consigned to my care with a thousand tears, and which I actually preserved for them, though my treasury at length became so heavy, that I could scarcely walk under the weight. The Spaniards, as I have already observed, were indefatigable in their search after such objects, and

it was against them that it was most necessary to be upon our guard. At Wiegendorf and Osmanstedt I succeeded, partly by fair means and partly by foul, in procuring the restoration of their cattle to the poor country people, or in preventing their beasts from being driven away: for I rode over to the French General Coehorn, who was second in command under Marshal Marmont, and boldly and warmly represented, that if such proceedings continued to be suffered, the government, notwithstanding the best intentions, would be unable to prevent an insurrection of the peasants in the rear of the grand army. The example of Spain was too recent, for such a remonstrance not to meet with attention from so intelligent a man as Gen. Coehorn really is. He gave me, in consequence, an order, in his own hand-writing, to the following effect:—

“The commanding officer of the 4th battalion of the 36th regiment of light infantry, is ordered to place at the disposal of Mr. John Falk, Counsellor of Legation to the Duke of Weimar, a company commanded by a captain, who shall, with all the means in his power, assist the Counsellor of Legation to restore good order and security in the villages of Wiegendorf and Schwabsdorf: he shall send out patrols wherever the said counsellor shall require, to obtain the same result in the environs. The company of voltigeurs shall remain for the same purpose at Schwabsdorf.

“The General commanding

“the 31st Brigade,

“**BARON DE COEHORN.**”

“RODIGSDORF, April 29, 1813.”

Furnished with this document, that placed at my uncontroled command two companies, of which that stationed at Wiegendorf in particular manifested the best disposition, I succeeded in preventing many excesses during this night; and that so much the more, as I, though alone and the father of a family, am never accustomed to be afraid of death when engaged in a good cause; nay, have not, as I may say, any conception of danger. It has not unfrequently happened, that balls have struck persons near me when I have been tearing down bundles from the bayonets of the handitti, and restoring them to their owners.

When the morning's sun rose over this vast encampment, I fancied myself transported into some other country far away from Weimar, so little could I persuade myself, that it was my own home that lay before me. The tents appeared in endless rows; the green huts looked uncommonly cheerful; the fires burned briskly; the soldiers were seated around them; some were cooking, some playing, and others washing. Eighty head of cattle, which had arrived for breakfast, were just going to be killed and divided; farther off the trumpets sounded, and a division of French cavalry was exercising to their martial music. In the background was held a sale of stolen horses; but in spite of the very low price (two dollars each), there were but few purchasers; because the peasants shewed no inclination to buy horses one day which might be taken from them the next. Marmont had ordered the minister of Schwabsdorf, an elderly man, to be brought by force to his tent; but



as he excused himself on account of illness, a young man who lived at the parsonage was taken in his stead. He was formally interrogated respecting the roads to Eckartsberga, Lützen, and Leipzig, and then graciously dismissed, a good deal frightened, by the marshal. His excellency, however, might have initiated himself into all the secrets of state acquired during this conversation, by the mere inspection of any good map of the roads.

The great coffee bivouac already mentioned, for which the carriers from Leipzig or Frankfurt had supplied prodigious packages of sugar and coffee, was now in full activity in Ewald's garden. Coffee-mills and roasters had been collected from all the houses for twenty miles round. The poor countrymen—for the women had all fled, for fear of still worse treatment—sat sweating over their mills and roasters, and were obliged to roast and grind all night long. It was, I confess, a most extraordinary sight, which made such an impression upon me, that my eyes swam in tears, when morning came and I heard the little red Thuringian cows, driven together into a field of winter corn, and condemned to the slaughter, bellowing so pitifully for food in the midst of these military ruffians, and saw the Spanish, Flemish, and French suttling women, in a word, the scum of these predatory hordes, crowding around to milk the hungry animals; so that Frankfurt and Leipzig supplied them with coffee, and Thuringia with milk. He who can remain unmoved at such scenes, must have a stone in his bosom instead of a heart. I will not fa-

tigue you with any farther accounts of our sufferings, which deal as much in generals as history itself, and are therefore better suited to an extensive empire, such as Austria or France. But a little classic spot, consecrated to the Muses, which once enjoyed such happiness under the government of an excellent, humane, and enlightened prince, and now, trampled down by the barbarians and their horses, presents at every step images of horror and lamentable desolation, is an object that cannot but furnish occasion for the most serious reflections on the future fate of Europe. How, if the destruction of the whole civilized West, whose fall your great Burke fancied he heard in the fall of the first brick of the Bastille, were irrevocably decreed by an over-ruling Providence?—But away with these melancholy anticipations! Let me resume the thread of my narrative!

As the French in their retreat after the battle of Leipzig again passed through our country, and it seemed as though there would be no end to the plundering of the villages by the enemy, and—why, alas! must I add, by *our friends also*?—our state certainly bordered very closely on despair. At the same time all that happened was perfectly natural; for it is one of the most cruel circumstances attending the present universally prevailing mode of carrying on war, which has been borrowed from the French, that the soldier, on entering his quarters, without magazines of any kind, is absolutely necessitated to break into the farm-yards, and to rob and plunder, whether he will or not. What hor-

rid scenes must be the consequences of such a system, under the eye of the best and most benevolent leader, and even in the very vicinity of the head-quarters, has been grievously experienced by the villages in the environs of the theatre of the late war, — consequences which they will not recover for many years to come. If a town, like Weimar, for instance, has been exempted from regular pillage; yet the systematic extortion and the immoderate quartering of troops must cut up, as it were, the very roots of the state. This everlasting entertainment of foreigners in exchange for scraps of paper, tho' it may be with difficulty borne in a large empire, by the transferral of the individual loss to the whole, must, on the other hand, reduce every minor state in Europe to infallible bankruptcy. No system better calculated to pave the way to universal despotism, could therefore have been devised in hell itself. Thus we reckon that, from October 1813, to July 1814, 900,000 men have been quartered in our little country, and of these 45,792 were officers and 500,000 cavalry. The entertainment of this immense number entailed upon us an expence of at least 1,900,000 rix-dollars. In this sum is not included the mischief sustained by private individuals, whose loss, through the destruction of their whole stock of cattle, often amounted, on one single farm, to 8 or 9000 dollars; or that arising from conflagration, plunder, and the demolition of villages for the sake of the materials to be used in the bivouacs. Under the disagreeable name of contribution, the French took from us,

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after the battle of Jena, half a million in specie, which we were obliged to borrow, and have not yet repaid. After the battle of Leipzig, the allies demanded of our poor and completely exhausted country, one million, by the equally unpleasant denomination of military contribution. In the month of July, 24,000 dollars are to be paid, and the remainder in certain instalments. But—what a contrast! —we make collections to enable the husbandman who has been plundered of his all, to purchase at least some seed-corn. This, however, like other palliatives, cannot check the grand evil in its ruinous course. Gracious God! the contents of our useful weekly paper have chiefly consisted for a year past of official notifications respecting taxes, and advertisements of lands offered for sale; and if this continues, they will soon form a collection of several quarto volumes. To this first head must be added a second, the catalogue of deaths.—There is not a contagious and destructive disease but was introduced last year into our country by the passage of friendly and hostile troops. According to the calculations of able physicians, the mortality at Weimar and Jena was greater last winter, than it was at those times in preceding ages when it was deemed necessary to remove the university from the latter town to a distant part of the country. In many a house, as, for instance, one in my immediate vicinity, kept by an old lock-smith, not one of the inhabitants escaped—all have perished. In some villages, had not people of the neighbourhood taken compassion on the cattle and

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fed them, the poor animals themselves must have been starved to death. At Osmannstedt, about six miles from Weimar, a widow named Sander, with five young children, was, during Lent, confined to her bed by this fatal disease. For five weeks she was without fire or light. The children, to allay the burning heat of the fever, sucked the icicles that hung down over the sick bed of their delirious mother. A large loaf of black barley bread, that lay half mouldy in a corner of the room, and to which the children now and then crawled to break off pieces, saved them from perishing of hunger. The mother, when she began to recover, drove nails into the wall, as she was too weak to stand, to help to support her in going from one end of the room to the other. In one of her most violent paroxysms, when her imagination dwelt upon her only cow, she sprung up and ran barefoot, through snow and ice, to the cow-house. Not a creature durst venture into her habitation. Persons attacked by the disease often turned as black as a coal, became spotted, or even had actual plague-boils. In such cases death inevitably ensued within two or three days. The fear of infection had so overpowered all minds, that a general despondency and consternation prevailed. Such was the state of things at Weimar, in the centre of the Christian world, in 1814. Such a tormentor of mankind is that odious monster, war. Scarcity of food, want of medical attendance, for most of the faculty fell victims to their profession by means of the many hospitals in the town, fright occasioned by the two hours' cannonade and the engage-

ment between the cavalry within our walls, anxiety and affliction, thinned numberless families. There is scarcely one but is in mourning. May the writer, in recording the general calamity, the public distress, be permitted to make mention also of his own? A few words will suffice to describe how boundless it is. In the space of one little month, I lost, during this period of unparalleled horror, four blooming children, two sons and two daughters, by the same fatal disease, into which even the usual diseases of children, such as measles and scarlet fever, now degenerated; and with them I have buried the best part of myself. At last, when my own more robust constitution was rudely shaken by so many sudden afflictions, and I was myself attacked by the contagion, how ardently did I wish for my dissolution! When, however, after a very severe struggle, I recovered my faculties, I said to myself—

“God has spared thy life, because he knows that thou hast a heart filled with love for thy fellow-creatures; bestow it now upon those children who have lost their parents and become orphans. Their number is great, so that the ordinary institutions of our exhausted country are, under the present circumstances, totally inadequate\*. The depravity of youth during this period of horror, even under the

\* In August, 1814, the number of orphans that have applied to be received amounts to 700. These are such only whose cases are known: were all those to be reckoned who have not yet solicited admission into the orphan-house, the total number in our small territory would probably exceed 1000.

eyes of their parents, is daily increasing. The children of parents who are too poor to afford them any instruction, are artificial orphans—and how great is their number!—What is to become of these, since, for want of means, we cannot make due provision for those who, through the war, are become real orphans?—Shall the old vagabond life, which, jointly with the scourge of an oppressive feudal system, visited Germany and England so severely in ages long gone by, and was superseded by a more refined civilization, be introduced again in Europe, through our fault? Unite then, ye benevolent of all nations, all ages, and all ranks, to obviate this dreadful and almost inevitable evil! Severe as are the sacrifices which ye have made to the times, be not weary of well doing! Have you, like me, lost your children, consider that every stranger child whom you thus rescue from perdition, is a never-fading flower planted upon the grave of your departed darlings; the offering most pleasing to the Almighty that ye can bring to their manes. Let us be to these destitute children in this world, what their prematurely deceased parents and relatives perhaps are to ours in another! Let us transfer to the earthly associates of our late sons and daughters, now the companions of angels, that debt of ardent love and affection which we can no longer pay in this world to our own offspring!”

Thus did I think and feel; and behold God prospered and blessed my design. I was joined by the Rev. Mr. Horn, minister of the church of St. Peter and St. Paul in this town, a divine universally

esteemed for his integrity, benevolence, and talents. We founded an association under the name of *The Society of Friends in need*, the officers of which perform their duty gratuitously. It found favour with the enlightened, and soon obtained the support of the good both high and low. We lent money without interest; we purchased seed-corn for the poor; we paid for the schooling of destitute boys, or found them places with tradesmen and artisans. The duke himself, the duchess, the grand-duchess, and her illustrious consort, generously applied considerable sums to second our endeavours. But the distress is too great in comparison with the means of relief, and as we are thoroughly convinced, that much is irrecoverably lost, we direct our attention, though our hearts bleed day and night, rather to the poor orphan children in whose souls the depravity of the present merciless times has already taken root, than to the parents themselves.

We wish to cheat the house of correction and the gallows of many, very many of their candidates—a praise-worthy, honourable, and pious fraud! Generous English, who shine so resplendent by word and deed among the Christian nations of Europe, we earnestly intreat you, if our sentiments are approved by your magnanimous hearts; if you believe, like us, that the only genuine benevolence in this world consists in enabling our fellow-creatures to provide for themselves, and, by the acquisition of a useful trade, to dispense with further assistance, contribute your aid in support of our neglected

youth, of those unfortunate children who have lost their parents, or whose parents have lost their all by the late war, and who are already in the way to become vagabonds! The beginning is made, and has met with the best success. We put out these children to useful trades, for which they themselves manifest an inclination, send them to school, and procure them places; but all beginnings are the most difficult. Lend us a helping hand, if you can! Our association is liberal, disinterested, founded on the death and distresses of our fellow-creatures, animated by ardent brotherly and Christian love; and I know, too, ye generous English, that nothing noble, nothing great, is brought to bear in Europe or the world, but is begun and completed by some Englishman. Such is your national character. Yes, ye are of our blood, generous, magnanimous people, and we of yours. I address you from my little country, which is justly denominated the German Athens, where the names of Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Thomson, are upon every tongue; where it belongs to a refined education, nay, forms one of its principal points, to instil into the youthful mind unaffected veneration and love for the resplendent geniuses of your literature. Be assured, generous English, that so long as we are pervaded by this spirit, of whose influence Weimar, through the silent operation of a Göthe and a Schiller, who have so successfully emulated your Shakspeare, has given such striking demonstrations, so long shall we retain our attachment to you, though seas interpose between us. I have

given you a brief and faithful delineation of our sufferings. For more than seven years past, barbarous soldiers have inundated us, and have taken away the bread from the altar of the Muses. It must be obvious to the meanest capacity, that if four or six millions of persons have to pay a shilling or a guinea a piece, the burthen may be borne; but that if the total of their contributions be demanded of four or six individuals, inevitable ruin must be the consequence. Now all the smaller states of Germany are nothing more than such private individuals: how can they be expected, without the most flagrant injustice, not only to defray the disgraceful expence of a military road, which concerns the welfare of all Europe; or, in other words, according to the present mode of carrying on war, the cost of providing for the soldiers of half a hemisphere, *but to furnish military contributions in specie, into the bargain?* It is doubly revolting, when such impositions oppress a country which has for many years distinguished itself in a manner wholly disproportionate with its abilities as an asylum of the Muses and of science, and, in this particular, put to shame and left behind far more extensive states and empires. To treat Weimar thus, is to outrage the memory of a Herder, a Schiller, a Wieland—to profane their tombs; and if it be done by Germans, to return the everlasting benefits conferred by those great men and popular instructors of our nation with insensibility and ingratitude.

Perhaps some liberal-minded person might be found who would

take the trouble to translate this letter into English, and some bookseller, who would get it printed, and appropriate the produce to the benefit of the fatherless and motherless children in our little impoverished German Athens: such would not only deserve the thanks of posterity, but we might assert with justice, and without the least flattery, that never was the press put to a nobler use. What, indeed, can be more honourable and praise-worthy, so long as it is not thought that men were made principally for the purpose of eating and propagating their species, than to patronize, in such distressing times as these, the nurseries of the arts and sciences, among which Weimar occupies one of the most distinguished places? By devoting ourselves in the midst of war to the cultivation of the arts of peace, we shew, that, as men of superior minds, we are exalted above the terrible time of blind despotism, in which, alas! it is our lot to have fallen; that we look forward to a better and happier period; and that we are capable of preparing it for our descendants, though not permitted to enjoy it ourselves. Let us now adhere more closely than ever to that by which Europe is Europe, and by which our towns are distinguished from the dens of bears and the tents of roving hordes. As for thee, Old England, who art pré-eminently the cradle of genuine liberty, arts, sciences, and industry, it is to thee that our eyes are more particularly directed! Thou wilt not leave to itself the first country in Germany for manufactures, commerce, and science; thou wilt not

forget poor, oppressed Saxony, where rose the light of the Reformation, whose genial rays thou too hast so long shared: thou wilt not forsake it at the present crisis, but, by the blessing of Providence, assist it with counsel and support!

There are many other things which at this moment create uneasiness and anxiety in the minds of the well-disposed in this country; respecting which, however, it is better to be silent, and to await, with patience, what Providence shall be pleased to decree. Should the times, however, retain, in their course, the same violent character as hitherto, so that the same proceedings shall be sanctioned only under a different name—O then, ye English, deceive not yourselves, ye too will then be unable to avoid your destiny! The iron arm of Fate will first crush us, and then—which Heaven forbid! it will descend upon you. Those, therefore, are egregiously mistaken, who conceive that Europe is now threatened with danger and destruction from one side only. *The real danger lies in the mischievous principles which we borrow from our enemies, not in this or the other individual.* Will this atrocious system of pillage, artifice, and violence, never have an end? Woe be to the Pharisees, either among the people or upon the throne! To tear from their faces, without mercy, the fair mask, under cover of which they employ such smooth and insinuating words to seduce mankind, is now the duty of every man of honour and of every Christian. *For, God forbid, that after we have exiled the conqueror to the island of*

*Elba, we should turn round in his spirit to make conquests, not in France, but of one another—of our poor, grievously oppressed and suffering brethren in Germany! We should thereby clearly evince, that though we have borne the cross in our caps, we had not carried love and compassion in our hearts. People are puzzling their brains at this moment to devise means for rendering Germany the bulwark of Europe, not merely strong for the time to come, but invincible. And yet what can be more easy? Was it not the union, the concord of the different branches of our nation, which last winter gave us such strength? Well then, ought you not to collect, from this single circumstance, that you should not, by discord and disharmony, erect new fortresses for the enemy in the heart of Germany? Do you not perceive how, upon the mere propagation of vague and alarming rumours, the noblest hearts are already abandoning the good cause, growing lukewarm towards it, and are, as it were, involuntarily compelled to doubt the honesty of your intentions? Why shall we be so infatuated as to believe that Germany and Europe will be secure enough, if a line of frontier fortresses were erected along the Rhine from Basle, where the country is yet unprotected? As if history did not at this moment proclaim, with a trump powerful as that of the last judgment, to all the nations of the earth—"Rely on no other fortresses, ye kings and rulers of the earth, than those*

*which ye have acquired through attachment and confidence in the bosoms of your subjects." Whoever divides countries, whoever oppresses nations, strengthens his enemies, and writes manifestoes for them against himself. Have ye not seen how, within one short year, European armies have given law to Moscow, and Asiatic armies to Paris? Such has been the fortune of modern warfare. and what availed the formidable dictator of Europe, his heaps of bricks, his fortresses, and têtes-du-pont on the Vistula, the Elbe, and the Oder? Of what avail were Danzig, and Magdeburg, and Glogau, notwithstanding their obstinate defence, even after the empire on the Seine was overthrown and lay in ruins? How infinitely more useful would hearts have been, than all these inanimate masses of stone and artificial defences! But whether am I digressing? I intended only to raise my voice in favour of the poor destitute orphan children of my ruined country, and to intercede with you in their behalf; and behold my suffering country itself closes my mouth, and threatens me with everlasting silence and contempt, if I make mention of the children without advocating its cause also. I have therefore poured forth my feelings on both subjects, and may the Almighty give wings to these words, that they may find the way across the seas to hearts willing to interest themselves for both in due season, and not more ready to alleviate past misfortunes than to prevent future calamities!*

# PLATE 17.—THE PAGODA IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

WE here present the reader with an engraving of this elegant structure, as it appeared previously to the celebration of the Grand Jubilee: but as it is our intention to

give next month a View of the Temple in the Green Park, we shall defer the description of both till our ensuing Number.

## INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY SCIENTIFIC, &c.

AN interesting *Memoir*, detailing the operations of the expedition employed in the conquest of Java, with maps and views taken on the spot, will appear in the course of a few months, under the patronage of the Commander in Chief. This is the only authentic survey of that important island, over which Dutch jealousy kept a constant guard, that has ever appeared.

Dr. Spurzheim will publish, early in the ensuing winter, his *Anatomical and Physiological Examination of the Brain, as indicative of the Faculties of the Mind*. The work is the substance of lectures lately given to a few of the nobility and professional men, but which it is proposed to deliver publicly next season.

The Rev. Wm. Anderson has in the press, *A Sketch of the History of the House of Romanoff, the reigning Family of Russia*; with a brief Account of the present State of the Empire.

The Baroness de Lamoignon Fouqué has published a *Refutation of Madame de Stael's work, De l'Allemagne*.

Dr. Benjamin Heyne, who has been for several years in the confidential service of the East India Company, is about to publish a work, entitled *Tracts, Statistical*

and *Historical on India*. The author's situation enabled him to explore many sources of interesting and important information, from which he would otherwise have been excluded.

Sir John Malcolm is engaged upon *The History of Persia, from the earliest Ages to 1810*; with an Account of the present State of that Empire; and Remarks on the Religion, Government, Sciences, Manners, and Usages of its ancient and modern Inhabitants. It will form two 4to. volumes, and be illustrated with twenty engravings. The author has been upon three missions to Persia, and had the chief conduct of the intercourse between that nation and the British government in India for thirteen years; during the whole of which period his attention has been directed to the object of rendering this work complete in all its parts.

*Picturesque Representations of the Dress and Manners of Russia, Austria, China, England, and Turkey*, illustrated by 274 coloured engravings, with descriptions, are in the press, and will form five royal octavo volumes.

The Rev. W. Shepherd has nearly ready for publication, *Paris in 1802 and 1814*, in one volume 8vo.

Mr. J. H. Leigh Hunt has in the



press, *The Descent of Liberty*, a mask, in allusion to the close of the war.

The Rev. J. Grant will shortly publish the second volume of *The History of the English Church and Sects*, including an Account of the deluded Followers of Joanna Southcott.

Dr. Trotter, of Newcastle, is preparing for the press, *Reflections upon the Diseases of the Poor for the last ten Years*, being a Summary of the Cases of upwards of three Thousand Patients who have received gratuitous advice.

Mr. John Greig will soon publish, in 4to. *A Brief Survey of Holy Island, the Farn Islands, and the adjacent Coast of Northumberland*, illustrated by engravings.

The Rev. William Butcher, of Ropsley, has nearly ready for publication, a volume of *Discourses on the leading Doctrines of Christianity*, calculated for family reading.

The Rev. Mr. Polehampton's *Gallery of Nature and Art, or A Tour through Creation and Science*, in six volumes, with a great number of plates, is just completed.

Dr. Jamieson, well known by his Scottish Etymological Dictionary, and various other works, is preparing a new edition, in two volumes 4to. of *The Life of King Robert Bruce*, by John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen; and of the *Acts and Deeds of William Wallace*, by Henry the Minstrel, commonly called Blind Harry; with biographical sketches and a glossary.

Mr. I. Nathan has announced, by subscription, *A Selection of Hebrew Melodies*, twelve of which are arranged as songs, and others har-

monized for two or more voices. Each melody will have notes, descriptive of the days on which they are sung; and, in addition to the poetry that will be expressly written for this work by an improved modern author, the ancient Hebrew characters, with the English translation, will be given. Some of the melodies are upwards of two thousand years old, supposed to have been sung by the Hebrews before the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem, and are still sung at the synagogue on particular days. The whole are selected and arranged as songs, duets, glaces, &c. with symphonies and accompaniments for the piano-forte.

Mr. Britton has completed his *Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain* with the fortieth number. The whole work now embraces a comprehensive illustration of the ancient Architecture of England; and consists of 278 engravings of Plans, Views, Sections, and descriptions of various Churches, Castles, Chapels, and old Mansions. He has also published two numbers of the *Cathedral Antiquities of England*, of which the first five numbers will be devoted to the history and illustration of Salisbury cathedral, and will consist of 30 engravings, with an ample history and description of that grand edifice. Drawings and preparations are making of Norwich cathedral to succeed that of Salisbury; also of Peterborough, Wells, Oxford, York, Canterbury, &c.

In the course of the present year will be published, in one volume 4to. *Ancient Scottish Poems*, selected from a voluminous miscellany, compiled by George Bannatyne,

In 1508, and edited by the celebrated Lord Hailes. At the head of this collection stands the name of William Dunbar, one of the greatest geniuses that Scotland has produced, whose brilliancy of colouring, minuteness of description, and knowledge of life and human nature, is little inferior to Chaucer. To the poems of Dunbar succeed several by Robert Henryson, of which the pastoral ballad of Robene and Makyne is the most interesting. Several poems follow by Stewart, Patrick Johnstone, Kennedy, and others, and the ballads of Alexander Scott. This reprint will be limited to two hundred copies.

In the first part of *The Philosophical Transactions* for 1814, just published, is a paper by Mr. Anthony Carlisle, giving the following account of a family having hands and feet with supernumerary fingers and toes:—

“Zerah Colburn, a native of the township of Cabot, in the province of Vermont, in North America, has been lately brought to London, and publicly exhibited for his extraordinary powers in arithmetical computations from memory. This boy has a supernumerary little finger growing from the outside of the metacarpus of each hand, and a supernumerary little toe upon the outside of the metacarpus of each foot. These extra fingers and extra toes are all completely formed, having each of them three perfect phalanges, with the ordinary joints, and well shaped nails.

“Abiah Colburn, the father of Zerah, has five fingers and a thumb upon each hand, and six toes on each foot; he has also five meta-

carpal bones in each hand, and six metatarsal bones in each foot. The extra limbs have distinct flexor and extensor tendons. The wife of Abiah Colburn has no peculiarity in her limbs. During the existing marriage she has born eight children, six sons and two daughters. Four of these sons inherit the peculiarity of their father more or less complete, while the two daughters are free from the family mark, as well as two of the sons, namely, the fourth in succession, who was a twin, and the eighth. The eldest son of these parents, named Green Colburn, has only five toes on one of his feet, but the other foot, and both his hands, possess the extra limb. The second child, Betsy Colburn, is naturally formed. The third, Zebina Colburn, has five fingers and a thumb upon each hand, and six toes upon each foot. The fourth and fifth were twin brothers, and named David and Jonathan. David, who is dead, had nothing of the father's mark, but Jonathan has the peculiarity complete. The sixth, Zerah Colburn, the extraordinary calculating boy, is marked like his father, as before described. The seventh, Mary Colburn, is naturally formed. The eighth and last child, Enas Colburn, is also exempt from the father's peculiarity. Besides the persons I have mentioned, this hereditary redundancy of limbs has been attached to the little fingers and to the little toes of several of the ancestors of the family. The mother of Abiah Colburn brought the peculiarity into his family. Her maiden name was Abigail Green: she, however, had not the extra finger on one of her

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hands; the other hand and her feet were similarly marked with those of her son Abiah. David Colburn, the father of Abiah, had no peculiarity. By his marriage with Abigail Green he had three sons and one daughter. Two of these sons and the daughter were fully marked in all the limbs; the other son had one hand and one foot naturally formed. Abigail Green inherited these supernumerary limbs from her mother, whose maiden name was ——— Kendall, and she had five fingers and a thumb upon each hand, and six toes on each foot. The marriage of ——— Kendall with Mr. ——— Green produced eleven children, whom Abiah Colburn's mother, who was one of the eleven, reports to have all been completely marked: but the present family are unacquainted with the history of the other ten branches, and they do not possess any knowledge of their ancestors beyond ——— Kendall, the great-grandmother of Zerah Colburn.

"Numerous examples of the hereditary propagation of peculiarities have been recorded; all family resemblances, indeed, however trifling they may appear to a common observer, are interesting to the physiologist, and equally curious; though not so rare as those described in the preceding history. In every department of animal nature, accumulation of facts must always be desirable, that more reasonable inductions may be established concerning the laws which direct this interesting part of creation: and it might be attended with the most important consequences, if discovery could be made of the relative influence of the

male and female sex in the propagation of peculiarities, and the course and extent of hereditary character could be ascertained, both as it affects the human race in their moral and physical capacities, and as it governs the creatures which are subdued for civilized uses. Nor is it altogether vain to expect that more profound views and more applicable facts await the researches of men, who have as yet only begun to explore this branch of natural history, by subjecting it to physical rules.

"Though the causes which govern the production of organic monstrosities, or which direct the hereditary continuance of them, may for ever remain unknown, it still seems desirable to ascertain the variety of these deviations, and to mark the course they take, where they branch out anew, and where they terminate. There is doubtless a general system in even the errors of nature, as is abundantly evinced by the regular series of monstrosity exhibited both in animals and vegetables.

"It has happened in my professional capacity, that I have had to extirpate supernumerary thumbs from each of the hands of two girls, who were both idiots, though the families to whom they belonged were unknown to each other. I have seen many instances of supernumerary fingers in persons to whom the singularity was not hereditary, and I have read of many others; but whether of my own experience, or of authentic record, the redundancy has been on the outer side of the thumb; never on the back or inside of the hand, or on the sides of the intermediate fingers; and in similar cases as to the

toes, the rule has been invariably the same. In the Sacred Writings an example of this kind is given, 2 Samuel xxi. 20, "And there was yet a battle in Gath, where was a man of great stature; that had on every hand six fingers, and on every foot six toes, four-and-twenty in number; and he also was born to the giant." The same account is repeated in 1 Chronicles xx. 6.

"In the *Elementa Physiologia* of Baron Haller, numerous examples of this deformity are cited from various authors, with some instances of their hereditary descent, and others of a cutaneous junction between the extra limbs and the next adjoining.

"That local resemblances, such as those of external parts, the hands, the feet, the nose, the ears, and the eyebrows, are hereditary, is well known; and it is almost equally evident, that some parts of the internal structure are in like manner transmitted by propagation. We frequently see a family form of the legs and joints, which gives a peculiar gait, and a family character of the shoulders, both of which are derived from an hereditary similarity in the skeletons. Family voices are also very common, and are ascribable to a similar cause. Apparently, many of our English surnames have been taken from the hereditary peculiarities of families; and the same practice existed among the Romans. Pliny, in his eleventh book, ch. xliii. relates an instance of a Roman poet, named Volcatius, who had six fingers on each hand, and received the surname of Sedigitus in consequence. He also states, that two daughters of a noble Roman, named M. Cu-

riatus, had each six fingers; and that they took the surname of Sedigitæ. Persons who had the surname of Flaccus were so called from their pendulous ears; and numerous other instances are recorded by classic writers, of surnames being derived from family marks.

"Anatomical researches have not been so generally extended as to determine the prevalence of internal peculiarities, and perhaps they do not reach to the sanguineous system. I have known two instances, in two different families, of the high division of the brachial arteries having the ulnar branch placed above the facia muscle at the inner bend of the elbows; and yet the father, the mother, the brothers, and the sisters of these two were not so formed. Those marks, called *navi materni*, which are derangements of the sanguineous vessels, are not hereditary, whilst less remarkable changes in the ordinary skin are often so. I have lately seen a man, and who is now living, who has a small pendulous fold attached to the skin of his upper eyelid; and the same peculiarity has been transmitted to his four children. It would have been interesting to know, whether any similarity of structure existed in the families of the two rare examples of a total transposition of the abdominal and thoracic viscera.

"In particular breeds of animals, the characteristic signs are generally continued, whether they belong to the horns of kine, the fleeces of sheep, the proportions of horses, the extensive varieties of dogs, or the ears of swine. In China, the varieties of gold or silver

fishes are carefully propagated; and with us what are vulgarly called "fancy pigeons," are bred into most whimsical deviations from their parent stock.

"As wild animals and plants are not liable to the same variations, and as all the variations seem to increase with the degree of artificial restraint imposed, and as certain animals become adapted by extraordinary changes to extraordinary conditions, it may still be expected, that some leading fact will eventually furnish a clue by which organic varieties may be better explained. A few generations of wild rabbits, or of pheasants, under the influences of confinement, break their natural colours, and leave the fur and feathers of their future progeny uncertainly variegated. The very remarkable changes of the colour of the fur of the hare, and the feathers of the partridge, in high northern latitudes, during the prevalence of the snow, and the adaptation of that change of colour to their better security, are coincidences out of the course of chance, and not easily explained by our present state of physical knowledge."

On the evidence of Richard Payne Knight, Esquire, a trustee of the British Museum; Taylor Combe, Esq. keeper of the medals and antiquities in the Museum; Mr. Richard Miles, a dealer in coins and medals; and Mr. Aniolo Bonelli, a gentleman conversant in the value of articles of antiquity, Parliament has purchased Mr. Townley's collection of antiquities for the British Museum for 8,200*l*. It appeared that the medals and coins, of which it partly consists,

would supply many existing deficiencies in the collection of those articles now in the Museum; but many of the smaller articles among the antiquities are illustrative of the marbles formerly belonging to the late Charles Townley, Esq. now in the Museum.

Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq. President of the Historical Society of London, suggests, that hot-beds ought to be made on an inclined plane of earth, elevated about 15 degrees, making the surface of the dung and mould parallel with it, and adapting the form of the frame to the surface of the bed, by which means the plants and the mould of the bed become more exposed to the influence of the sun.

Dr. Beckmann, who died at Hamburg about the end of June last, has left a rare and truly valuable collection of works of art, which was pronounced by the late Sir William Hamilton, when he visited that city in 1800, to be worthy of a place in the finest cabinets of Europe. It was left him by his uncle, formerly chief officer of the Dutch East India Company in China, where he himself collected these curiosities, at Canton. They consist of numerous oil-paintings, chiefly landscapes by Chinese masters; of which the colouring is beautiful, the perspective correct, and the keeping good. From their composition, these, and many others of those pieces, are, at the same time, illustrative of the public and private life of the Chinese. This cabinet also contains numerous models of buildings, carved with infinite pains, and expressive figures and groups, in ivory, enamel, porcelain, terra cotta, and other ma-

terials; and, lastly, an admirable collection of crystals and precious stones, both rough and cut, which formerly belonged to the late naturalist, Dr. E. C. Schütz, of Hamburg.

Mr. David Brown, a native of Baltimore, has lately exhibited near that place, a newly invented mode of setting fire to a ship of war. In the centre of a circle was erected a mast about 90 feet in height, on which 37 barrels were arranged, two abreast, at equal distances from each other, the whole length of the beam. The combustible substance was then discharged from an ordinary fire-engine at the distance of 90 feet from the mast. A lighted match was applied, when the combustible matter was thrown from the spout, and a tremendous sheet of liquid fire, wrapped in clouds of pitchy smoke, issued from the orifice. The barrels were all consumed, and the sudden involution of light and darkness added much to the grandeur of the spectacle. The Americans, as it appears, design to employ this new engine of destruction against our shipping. One of their torpedo-boats was lately wrecked in Boston harbour, and while ashore burnt by our seamen.

#### MUSICAL REVIEW.

*A Grand Theatrical Overture, composed for the Piano-Forte, by W. Russell. Pr. 2s.*

THIS overture, although one of the lighter productions of a master whose premature death the musical public in England has real cause to lament, is eminently calculated for the practice of the pupil. The

composition is good, void of affectation, highly spirited, and very agreeable. Some select bass passages afford sufficient exercise for the left hand; several interesting imitations are introduced, p. 4, together with suitable modulations; and, in the 6th page, the transitions to E b and A b, impart relief to the whole. All is as it should be.

*Le Souvenir, a second favourite Duet for two Performers on one Piano-Forte, composed, and inscribed (by permission) to the Miss Daniels, by W. R. Callender. Pr. 4s.*

"Le Souvenir" is an agreeable exercise, of a light and easy nature, for two performers of moderate proficiency. Its three movements are in the key of C major. The first, probably an allegro moderato (for its time or character is not stated), proceeds with regularity and propriety, and in good connection, through its successive periods, duly coloured by appropriate digressive matter. The second movement consists of Mr. Braham's favourite air in *Narensky*, "Forget me not," without any addition from the pen of Mr. C.; and the duet concludes with a lively and attractive rondo, in which we meet with some apposite modulation, and a sufficient share of quick passages, well linked and adapted to the hand. The parts allotted to the two performers are generally concertante, so that the second has no reason to complain of being a mere train-bearer to the first.

No. II. *Nuderman's celebrated Nocturne for the Harp, the Accompaniments for the Piano-Forte and Violin, composed, and inscribed to*

*Miss Jane Lloyd*, by J. Mazzin-ghi. Pr. 5s.; single, 3s. 6d.

The harp of course bears the principal part in this *Notturmo*, which consists of a slow movement in C minor; an allegro, rondo, and march in C major. Naderman's compositions for the harp are so well known and valued, that an expression of our favourable opinion on the work before us might scarcely be necessary. It is in every respect a superior performance, and has the additional advantage of executive ease. Of the several movements which, by their diversity of character and conciseness, cannot but keep attention constantly alive, the rondo is particularly beautiful: it is a pastorage of exquisite delicacy, and, besides its attractive subject, contains a rich display of modulation and digressive matter, conceived with science and great taste.

*Father William, a favourite Song*, sung by Mr. Bellamy, with the most distinguished approbation, composed, and most respectfully inscribed, with permission, to Miss Ashton, by William Hawes, of his Majesty's Chapel Royal and St. Paul's Cathedral. Pr. 2s.

Mr. Southey is the author of the poetry of this song, which does Mr. H. great credit. His symphonies are distinguished by a smooth and well connected flow of fanciful ideas; the melody is extremely well, although not servilely, adapted to the different features of the text; and the accompaniments, set

with great taste and judgment, are duly diversified, and either proceed with great independence of the melody, or serve to fill up appropriately the occasional pauses in it.

*Mozart's vocal Works, with English Poetry, selected and arranged, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte*, by Muzio Clementi. Vol. II. Pr. 15s.

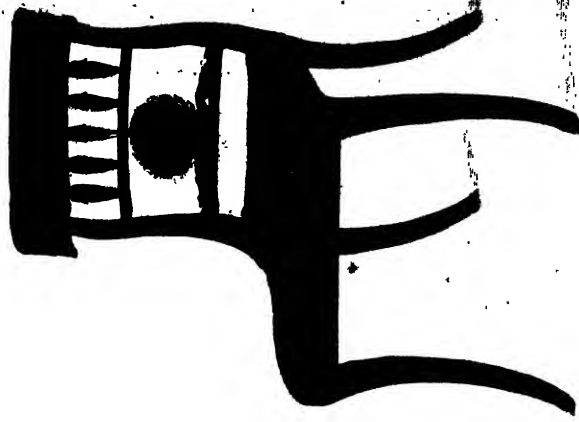
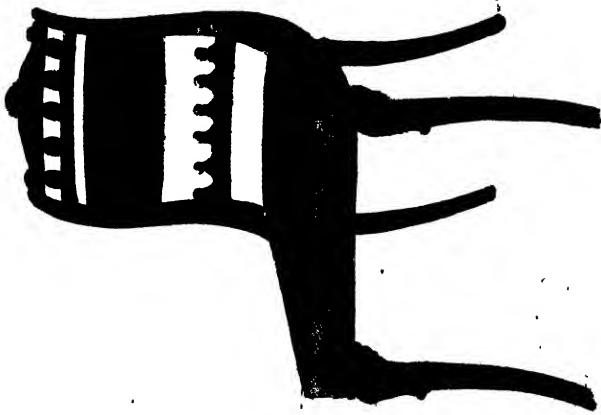
In this volume we meet with three or four beautiful songs from the *Enlevement du Serail* (an opera of Mozart's, much less known in England than it deserves); some airs from the *Magic Flute*, *Don Juan*, and *Così fan' tutte*, and several single songs taken from the German edition of M.'s works. The accompaniments, we need scarcely say, are admirably contrived; and the symphonies, wherever the hand of Mr. Clementi is visible, largely partake of his great talent. The selection also is judicious; and the poetry, as far as a layman may be allowed to judge, is of a superior order, and falls in well with the metre of the music; not always so well with the expression contemplated by the melody. This, among others, is the case with *Life let us cherish*, which has been strangely metamorphosed here. Indeed, it ought not to have been in the collection at all; for, whatever may be the general belief in this country, Mozart is not the author. It was composed, in 1794, by a Mr. Nægeli, a Swiss.

## PLATE 18.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

No. 1. A dining-room chair of metal; the ornamental parts on the back or yoke being of bronzed

metal; the seat of cane, and the cushion, separate, secured by straps underneath.

PARLOUR CHAIRS.







No. 2. A chair of Grecian form, the whole of mahogany, except the ornament on the knees of the front legs, which are of bronzed metal; the back and feet are loose, and stuffed on frames made to screw in.

No. 3. A Grecian parlour chair, otherwise called Trafalgar, after the

late Lord Nelson; the yoke inlaid with ebony; the ornamental parts in bronzed metal; and the wreath and patera in the back are laid on a solid mahogany ground. This seat is loose, stuffed on a frame, secured in its place with screws under the rails.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE weather through nearly the whole of last month has been remarkably calm, serene, and clear, forming a finer harvest season than is common in this fickle climate; in consequence of which the products of the earth have been secured in the best and most husbandman-like manner. The hovels bend under their weighty loads, and the barns and stack-yards abound to an overflow. The produce of this harvest is of the bulky kind, and will in some instances produce more than an average crop.

Wheat is affected in some districts with the blight and mildew; in some fields so much as to be scarcely worth the harvesting and threshing; in others more partially, the sample appearing of two distinct kinds, that is, head and tail.

Letters patent have been granted in the last month for machinery for more effectually separating mildewed wheat from the straw and chaff. We wish it may be successful, as, unfortunately, this malady is attended with not only a defi-

ciency of the farina, but an increased difficulty of separating the grain from the straw and chaff.

Barley is a full crop upon those soils properly called barley lands; of fine quality, but not large in the grain; consequently the acreable produce will not be so large as might have been expected from a more distant view of the crop.

Oats are a partial crop, and well harvested; the quality fine. The late dry weather has made them so hard and sound, as to bring them into competition with old corn for provender.

Beans are a full crop: the weather has had a similar effect on the pulse kind, and given them a similar competition, if dryness forms the criterion of value.

Vetches, and all the leguminous tribe, are not only prolific in pod, but of the finest quality.

The fine weather, which has had such bountiful effects upon the corn harvest, has been unfavourable to the turnip crop and all the brassica species.

## RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

### FRANCE.

THE attention of the French government is laudably directed to the improvement of its dilapidated

finances and internal administration. Among the measures recently brought forward for accomplishing this desirable object, those which

principally deserve our notice, are, two projects of laws relative to the property of emigrants and the exportation of corn. In the preamble to the first, the king refers to the engagement which he has already contracted, and which he here renews, to maintain the sales of national property. The law therefore confirms all sales, transfers, and judgments that took place previously to the promulgation of the charter: but it proposes, that all possessions confiscated on account of emigration, which have not been sold or appropriated to the sinking fund, and form part of the domains of the state, shall be restored to the proprietors, their heirs, or assigns.

The attention recently claimed by the corn laws of our own country, must render the regulations adopted by foreign states on that important subject of considerable interest. The clauses of the projet for definitively authorizing the exportation of grain from France, provisionally permitted by the ordinance of the 26th of July, are as follow:—The frontier departments of France shall be divided into three classes. The first shall include the departments in which grain is usually dearer than in the rest of the kingdom; the second, those where it keeps at a medium price; and the third, those in which it is generally lowest. The corn, flour, and pulse, on their exportation from France, shall be subject only to a duty of balance, while wheat shall be below 21 francs the hectolitre in the departments of the first class; below 10 francs in those of the second class; and 17 francs in those of the third class.

When wheat shall have attained in each of those respective classes of departments the price of 21, 10, or 17 francs, it shall pay, on exportation, a duty of 1 franc 50 centimes per metrical quintal. Rye, barley, oats, maize, and other inferior grain and pulse, shall pay only half the duty fixed for wheat, and flour of all kinds a mere duty of balance. The produce of the duties levied on the exportation of grain shall be expended in premiums and useful works for the improvement of agriculture. The exportation shall be suspended in every frontier department when the price of wheat shall have risen to twenty-three francs the hectolitre for the first class, twenty-one francs for the second, and nineteen for the third. The suspension shall not be taken off till the price shall have fallen below the limits above-mentioned.

The second French expedition sailed from Brest to take possession of the restored West India colonies on the 8th of September, and a third was expected to follow immediately. The valuable and extensive island of St. Domingo is naturally an object of much speculation, and various contradictory reports are circulated with equal confidence respecting it. The French, influenced no doubt by their wishes, assert, that Pétion, one of the rival rulers of the empire of Haiti, has declared in favour of the new government, and signified his readiness to resign his authority to the king; while the English accounts maintain, that the appearance of a French force would be the signal for a reconciliation between that chief and his sable antagonist. The probability cer-

tainly is, that, after the struggles which the people of that island have made for independence, they will not be very easily brought to submit their necks again to a foreign yoke. So much is certain, that the state of the island has been pressed upon the consideration of the representatives of the nation, in petitions from several planters of St. Domingo, stating their wants, recommending certain measures to be pursued, and particularly that an expedition should be sent out from France, in the beginning of November; which petitions were referred to a committee in the Chamber of Deputies. On the 16th the subject was brought under discussion in the chamber, by M. Desfournaux, who admitted, that the recent intelligence from St. Domingo was by no means authentic; and concluded with stating, as the report of the committee, that an humble address be presented to his majesty, requesting him to propose a law for regulating the internal regime of St. Domingo, as to the state of the Blacks already there, or who may be hereafter imported; a second, fixing the civil and political rights to be granted to men of all colours, proprietors in the colony; a third, fixing the period for the payment of all sums due by proprietors prior to the 1st of April, 1814; and, fourthly, that his majesty be requested to order the necessary dispositions for the expedition, and the sending to St. Domingo of colonists, and such military and naval forces as he may judge necessary to the success of an operation so eminently interesting to the prosperity of France, and the happy result of

which may restore commerce to its former splendour. This report was agreed to, ordered to be printed, and referred to the committees.

On the 25th of August the Duke of Wellington was formally introduced to Louis XVIII. as ambassador extraordinary of his Britannic Majesty. The ceremony displayed all the pomp of which it is capable, and an evident anxiety to pay to his excellency and his country all due honour. On his introduction to Monsieur, the latter addressed him in these words:—  
“The king and all the royal family receive the highest pleasure from the choice which the Prince Regent has made of a hero worthy to be his representative. It is our desire and hope to see a durable peace established between two nations made rather to esteem than to wage war with one another.”

These, we have no doubt, are the real sentiments of every member of that illustrious family; but that there are still in France some perturbed spirits, who would, if possible, rekindle the flames of discord among the powers of Europe, the papers of that country daily afford abundant evidence. We allude to different articles which carry on the face of them the stamp of fabrications, designed to excite jealousies among the great powers by whom the pride of the French has been lately humbled, and their inordinate self-love so cruelly wounded. Their hatred of England is as unequivocally manifested; and we are convinced, that it will require as much address as firmness in the sovereign, to prevent the dangerous ebullition of these furious and degrading passions.

Monsieur left Paris on the 8th of September, on a tour through the western and southern departments of the kingdom; and Talleyrand, Minister for Foreign Affairs, quitted the capital on the 15th, to attend the congress at Vienna.

#### NETHERLANDS.

Strong reinforcements of troops have been sent, during the past month, into the Belgian provinces, both from England and Hanover; and these, together with the Dutch force in that quarter, will form a total of upwards of 50,000 men. It will, doubtless, be politic to maintain an imposing attitude on this side, till the congress of Vienna shall have finally confirmed the Prince Sovereign in these new possessions. Lord Lynedock has resigned the chief command of the British troops to the Hereditary Prince of Orange. Expeditions are equipping to take possession of the colonies that are to be ceded by England. It is understood, that Java in the East, and Surinam, Curaçoa, and St. Eustatia in the West, will be restored to Holland; but that we shall retain Demerara, Issequibo, Berbice, and the Cape of Good Hope.

#### GERMANY.

The fate of Saxony is a subject of deep interest to the various German powers. Notwithstanding the positive statements, that the Prussian troops were to take possession of this unfortunate country, and that Frederic William III. would assume the title of King of Saxony in addition to Prussia, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that such measures will be adopted previously to the congress. Whether any, and what provision is intended

for the monarch who has been precipitated from that throne, we are not informed.

Great preparations are making for the approaching congress of Vienna, which is expected to open in the last days of September, or beginning of October. Such an assemblage of crowned heads, statesmen, and distinguished persons, as will be there collected, was perhaps never witnessed. The Emperors of Russia and Austria, the Kings of Prussia, Denmark, Sardinia, Wirtemberg, and Bavaria; the Crown Prince of Sweden, and, according to report, the Pope, Murat, and the King of Saxony, besides all the minor German princes, will personally attend to their respective interests; while Viscount Castlereagh and Talleyrand will appear as the representatives of England and France. Spain also will have her minister at Vienna; and it has even been asserted, that an ambassador would be sent thither by the Ottoman Porte. The foreign prints assert, that the Archduke Charles is about to receive the hand of the Duchess of Oldenburg, and hint that other marriages of illustrious persons are expected to take place during the session of the congress.

#### SWITZERLAND.

In consequence of the disputes between the cantons of Berne, Argovia, and Vaud, a note was addressed by the ministers of England, Russia, and Austria, to the government of those cantons, threatening them, in case they could not adjust their differences, with an armed mediation on the part of their respective countries. This menace seems to have produced

the desired effect. Berne has renounced its claims, on condition of the payment of a certain sum of money by instalments.

#### ITALY.

The Pope has issued two decrees, which have excited considerable sensation. By the first, he re-establishes the order of the Jesuits, a measure which, as he says, "the Catholic world demands with one unanimous voice:" and, by the second, all secret associations, and particularly those called Freemasons, are forbidden under severe penalties. The latter have likewise been suppressed in the Italian states of the Emperor of Austria.

Murat has raised his army to the full complement of 55,000 men. The principal division, we are told, is to occupy the countries contested with the Pope, "as during the late war." We have long been convinced, that all is not right in this quarter; conspiracies are now talked of: Murat has even denounced, in the official journal, the attempt of a Prince Moliterno to excite insurrection in the marquisate of Ancona and the Abruzzos. The insignificance of the preparations is ridiculed; but the acknowledgment, that Prince Moliterno has found an asylum at Rome, where he arranges his measures, gives him rank either as an agent of the Pope or of the King of Sicily, sufficiently above common disaffection, to render him worthy of all the attention of the last potentate of the Buonaparte family.

Savoy has been completely evacuated by the Austrian force which occupied the different provinces.

The Queen of Sicily died sud-

denly at Vienna in the night of September 8th, in her 63d year.

#### SPAIN.

A treaty of peace with France has been signed at Paris by Don Pedro Gomez Labrador and Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento. The treaty itself is exactly the same as that concluded by the different allied powers with France, and is accompanied with two additional articles, to the following effect:—That the property, of what nature soever it may be, possessed by Spaniards in France, and by Frenchmen in Spain, shall be respectively restored to them in the state in which it was at the moment of sequestration or confiscation; that a treaty of commerce shall be concluded as soon as possible between the two powers; and that, until it can be carried into effect, the commercial relations between the two countries shall be re-established on the footing on which they were in 1792. The ratification took place at Madrid on the 2d, and at Paris on the 9th of August.

How far this treaty may tend to abate that inveterate animosity which the Spanish nation in general still manifests against the French, we cannot pretend to determine. A striking instance of this feeling is said to have lately occurred at Madrid, where a respectable female, in passing a church, was torn in pieces by the congregation of a monk who had been delivering a furious sermon against the fashions of France.

Recent advices from Spanish America announce the complete reduction of the province of Venezuela by the royalists, after a

anguinary engagement on the 17th of June, in which several thousands of the insurgents perished. Those who were left in possession of Carracas precipitately quitted that city, which was entered on the 7th of July by the royalists, who were masters also of La Guira and the other principal places.

#### POLAND.

Most of the accounts from abroad agree, that Poland is to resume her rank as an independent kingdom. On the other hand, it is positively affirmed, that the Emperor Alexander is to be her king, and the Archduke Constantine his viceroy. That such an arrangement would be highly flattering to the ambition of Russia, cannot be doubted; but whether it would prove equally satisfactory either to the Poles themselves, or to the two potentates who must, in this case, relinquish their portion of the spoil to aggrandize their already overgrown colleague, may be questioned. We shrewdly suspect, that this will be one of the most difficult points to be settled at the approaching congress.

#### SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

The successes of the Swedish army under Bernadotte have brought the northern war to a speedy termination. According to the Swedish bulletins, the second corps d'armée, near 20,000 strong, under Field-Marshal Count Essen, crossed the frontiers on the 30th July, while a smaller body of troops, under Major-General Gahn, entered Norway in a different quarter. This last corps, in its advance, was severely harassed by the Norwegians. On the 4th of August, Frederickstadt capitulated, as it is said, without firing a shot, and the same day

the Swedish troops entered that place and Kongstein. After several actions, the issue of which is represented, by the Swedes, to have been uniformly in their favour, the Crown Prince, on the 14th, made preparations to surround the army of Prince Christian in his position between Moss, Isebro, and Kjolbergbro, with an overwhelming force; on which the latter accepted proposals for an armistice. A convention was the same day concluded at Moss, stipulating that Prince Christian should resign his authority, that the diet should be convoked as early as possible at Christiania, and that the King of Sweden should communicate directly with that body. His majesty promises to accept the constitution framed by the diet, and to propose such changes only as are necessary for the union of the two kingdoms. By a military convention concluded at the same time, it was agreed, that hostilities should cease till fifteen days after the opening of the diet, with eight days notice beyond that time; that the blockade of the Norwegian ports should be raised; that the fortress of Frederickstein should be surrendered to the Swedes, who, with the exception of two divisions, should return to their own country; that the troops of both nations should confine themselves within certain lines of demarcation, and that neither should approach within a certain distance of the place where the diet should hold its sittings. A proclamation issued by Prince Christian on the 16th of August, summons the diet to meet at Christiania on the 7th of October. A serious tumult has since taken place in that city, and

the popular fury was particularly directed against General Haxthausen, the governor, who is accused of having suffered the Norwegian army to be three days without provisions.

The latest accounts represent Prince Christian as very much indisposed from chagrin at the unfavourable issue of affairs, and the desertion of those on whom he had depended: they add, that he was daily expected at Copenhagen.

Among the instances of public spirit displayed in this short contest, we remark the formation of a corps of female volunteers under the daughter of a clergyman named Pihl; but we regret to learn, that these modern Amazons were nearly all killed or wounded in one of the engagements with the enemy.

#### AMERICA.

On the 25th of July, a severe action was fought at Lundy's Lane, near the falls of Niagara, where the division of the British army under Major-General Riall was posted. The Americans, apprized of the advance of Lieut.-General Drummond's division, planned a combined attack upon the former, in the hope of annihilating his force before the junction should be effected. The naval part, however, under Commodore Chauncey, did not sail till a week after the action, and the army was thus left to its own unaided operations. With the latter, about 5000 in number, General Brown, on the 25th July, attacked the far inferior force of General Riall. The same morning General Drummond pushed on to the falls to his support, but instead of finding his whole division occupying that position, as he ex-

pected, he met his advance in full retreat. The enemy had almost gained the position, his columns being close at hand, and the surrounding woods filled with his troops. To form an army under such circumstances, required no ordinary promptitude; and this was scarcely effected before the whole British front was warmly and closely engaged. The principal efforts of the enemy were directed against the left and centre. After repeated attacks, the former was partially driven back, and Major-General Riall was wounded and taken prisoner. The centre, however, was uniformly successful, and the enemy was constantly repulsed with heavy loss. The action commenced at six in the evening and continued till nine; when there was a short intermission, the Americans being employed in bringing up the whole of their reserve.—They soon renewed the attack with their whole force, but were every where repulsed with equal gallantry and success. The conflict lasted till midnight, when the enemy retreated in great disorder towards his camp beyond Chippeawa. Next day he abandoned his camp, threw the greatest part of his baggage, camp equipage, and provisions into the Rapids, and, harassed by our light troops, continued his retreat towards Fort Erie. In this severe action our force, for the first three hours, was only 1000 men, and did not, with reinforcements, at any time exceed 2800. The loss sustained by the enemy is estimated at 1500, of whom several hundreds are prisoners, and their two commanding generals, Brown and Scott, were wounded. Of the



British, 84 were killed and 559 wounded; 193 are missing, and 42 taken prisoners: total 878. As the second and third divisions of the British army from Bourdeaux, amounting to 10 or 12,000 men, were expected to arrive at Quebec early in August, we may reasonably hope, that this will be the last time our gallant soldiers will have to encounter such disproportionate odds.

By the latest advices, which come down to the 4th of August, the Americans were then strongly entrenched at Fort Erie, expecting an attack from the British army lying before it. The fleet on Lake Ontario, it was supposed, would have engaged in some enterprise; but, on the 11th of August, it was off Kingston, at the opposite end of the lake from the Niagara line, without attempting any thing. General Drummond states, in his dispatches relative to the battle of Lundy's Lane, that the enemy, in their retreat to Fort Erie, set fire to Street's mills, and destroyed the bridge at Chippewa. For this, and the atrocities previously committed by them at Long Point, Queens-ton, and St. David's, Admiral Cochrane has resolved to retaliate, and has given the necessary orders for that purpose.

On the 9th of August an attack was made by the British on the town of Stonington, 14 miles from New London; but it was supposed to be only preparatory to a more serious attempt upon the latter place, where the Macedonian and United States frigates, and the Hornet sloop, are lying. These our gallant seamen are determined to take or destroy.

A detachment of British troops

has also landed and taken possession of Montauk Point, the eastern extremity of Long Island. In short, all the assailable points of the coast are in a state of alarm, and in momentary expectation of a visit.

#### DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The occurrences of the past month scarcely afford matter for record or observation under this head. It must indeed be sufficiently obvious, that during the parliamentary vacation, in time of peace, no domestic events, of much political consequence, can possibly present themselves to the pen of the historian. Considerable embarkations of troops have taken place at Portsmouth and Plymouth. Their ultimate destination is not avowed; but it can scarcely be doubted that they are bound for America. Large quantities of clothing and arms have likewise been shipped.

The depredations committed upon our coasts by American privateers, in spite of our immense navy, have caused general dissatisfaction in the commercial world. It is certainly a lamentable consideration, that, after we have annihilated the fleets of all the maritime powers of Europe, a few petty marauders should be suffered to cross the Atlantic, and to make daily captures of our most valuable merchantmen, almost within our very ports. The remonstrances on this subject, that have already been transmitted to the Admiralty, demand the serious attention of that board, and loudly call for a more judicious distribution of that part of our naval force best adapted to repress the insolence of our puny enemies, whose very in-

significance only serves to render our losses the more provoking.

The Avon sloop, of 18 guns, commanded by the Hon. James Arbuthnot, sunk, after a desperate battle with the American sloop Wasp of 22 guns, in the night of Sept. 1, near Kinsale. The Castilian sloop came up during the action, and was about to take part in the engagement, but discovering a signal of distress from the Avon, bore away to the assistance of that ship, and had scarcely time to take out the crew, before she went to

the bottom. The Wasp received so much damage, that she is supposed to have shared the same fate. The killed and wounded of the Avon amounted to 21: among the former was her first lieutenant; and among the latter, the captain and second lieutenant.

The marriage of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland to the Princess Dowager of Solms, by birth a Princess of Mecklenburg - Strelitz, and widow of Prince Louis of Prussia, has been solemnized at Strelitz.

# MEDICAL REPORT.

AN account of the practice of a physician, from the 15th of July to the 15th of September, 1814.

*Acute diseases.*—Catarrh, 6—Fever, 10—Scarlet fever and sore-throat, 12—Small-pox, 5—Thrush, 3—Inflammatory sore-throat, 4—Cholera, 4—Erysipelas, 2—Pneumony, 2—Gout, 2—Acute diseases of infants, 13.

*Chronic Diseases.*—Asthenia, 14—Cough and dyspnoea, 16—Pleurodyne, 7—Rheumatism, 14—Drop-sy, 4—Gastrodynia, 6—Bilious vomiting, 2—Colic, 5—Ophthalmia, 3—Sore-throat, 6—Head-ach, 8—Vertigo, 5—Palsy, 2—Jaundice, 4—Diarrœia, 9—Scurvy, 1—Tic douloureux, 1—Dysentery, 3—Hæmoptoc, 4—Menorrhœa, 2—Leucorrhœa, 6—Worms, 4—Dyspepsia, 7—Scabies, 4—Psoriasis, 2—Pulmonary consumption, 6—Hypochondriasis, 3—Asthma, 3—Syphilis, 4.

Fever has occurred with some degree of frequency during the summer months. The cases, how-

ever, which I have met with, have yielded to the usual remedies, and were not of a malignant kind. Many children have been affected with scarlet-fever and sore-throat. If the surface of the body is kept cool with sponges wet with vinegar and water, or water alone, and suitable purgatives are given, the patient will in general get through the complaint very well.

At a large charitable institution for girls, in the neighbourhood of London, several of the children who had been vaccinated, and, according to report, had gone through the disease in the regular form, scars remaining on the arms where the cow-pock matter had been inserted, were seized with small-pox. There was no question as to the nature of the complaint, but it affected the children very slightly; and as they received the infection casually, without any preparation, it is probable that they would have suffered much more severely had they not been previously vaccina-

ted. Thus another strong proof of the folly of making positive assertions, respecting the certainty of cow-pox preventing the small-pox from affecting the patient at any subsequent period, is afforded.—The fact is now clearly demonstrated, that although cow-pox and small-pox inoculation will, in general, succeed in securing a person from any future attack of small-pox, it now and then happens, that a person has it a second time, after having been inoculated. But the secondary disease is invariably milder than it would otherwise have been, so that the practice of inocu-

lation cannot be condemned; and as it is not proved, that vaccination is less certain as a preventive than small-pox inoculation, the advantages are decidedly in favour of cow-pox; because it is always safe, mild, and not contagious, requiring no medicine and little care. Where untoward appearances have occurred, they have invariably been found to originate in improper treatment, or in some constitutional peculiarity, where the smallest scratch with a pin, or abrasion of the skin, would have been attended with consequences equally unpleasant.

## FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

### PLATE 19.—PROMENADE DRESS.

A CELESTIAL blue, or French grey silk skirt, buttoned, and trimmed down the front with a full border of lace, gathered on a plain heading, terminating at the bottom with a deep flounce of the same; high-drawn body, made either of sarsnet or India muslin; long full sleeve, confined at the wrist by a bracelet of blue satin bead and emerald clasp. Lace ruff round the neck. A net handkerchief crossed over the bosom and tied in bows behind. Full-bordered lace cap, ornamented with a small wreath of flowers on one side. A French straw bonnet, lined with white sarsnet, and trimmed round the edge with a narrow quilling of net lace; a small plume of ostrich feathers in

the centre of the crown. Sandals of blue kid. Gloves, York tan or Limerick.

### PLATE 20.—WALKING DRESS.

An evening primrose-coloured French sarsnet petticoat, trimmed round the bottom with a double border of clear muslin, drawn full with narrow ribband of corresponding colour to the petticoat; high body of jaconot muslin, with reversed drawings; long sleeve, drawn to correspond. A silk ruff. A silk net handkerchief-sash, tied in streamers and small bows behind. A Shipton straw bonnet, tied under the chin with a net handkerchief crossing the crown, and trimmed with a band of the same silk net. Sandals of evening primrose-coloured kid. Gloves to correspond.





## Poetry.

## THE DAYS OF INFANCY.

Oh! happy days, for ever fled!  
 Days of delight so quickly sped,  
 Ere sorrow bow'd the drooping head,  
 The days of infancy.

Then was the heart from anguish free,  
 And swift-wing'd hours of gamesome glee  
 Were ended ere we wist they be,  
 Gay hours of infancy.

No cares could then our minds annoy,  
 No doubts disturb our present joy,  
 No cruel fears our peace destroy,  
 In days of infancy.

Our little griefs were quickly o'er,  
 When past, we thought of them no more,  
 Nor dreamt of future ills in store,  
 In days of infancy.

And if our wand'ring thoughts would stray,  
 The distant future to pourtray,  
 They pictur'd still the prospect gay,  
 In days of infancy.

No strong emotions in the breast,  
 No wishes which must be suppress'd,  
 Nor vain, false hopes—oh! ye were blest,  
 Ye days of infancy!

Seal'd were those springs whence sorrows  
 flow,  
 To mix our future years with woe;  
 We shar'd the purest bliss below,  
 In days of infancy.

Thine is the unsuspecting heart,  
 Where dark distrust ne'er shares a part,  
 That knows not, and that fears no art,  
 Oh! happy infancy!

Thine confidence yet undeceiv'd,  
 Trusting to all, by all believ'd,  
 Not yet by faithless friendship griev'd,  
 Blest age of infancy.

'Tis thine to wander pleasure's round,  
 And pluck each flower of that fair bound,  
 Nor find a lurking horn to wound,  
 Pure joys of infancy.

But when arriv'd youth's ardent morn,  
 When love of fame or wealth is born,  
 Beneath the rose then springs a thorn,  
 Unknown to infancy.

Then, when th' affections of the mind  
 Are all unlock'd, and pleasure join'd  
 With pain, to be thro' life combin'd,  
 Farewell the peace of infancy!

J. LICKBARROW.

No. LXX. Vol. XII.

## VERSES

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF  
 THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH AND  
 QUEENSBERRY\*.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

And art thou gone, thou fairest flower  
 That grac'd old Scotland's topmost  
 tree?

And do I see thy honour'd place  
 A waste and woeful vacancy?

Yes, thou art fallen! and o'er thy dust  
 This tear falls to thy memory;  
 Beshrew my heart if e'er I wept  
 For any Scot on earth but thee!

A form so fair, a face so sweet,  
 So gentle, lingers not behind;  
 But these a slight proportion bore  
 To the beauties of thy heart and mind.

Oh! I have seen that placid mien,  
 And watch'd that calm benignant eye,  
 When all unconscious thou wert moved,  
 Nor knew'st thou that thy bard was  
 nigh.

If ever worth appeared on earth,  
 I weened I saw that worth in thee;  
 I saw what meet benevolence was,  
 What parent, and what friend should be.

Wee to the bard, whate'er his fame,  
 Who flatters power for pelf or meed,  
 Yet will not spare one parting strain  
 In memory of the honour'd dead!

\* The premature death of the Duchess of Buccleuch must be regarded by all who had any knowledge of her virtues as a public calamity. By one of those mysterious dispensations which confound the wisdom, and disappoint the presumptuous calculations of man, this illustrious female has been arrested by Providence, amidst a career of varied and extensive usefulness, which entitled her more, perhaps, than any other individual of the same station, to be ranked among the benefactors of her species. Though the uncommon loveliness of her grace's person, which excited the admiration of all who approached her, united to the captivating sweetness and benignity of her manners, exposed her constantly to the poison of adulation; and though the splendour of the exalted circle in which

K K

Farewell, thou dear, thou holy shade!  
 Calm be thy rest till time is o'er!  
 Hadst thou been sister, lover, child,  
 This heart could not regret thee more.

Above thy tomb, with emblems blest,  
 Will glare the sculptor's herald art;  
 But thou hast left a monument  
 In every kindred virtuous heart.

There's not a cot in Yarrow dale,  
 Nor in the wilds of Ettrick green,  
 Where will not rise the funeral wail,  
 Where weeds of woe will not be seen.

she was destined to move, would have dazzled and bewildered almost any mind but her own, there never was, we believe, an individual, in any rank of life, more completely divested of the taint of vanity, or better exercised in that soberness of thinking with regard to her own attainments, which is the characteristic of a superior mind. In domestic life, she formed the delight of her family and friends, and her conduct as a wife, a mother, and a sister, rendered her conspicuous even in the noble house of Buccleuch, whose hereditary virtues are proverbial.

But the admirable qualities of her grace's heart were not confined in their influence to the circle of her own family. She felt that she was called on to walk a more extensive round of beneficence, and she obeyed the call with alacrity and zeal. The bounties of Providence were, in her hands, employed in promoting the legitimate end for which they were bestowed; and a thousand voices will be raised to attest, from their own joyful experience, that she was "eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame; that the blessing of him who was ready to perish came upon her, and she caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." The education of the poor was no less an object in which her grace displayed a benevolent interest, than the supply of their bodily wants. She founded and personally superintended several establishments for the education of the poor in different parts of the country, within the sphere of her influence; and assisted, in a more indirect manner, many other institutions of a similar kind. The first wish of her heart indeed was to do good, and that wish an

And I will rear one little cairn,  
 Above thy bow'r on Yarrow side;  
 For worth departed I can mourn,  
 But never cringe to living pride.

And aye on one returning day,  
 I'll seek that place when none shall see,  
 And pour one simple, holy lay,  
 Memorial, beauteous saint, of thee.

When circling years have come and gone,  
 Some early hind may there espy  
 A minstrel on his old grey stone,  
 With the white hairs waving o'er his eye.

active and intelligent mind enabled her, in no common degree, to perform. She was not satisfied with making others the almoners of her charity—she visited, in person, the abodes of want and wretchedness—she administered with her own hands to the necessities of the poor, and subjected herself to no trifling privations that she might promote the comfort and happiness of her dependants. Those who have been so fortunate as to meet with her on such errands of love, will never forget the sunshine of gratified benevolence which shone on her countenance, and added so unspeakable a charm to the graces of her person. There was something, indeed, in every part of her character, so very far surpassing the common standard of humanity, that it is impossible to dwell on the remembrance of it without a sacred and solemn feeling, approaching to veneration. It is inexpressibly exhilarating to know, that such characters are occasionally sent to adorn and dignify our nature; and a sentiment of tender exultation is not perhaps altogether inconsistent with the universal sorrow caused by her removal from this earthly scene. There cannot assuredly be an object better calculated to elevate and enlarge the mind, to give it just views of the dignity of religion and virtue, and to teach it to know its own value, than the contemplation of a human being approaching, on earth, so near to the perfection of celestial natures; and, amidst the allurements and vanities of time, steadily pursuing the path which leads to the joys of eternity.

## LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from Aug. 29 to Sep. 3.

TOTAL 7,999 quarters.—Average, 79s. 8½d. per quarter or 6s. 4½d. per quarter lower than last return.

Return of Flour from Sep. 3 to 9.

TOTAL, 19,370 sacks.—Average, 74s. 0½d. per sack, or 1d. per sack lower than last return.

Average of England and Wales, Sep. 10.

	s	d	s	d	Brans	Pease
Wheat	79	0	Barley	37	0	47
Rye	44	8	Oats	28	1	49

## CORN, SEEDS, &amp;c.

	s.	s.	Tares, per bushel	s.	s.
Wheat white, per quarter	54	84	Turnip	18	22
—red	50	78	Mustard	18	22
—foreign	50	66			
Rye	36	40	—brown	13	18
Barley, English	28	35	—white	11	16
Malt	6	76	Canary, per qr.	12	147
Oats Feed	17	27	Hempseed	76	82
—Friesian	18	30	Linseed	95	101
—Poland	25	35	Clavary, red	45	90
Beans, Pigeon	41	45	—white	75	112
—Horse	50	64	—black	5	95
Pease, Boiling	42	48	—white	8	110
—Grey	70	75	Trifol	12	34
Flour per sack	60	65	Caraway	30	90
—Seconds	50	60	Coriander	15	95
—Scotch					

American Flour — s — s — s per barrel of 196lbs.  
 Rapeseed, per last — — — £20 a £35 a £—.  
 Oil Cakes, per thousand, £12.0s. to £20.0s.

## SUGAR, &amp;c. per Cwt.

COFFEE, Bonded.

Muscovade, fine	112 a 120	s	d	Dominica, &c.
—good	106 a 111	s	d	—
—ordinary	95 a 105	s	d	—
East India white	85 a 105	s	d	—
—yellow	75 a 84	s	d	—
—brown	65 a 74	s	d	—
MOLASSES 49% Od. a — s. — d.				Jamaica.
Double Leaves	210 a 220	s	d	—
Hambro' ditto	168 a 175	s	d	—
Posaer ditto	104 a 170	s	d	—
Single ditto	102 a 105	s	d	—
Canary Lump	158 a 162	s	d	—
Large ditto	150 a 154	s	d	—
East India, whole	100 a 104	s	d	—
—factors	101 a 108	s	d	—
—middles	98 a 102	s	d	—
—tips	90 a 94	s	d	—

## REFINED SUGAR.

Plantation	65	0	a	80
Spices and Pepper, per lb.				
Nutmegs	18	0	a	24
Cloves	10	0	a	10
Cinnamon	10	0	a	11
Wace	30	0	a	42
Pepp. white	5	3	a	2
—black	2	5	a	2
Vincent	2	5	a	2

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 72s 6½d.  
 We have less doing in both raw and refined sugars this month, but the prices are tolerably well supported

COCAOA, Bonded.

Caracas	90	0	a	100
Trinidad and				
—tips	90	0	a	100

GINGER.

Jamaica, white	82	a	200
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a	80
—black	70	a	75

RICE, Bonded.

Carolina	24	a	20
Brazil	20	a	28

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 72s 6½d.  
 We have less doing in both raw and refined sugars this month, but the prices are tolerably well supported

HOOPS in the Borough.

BAGS	£	s	£	s	£	s
Kent	5	0	a	7	7	cent
Sussex	4	15	a	6	15	Sussex
Essex	0	0	a	0	0	Canham

HOOPS in the Borough.

BAGS	£	s	£	s	£	s
Kent	5	0	a	7	7	cent
Sussex	4	15	a	6	15	Sussex
Essex	0	0	a	0	0	Canham

## CORN, &amp;c. per Quarter.

	Sept.	Wheat, Barley, Oats.	Peas
Newcastle	—	—	—
Northampton	—	—	—
Causterbury	—	—	—
—Lewes	17	76	81
—Chesfield	10	69	85
—Ashborne	10	84	92
—Gainsborough	17	—	—
—Gainsborough	13	72	80
—Louth	14	62	75
—Huntington	10	57	80
—Newark	14	80	86
—Spishby	12	70	80
—Rygate	—	—	—
—Devizes	—	—	—
—Reading	17	50	97
—Swansea	14	74	30
—Maidenhead	15	60	95
—Salisbury	13	64	70
—Trenth	13	75	32
—Hull	14	60	97
—Basingstoke	10	50	74
—Anerover	—	—	—
—Warrminster	17	66	86

## SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

Brandy, Cogn.	£	s	d	£	s	d
—Spanish	5	0	a	2	—	—
—Holland's Gin	5	0	a	2	—	—
—Itum, Jamaica	4	6	a	6	9	—
—Lew, Isl.	3	8	a	4	6	—
Mol. Spirits,	£	s	d	£	s	d
—British	13	10	a	1	—	—
—Irish	—	0	a	0	—	—
—Scotch	—	0	a	0	—	—
Spirits of Wine	£	s	d	£	s	d
—94	0	a	0	—	—	—



## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR AUGUST, 1814.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1814. AUG.	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
		Bar.	A. m.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	S W 1	30,08	30, 6	30,070	70,0°	58,0°	64,50°	cloudy	080	—
2	S W 1	30,08	30, 0	30,070	71,0	55,0	63,00	cloudy	074	—
3	N W 1	30,10	30,06	30,080	70,0	61,0	65,50	fine	116	—
4	N W 2	30,10	30,02	30,060	71,0	53,0	62,50	brilliant	076	0080
5	N W 2	30,00	29,06	29,800	69,0	61,0	65,00	showery	124	—
6	N W 4	30,04	29,08	29,890	64,0	55,0	59,50	showery	110	0310
7	S W 3	30,02	29,78	29,900	62,0	53,0	57,50	rainy	070	—
8	S W 3	29,78	29,72	29,700	61,0	52,0	58,00	rainy	050	070
9	N W 2	30,05	29, 2	29,830	62,0	51,0	56,50	showery	062	—
10	N W 2	30,18	30,05	30,120	64,0	52,0	58,00	showery	050	0400
11	W 1	30,20	30,18	30,190	63,0	54,0	58,50	showery	068	—
12	S W 1	30,18	30,06	30,120	67,0	50,0	60,50	gloomy	040	—
13	S W 1	30,06	29,88	29,970	60,0	52,0	56,00	gloomy	100	240
14	W 1	29,94	29,88	29, 10	53,0	46,0	49,50	fine	090	—
15	W 1	29,94	29,92	29,930	62,0	50,0	56,00	cloudy	070	—
16	W 2	29,92	29,82	29,850	60,0	50,0	55,00	rainy	064	—
17	W 1	29,98	29,96	29,970	61,0	50,0	55,50	rainy	056	0280
18	W 1	30,18	29,98	30,080	62,0	56,0	59,00	fine	054	—
19	N W 2	30,18	29,98	30,080	60,0	58,0	59,00	rainy	040	—
20	W 1	30,18	30,02	30,100	62,0	53,0	57,50	fine	060	—
21	S W 1	30,02	29,88	29,950	60,0	52,0	56,50	rainy	130	—
22	S W 1	29,92	29,88	29,900	60,0	52,0	56,50	rainy	014	1390
23	S 1	29,88	29,70	29,790	60,0	50,0	56,00	rainy	040	—
24	S W 1	29,70	29,08	29, 90	68,0	53,0	60,50	gloomy	020	0190
25	N W 1	29,82	29,03	29,700	60,0	50,0	61,00	gloomy	070	—
26	W 2	30,04	29,82	29,930	60,0	52,0	58,00	brilliant	080	190
27	W 2	30,10	30,04	30,070	64,0	48,0	56,00	fine	106	—
28	W 1	30,18	30,10	30,140	63,0	47,0	55,00	fine	060	—
29	W 1	30,26	30,18	30,220	68,0	52,0	60,00	cloudy	064	—
30	W 1	30,38	30,26	30,320	71,0	58,0	61,50	gloomy	054	—
31	S W 1	30,48	30,38	30,430	70,0	58,0	61,00	fine	070	0020
		Mean 30,061			59,37					3700

## RESULTS.

Mean pressure, 30,061—Maximum, 30,48, wind S W 1.—Minimum, 29,63, wind N. W. 2.—Range, .82 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .86 inch, which was on the 6th.

Spaces described by the curve, formed from the mean daily pressure, 2,65 inches—Number of changes, 9

Mean temperature, 59° 37.—Max 71°, wind W. 1.—Min 46°, wind W. 1.—Range 25.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 16°, which was on the 29th.

Water evaporated (from a surface of water exposed to the effects of winds and the sun, but not to its direct rays), 2,098 inches.

Fall of rain, 3,700 inches—rainy days, 22—snowy, 0—hail, 0.

## WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
0	0	0	0	1	11	13	7	0	0

Brisk winds 2—Boisterous ones 1.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR AUGUST, 1814.

Conducted by Mr. J. GIBSON, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1814.	Wind	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
AUG.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	N W	30,10	29,98	30,040	80°	59°	69,5°	fine	—	—
2	N W	30,10	29,95	30,075	76	64	70,0	fine	—	—
3	S W	30,14	30,05	30,095	79	55	67,0	fine	—	—
4	S W	30,14	29,98	30,060	77	62	69,5	fine	.73	—
5	S W	29,98	29,86	29,920	76	58	67,0	showers	—	—
6	W	30,05	29,98	30,015	69	57	63,0	showers	.37	.14
7	S W	29,98	29,80	29,890	70	60	65,0	showers	—	—
8	S W	29,97	29,80	29,885	69	57	63,0	showers	—	.19
9	N W	30,07	29,97	30,020	65	60	62,5	cloudy	—	—
10	W	30,15	30,07	30,110	65	60	63,0	showers	—	—
11	N W	30,10	30,15	30,155	66	59	62,5	cloudy	.87	—
12	S W	30,10	30,00	30,050	71	61	66,0	cloudy	—	—
13	S W	30,00	29,95	29,975	74	58	66,0	fine	.27	—
14	N W	29,97	29,95	29,960	68	55	61,5	fine	—	—
15	S W	29,95	29,90	29,925	65	56	60,5	fine	—	.18
16	S W	29,97	29,90	29,935	62	52	57,0	rainy	—	.23
17	W	30,00	29,97	30,010	66	62	64,0	cloudy	.58	—
18	W	30,07	30,05	30,060	68	56	62,0	cloudy	—	—
19	N W	30,04	30,00	30,020	60	51	55,5	fine	—	—
20	N W	30,01	29,98	29,910	66	61	63,5	fine	.34	—
21	S W	29,98	29,90	29,970	68	57	62,5	fine	—	—
22	N W	29,99	29,84	29,940	73	59	66,0	fine	—	.15
23	S	29,77	29,75	29,760	77	56	66,5	clouds	—	—
24	N W	29,70	29,19	29,495	64	53	61,0	rainy	.39	1.54
25	N W	29,86	29,70	29,780	70	56	63,0	showery	—	.11
26	N W	29,98	29,86	29,920	65	53	59,0	fine	—	—
27	N W	30,04	29,98	30,010	62	48	55,0	fine	—	—
28	N E	30,17	30,04	30,105	64	39	51,5	fine	.55	—
29	Var.	30,20	30,17	30,185	68	59	59,0	fine	—	—
30	Calm	30,27	30,20	30,235	73	57	65,0	cloudy	—	—
31	N W	30,34	30,27	30,305	71	58	64,5	fine	.30	.01
		Mean		30,000	Mean		62,9	Total	4,49in.	2,55in.

RESULTS — Prevailing winds, westerly — Mean height of barometer, 30,000 inches; highest observation, 30,34 inches; lowest, 29,49 inches — Mean height of thermometer, 62,9°; — highest observation, 80° — lowest, 39° — Total of evaporation, 4,40 inches. — Total of rain, 2,55 inches. — Total in another gauge, 2,97 inches.

Notes. — 3d. A few slight showers in the evening. — 7th. A strong wind from the S.W. all day. — 8th. Squally — 10th. Rainy morning — fine evening. — 23d. A heavy shower of rain early this morning — 24th. Very rainy day — squally night — 25th. A thunder storm between five and six o'clock P. M. — 29th and 30th. Foggy mornings — 31st. A shower of rain this evening.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for SEPTEMBER, 1814.

Birmingham Fire Office	£300	pr sh	Monmouthshire Canal	£160	pr sh
Eagle Ditto	2 28	do.	Regent's Shire	23	dis
Globe Ditto	112	do.	Swansea Ditto	175	pr sh.
Hope Ditto	2 54	do.	Commercial Dock (New)	15	pin
Imperial Ditto	18 10s.	do.	East Country Ditto	45	pr sh.
Royal Exchange	265 10s	do	London Ditto	97	do.
East London Water-Works	70	do.	West India Ditto	155	do.
Chelsea Ditto	12 5s.	do.	Strand Bridge	20	do.
Grand Junction Ditto	35	do.	— Annuities	£10 a 11. 10s	pin.
Kent Ditto (Old)	52 10s.	do.	Highgate Archway	10	pr sh.
Portsmouth & Farington Do.	21	do.	Russell Institution	18 18	do.
Birmingham Canal	650	do.	Surry Ditto	14 14s.	do.
Andover Ditto	83 a 85	do.	Auction Mart	29 a 30	do.
Chesterfield Ditto	100	do.	London Com. Sale-Rooms	52 10s.	do.
Covestry Canal	809	do.	Flour Company	5	do.
Erewash Ditto	800	do.	Gas Light & Coke Com.	20	do.
Grand Union	92	do.	Drury-Lane Theatre, 700l Sh.	190 a 200	do.
Grand Western	54	dis.	Irish Tontine, £100 l ebenture, 3d Class, 177	58. 2s	do.
Leeds and Liverpool	208	pr sh.			

WOLFE &amp; Co. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill,

&amp; FORTUNE &amp; Co. 13, Cornhill.

## PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 pr. ct. Red.	4 pr. ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr. ct.	Long Ann. for 1814.	2d One.	Impl. 3 pr. ct.	Impl. Ann.	Arch 5 pr. ct.	Stock	S Sea Ann.	India Stock	India Bonds.	Exchge. St. Lott. Tickets	Cons.
Aug 22	257	60 a 1/2	60 3/4	84 1/2	95 1/2	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 3 1/2	—	19 3 1/2	10 Pm.	£19.19s	66 a 1/2
23	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	0 1/2 Dis.	—	—	97	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	Oct. 12 '07 a 1/2	66 1/2 a 1/2
24	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
25	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
26	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
27	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
28	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
29	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
30	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
31	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
Sept. 1	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
2	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
3	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
4	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
5	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
6	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
7	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
8	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
9	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
10	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
11	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
12	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
13	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
14	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
15	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
16	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
17	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
18	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
19	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2
20	257	60 1/2 a 1/2	67 1/2	84 1/2	97	10 1/2	1 1/2 Dis.	—	—	—	19 1/2	—	19 1/2	10 Pm.	—	66 1/2 a 1/2

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*Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,*  
 For NOVEMBER, 1814.

VOL. XII.

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**The Seventy-first Number.**

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## TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

*We earnestly solicit communications on subjects of general interest, and also from professors of the arts and authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.*

*M.'s communication would far exceed the utmost limits we could possibly allow.*

*S. C. shall be apprized of our intentions by a private letter.*

*The known respectability of our correspondent who signs himself Humanus, would alone be sufficient to preclude the suspicion at which he hints.*

*We beg to remind T. T. that our work is not a Review, and we believe that it is not usual with publications of that kind to accept criticisms ready made.*

*W. R.—Indagator—Florello—Seraphina—A Political Portrait, and The Dupe, are not adapted to our Miscellany.*

*A Sonnet by D. J. P. A. and an Ode on the Fall of Bonaparte, are received.*

*Several articles of Literary Intelligence reached us too late for insertion in the present Number.*

*The Proprietor begs leave to remind such of his Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 5s. per Volume.*

THE  
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 OF  
 ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,  
*Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,*  
 For NOVEMBER, 1814.

The Seventy-first Number.

———The suffrage of the wise,  
 The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd  
 By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNIUS.

(Continued from p. 192.)

Miss K. When I would draw, || the distance ships driving and toss-  
 or, as you may call it, invent, if || ing in the waves, the masts in dif-  
 you like, flocks and herds, I do it || ferent directions.

in this way. These sheep are from || Miss K. This gives the idea of  
 Raphael—I thus turn them into || motion, as also the swag or sidle  
 cows, bulls, and goats. || of the vessels, and produces what  
 is termed buoyancy.

Miss Eve. Yes; I see you have || Miss Eve. What character,  
 only reversed this, but copied the || force, breadth, transparency, and  
 great structure, the long lines, har- || firmness of touch you have intro-  
 mony, &c. I perceive that we may || duced! what a harrowing squall!  
 pilfer for ever, in millions of in- || how black and awful! it almost  
 stances, and set detection at de- || makes me shrink—the sails flutter-  
 fiance. If this can be done, of || ing in the wind, and the sea-gulls  
 what use is genius? || winging their way, as if hurrying  
 over the turbulent waves to the  
 scene of death—the light, sublime  
 break in the clouds, the rain pour-  
 ing, &c.

Miss K. Figures, landscapes, in || Miss K. There is sentiment in  
 short, every thing may be thus pa- || all nature: a knowledge of what  
 rodied, from the most sublime to || produces the various impressions  
 the lowest composition. Thus, when || on our feelings, confers, in a high  
 I would design a shipwreck, I con- || degree, what is denominated ge-  
 sider the works of the Peters, Pa- || nius, by which the mind may be,  
 rullles, Vandevelde, Backhuysen, || as it were, mechanically acted up-  
 old Wyke, &c. Here is a smudge ||  
 I made for the effect of the ship- ||  
 wreck of William from Borzoni.

Miss Eve. In your picture, I  
 observe, you have represented in  
 No. LXXI. Vol. XII.

on, as a skilful chemist can, by drugs, variously affect the body. Burke, in his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, teaches a great deal of this. By certain rules, awe, terror, pity, love, and the other passions may be excited.

Miss *Eve*. It is the same in acting. The best actor works most forcibly on our feelings. In this particular, Garrick was superior to the silver-tongued Barry.

Miss *K*. All this is very much the effect of certain rules. A helpless infant, or a young beauty in distress, excites pity; virtue and the kind heart, sunk to poverty and woe, and a thousand other situations, produce their peculiar emotions, and are the materials with which the dramatist, the novelist, the painter, and poet, work. The customs alter, nature remains the same. This is well understood by Fuseli, as he has shewn, especially in his *Fairies*. The works of such artists are always interesting: and all this, as Reynolds observes, is very much under the dominion of rules; for it is not the nature of chance to produce works of merit with any constancy and certainty. Fuseli would stand no more chance of a capital prize in the lottery, by any ticket he might select, than my Romeo would. An artist may study the rules of drawing, and may not study the nature of the mind.

Miss *Eve*. Is there not a natural difference in the mind? Some will comprehend variously, extensively, accurately, will draw or write in tears, be affected themselves and affect others; while some are cold as marble. Some are of generous natures, as Lady Montague

observes at the conclusion of every verse of a song which she wrote:—

No, 'twas your generous nature,  
Bold, soft, sincere, and gay;  
It shone in every feature,  
And stole my heart away.

Miss *K*. Yes; there is much difference in the natural structure of the mind: yet very much is under the dominion of rules, and much may be gained by an artful method of availing ourselves of the works of others, as I was observing just now of the favourite ballad of *Jocky and Jenny*, which is the very old song of the *Scotch Haymakers* worked up and improved. The line I mentioned in Cowper's *Crazy Kate*, is another instance of this. Thousands of such examples may easily be produced in the works of the best writers, painters, sculptors, architects, &c.

It is said, that some are more conceited of their natural powers than they ought to be; on the other hand, many are too much depressed, and entertain a humbler opinion of their native powers than they ought to have, especially when they compare their own attempts in art with the much more successful efforts of some others.

Miss *Eve*. Many of these do not know, that they are breaking down a castle with their fist or a hammer, while others are using cannon and battering-rams, parodying, continually copying or skimming the cream of their most successful predecessors.—

But we were speaking of your picture.—I observe the ships are of the sort that were used in the 12th century. Some artists, without a proper attention to the costume in such a subject as this, might intro-

duce the modern improvements in naval architecture; perhaps represent the crew in the dress of the present day, some of them attempting to escape with a life-preserver, or firing signals of distress 200 years before gun-powder was invented, with a thousand similar absurdities. Time and place you have here pourtrayed with great accuracy.

Miss *Eve*. I think Henry I. the father of the unfortunate William and Maud Countess of Perche, was a handsome, brave, and accomplished man, and, for his great learning, called *Beau Clerc*, or *the Scholar*.

Miss *K*. It is related, that his person was manly, his countenance engaging, his eyes clear, serene, and penetrating. He was brave, affable, sagacious, and eloquent, extremely temperate in his meals, inexorable against offenders, and so great a lover of learning, that he acquired the surname you have mentioned. Ambition, however, was his ruling passion; for to this, in the case of his brother Robert, he certainly sacrificed all the principles of justice and of humanity.

Miss *Eve*. Many of the kings of England, since Egbert, the first king of this country in the 9th century, have had distinguishing appellations or surnames.

Miss *K*. Yes, nearly twenty; seven before the Norman conquest, and twelve since.

Alfred the Great	in the	9th cent.
Edward the Elder	.	10th —
Edward the Martyr	.	10th —
Edmund Ironsides	.	11th —
Canute the Great	.	11th —
Harold Harefoot	.	11th —

Edward the Confessor	11th cent.
William the Conqueror	11th —
William II. Rufus	. . . 11th —
Henry I. Beau Clerc	. . . 12th —
Richard I. Cœur de Lion	12th —
John Lackland	. . . 13th —
Henry III. of Winchester	13th —
Edward I. Longshanks	14th —
Henry IV. of Bolingbroke	15th —
Henry V. of Monmouth	15th —
Henry VI. of Windsor	15th —
Richard III. Crook-back	15th —
Charles I. the Martyr	. 17th —

and the twentieth may be called George the Good, who lives at present in the 19th century, and whose reign and life have extended considerably beyond the ordinary duration.

Miss *Eve*. Among men who have distinguished themselves in literature or the arts, which do you recollect to have passed the age of seventy?

Miss *K*. These are very numerous. I will first mention those I recollect, who died at and above the age of 90.

Bernard leBavier de Fontenelle	100
Titian	. . . . . 99
Charles Macklin	. . . . . 98
Gaspard Duchange	. . . . . 96
Michael Coxis	. . . . . 95
René Descartes	} . . . . . 94
Claude Mellan	
Sir Christopher Wren	} . . . . . 91
Roger Long	
Charles de St. Evremond	} . . . . . 90
Michael Angelo Buonarrotti	
Thomas Hobbes	

Of the females, Magdalen Scudery lived to 94, and Ninon de l'Enclos to the age of 90.

The above names are well known. Duchange and Mellan were celebrated engravers; Coxis was a



painter—he studied Michael Angelo; Charles Macklin, the celebrated actor——

‘Miss Eve. Who was particularly distinguished for his representation of Shylock, and under whose portrait I have seen inscribed—

This is the Jew  
That Shakspeare drew.

Is Henry Jenkins the oldest man you have read of in modern times?

Miss K. No: one is said to have lived 29 years longer than old Jenkins.—Here is a little memorandum-book, in which I have entered a short account of some persons remarkable for longevity.

Don John Taveira de Lima, Knight of the order of Christ, died in Portugal in 1738, aged 198 years. He had been from a lad in the service of the crown; from a common soldier he passed successively through the degrees of ensign, adjutant, captain, major, colonel, and lieutenant-general. He was then preferred to the government of the city of Moncoan, and his Portuguese majesty at last, in consideration of his long and faithful services, rewarded him with the patent and pay of brigadier of all his armies. He is the oldest modern man on record.

Henry Jenkins, born in Yorkshire, 1501, died December 1670, aged 169.

Thomas Parr, son of John Parr, of Winnington, in the parish of Aldenbury, in the county of Salop, born in Shropshire, February, 1483; died November, 1635, aged 152 years 9 months; buried in Westminster Abbey.

Christopher Jacobson Drakenborg, of Aarhus, Norway; born No-

vember 11, 1626; died October 9, 1772, aged 146.

—— Macfindley, Esq. of Tipperary, died June 1773, aged 143.

William Leland, of Ireland, died January, 1782, aged 139.

Mr. Fairbrother, of Wigan, Lancashire, died in May, 1770, aged 138.

Mr. John Mount, of Langholm, Dumfries, Scotland, died March, 1776; and Mr. Mowat, surgeon, Dumfries, died February 21, 1776, both aged 136.

Peter Garden, of Aucherness, Scotland, died in January, 1775, aged 131.

Mr. W. Ellis, of Liverpool, died in 1789, aged 130 years 6 months.

Mr. John Sheldon, died at West Bromwich in 1802, aged 129.

Mr. Tice died at Hagley, Worcestershire, Feb. 26, 1774, aged 125.

Samuel Pinnock died at Kingston, Jamaica, May 16, 1796, aged 125.

St. Patrick, first Bishop of Ireland, died in 491, aged 122.

Mr. Marmaduke Bell, Deputy Ranger of the Curragh of Kildare, died there in August, 1802, aged 108. He was a rider at the York races in 1714.

Here is a portrait engraved in 1707. Under it is written—“Isaac Ingall, born in 1679, and is now living (aged 118) in Lady Webster’s family at Battle Abbey, Sussex, where he has been a domestic upwards of 90 years.”

Here are the inscriptions on the monuments erected to the memory of Henry Jenkins and Thomas Parr. The first is at Bolton, in Yorkshire:—

“Blush not, marble, to rescue

from oblivion the memory of Henry Jenkins, a person obscure in birth, but of a life truly memorable; for he was enriched with the goods of Nature, if not of Fortune, and happy in the duration, if not the variety of his enjoyments; and though the partial world despised and disregarded his low and humble state, the equal eye of Providence beheld and blessed it with a patriarch's life and length of days, to teach mistaken man those blessings are entailed on temperance, a life of labour, and a mind at ease. He lived to the amazing age of 169; was interred December 6, 1670, and had this justice done to his memory in 1743."

The following is in Westminster Abbey:—

"Thomas Parr, of the county of Salop, born anno 1483. He lived in the reigns of ten princes, viz. Edward IV. Edward V. Richard III. Henry VII. and VIII. Edward VI. Mary, Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. He died in London, aged 152 years; and was buried here November 15, 1635."

Miss Eve. Have you any memorandums of persons of our sex remarkable for their great age? I have often heard my nurse say—

*The life of a man is threescore and ten,  
But the life of a woman nobody knows when.*

Miss K. Here are a few that I have noticed:—

Catherine Countess of Desmond, died aged . . . 140

Margaret Patten . . . . . 136

Elizabeth Merchant, of Hamilton's Bawn, Ireland, died in 1761 . . . . . 133

Mrs. Keith, died at Newnham, Gloucestershire, June 21, 1772 . . . . . 133

Mary Yates, of Shiffnal, Aug.

1776 . . . . . 128

Mary Ellis, of Leigh, June 3,

1609 . . . . . 119

Mary Jefferies, of Pye-street, Westminster, November 27,

1796 . . . . . 115

Miss Eve. Dr. Johnson, in his *Life of Dr. Edward Young*, who died in 1765, aged 84, says, in allusion to his long life, Where was the world into which he entered? meaning the world's inhabitants; and yet this old doctor was 114 years younger than Don John Taveira. If, as it is said, a generation passes away in about 33 years, he must have seen six generations in his life of 198 years.

Miss K. Here is an inscription, which is to be seen against the wall of a church-yard in Tothill Fields, Westminster:—"Near this place lieth Margaret Patten, who died June 26, 1739, in the parish work-house, aged 136 years:" and here is an inscription to the memory of Miss Ellis, too ludicrous one would think to be found under ground among the dead. It is in a vault in the church-yard of Leigh, Essex:—"Here lies the body of Mary Ellis, daughter of Thomas Ellis and Lydia his wife, of this parish. She was a virgin of virtuous courage and very promising hopes, and died the 3d of June, 1609, aged one hundred and nineteen."

Miss Eve. Titian Vecelli, that prince of colourists among the modern painters, who died aged 90, seems as in his youth when compared to Don John Taveira, almost a century younger, and what is called the age of man, 70 years, younger than old Harry Jenkins.

Miss K. Yes, as a bright colour,

appears dull when placed beside another that is much brighter, so all things go by comparison.

Miss Eve. You shewed me a sort of pedigree of art of Rubens and

Rembrandt, those celebrated colourists—have you formed one of Titian?

Miss K. Yes, here is one.

Giotto, born 1264, at Florence, imitated Giotto, who was born 1276, at Vespignano. He was pupil to Cimabue, born at Florence 1240; and he was pupil to some Greek artists at Florence.

Giovanni di Fiesoli, called Angelico of Fiesoli

Gentili di Fabriano, 1332, Verona

Giacomo Bellini, Venice

Giovanni Bellini, 1422, Venice

TIZIANO VECELLI, called TITIAN, born at Cadore, in Friuli, 1480; some say, 1477.

arent Calker Conterini Dossi Elnudo Navarra Pietro Rosa Schiavoni Franc Verdzotti Zclotti  
Bouvincino Campagnola Maginga Madalino Old Palma Robes Tintoret Hor. and Mar. Vecelli Zustrus

Paolo Francisco, called  
Fiamingo

Dominico and Merutti Tintoret

NAMES OF SIXTEEN PAINTERS WHO IMITATED TITIAN.

Coello, called the Portu-  
guese Titian  
V. Corte  
Donado  
Folcr

Laurinck  
Leismann  
Liagno, called the  
little Titian  
Mazzuchelli, called  
Morozoni

The Younger Palma  
Pasqualeuo  
Pauza  
Plaas

Polo  
Romanino  
Simon de Vos  
Zeuquana

Miss *Eve*. Coello is called the Portuguese Titian, Liagno the Little Titian, and I think Navarra is styled the Spanish Titian.

Miss *K*. Yes; Giovanni Fernandez de Navarra, called Navarrete and the Spanish Titian, was pupil to Titian. Coello and Liagno were only imitators of the greatest of modern colourists. There were two Coellos: Alonzo Sanchez Coello, born 1515, in Portugal, the painter we were speaking of; the other, Don Claudio Coello, a native of Madrid. P. de Liagno was also born at Madrid, in 1573.

Miss *Eve*. The Spanish painters have had great opportunities of studying Titian, there being so many of his works in the Escorial.

Miss *K*. Yes; Venice and the Escorial contain many of his best pictures.

Miss *Eve*. I much admire the brisk pencilling, the spirited touch, as Reynolds calls it, of Don Diego Velasquez.

Miss *K*. Don Diego Velasquez de Silva, son of Francisco Herrera Pacheco, was born at Seville, 1594; died of a fever, August 6, 1660, and was buried in the parochial church of St. Juan. This painter was knighted. It has been justly observed, that those painters who would obtain honours, gold chains, medals, and riches, should be ornamental painters: it is not every mind that can appreciate the highest departments.

Miss *Eve*. Ornamental pictures are addressed to the eye; almost every one has eyes; the highest departments address the mind, but few possess what the scientific understand by a mind. One gains

the million, the other the intelligent few.

Miss *K*. Here is a description of the dress of Velasquez:—

“In the year 1660 Lewis XIV. King of France, demanded the Infanta Donna Maria Teresa in marriage, and Velasquez, in execution of his office, set out before the court. This interview took place in the month of June, when Lewis XIV. after being splendidly regaled, and having interchanged several magnificent presents with the Catholic king, received his bride, and Philip returned to San Sebastian. In all these splendid ceremonies Velasquez officiated in quality of his post, adorned with the insignia of his knighthood and other dignities, magnificently apparelled in a vest of Golilla, with rich silver lace of Milan, according to the fashion of the times: on his cloak the red cross profusely adorned with diamonds and other precious stones; a beautiful silver-hilted sword, of exquisite workmanship, with figures in relief, made in Italy; a costly gold chain round his collar, with the order of Santiago appending to it, in a magnificent setting of diamonds.”

Miss *Eve*. There is a similarity in the characters of Rubens and Velasquez; both were eminent ornamental painters; and 30 years before, Rubens came to England as ambassador from the Infanta Isabella and Philip IV. of Spain to King Charles I. on a treaty of peace between the two crowns. As he sacrificed so much to brilliancy and shew in his pictures, it is likely that his cloak was not very plain.

Miss *K*. No; it had probably

a few diamonds about it when he was introduced to Charles I. in the character of ambassador.

Miss *Eve*. The marriage of Donna Maria Teresa with Lewis XIV. called the Great, took place about the time of the restoration of Charles II. of England.

Miss *K*. Yes; Charles II. was restored in May, 1660. This marriage took place a month afterwards, and Velasquez enjoyed the honour of knighthood only three months, as he died in August of the same year.

JUNINUS.

## THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

No. X.

I would give even to the street beggar, that I might keep up in myself the *habit* of benevolence; it *might* do him no good, but it would awaken exercise, and thereby confirm the principle and feeling of charity in myself.

BISHOP PORTEUS.

IF, as it is said, "Charity covereth a multitude of sins," or rather, if this sentence of holy writ, which is so continually issuing from the lips of the religious and the irreligious, be believed, how is it that so many miserable objects pass us unheeded, or that so many deep complaints of sorrow are driven in anger from our doors, and are continually suffered to break upon our ears, if not with insult, at least without pity? Why all this unnecessary hardening of the heart towards our fellow-travellers to the same bourn, when a very small pitance from each of us would be more consistent with that Christian charity which we profess? How do we know but that Almighty power which raised us up to-day in prosperity, may bow us down to-morrow in adversity; and we may, in our turn, become even more debased than the object who now solicits our alms? What man is there in these times that can say, I *will* be rich to-morrow? The butterfly is a worm one moment, the next is dressed more gaily than Solomon in all his *glory*; a little longer time, and it is no more! Its pride va-

nishes ere the next day's dawn at most, even should it escape a premature death by the clutch of its urchin pursuer.

I have been so often borne down with words rather than arguments, for my improper defence, as it has been termed, of promiscuous charity, that I resolved to hold my peace for the future on this subject, although unconvinced of the fallacy of my reasoning; but, sheltering myself under the privileges of an essayist, I shall, through the medium of my *Cogitations*, dare once more to broach my favourite subject. From my fair readers, I trust, I shall receive more attention than from my own dictatorial sex, for Charity is a feminine virtue, and painters delineate her in the form of the softer sex.

To what churchwarden's lady the abolition of pockets is owing, and the *ridicule* owes its celebrity, I know not. In the company of a fan, a vinegaret, or a pocket-handkerchief scented with attar of roses, vulgar copper halfpence can hope for no place. For them in vain the poor sweeper wears her broom to the stump; the fair, without heeding

her exertions, pass over her swept crossing without remuneration. The glossy white silk stocking and the Nankeen shoe disdain to owe their security to a pauper : but where is the man who has a side pocket, or who doats upon a clean-turned ankle, who would refuse his mite to keep unsullied so bright an exhibition ? For us poor authors, to whom an invitation to a tea and turn-out party is a sufficient tax upon our dress shoes ; we, who can ill afford the charge of coach-hire to carry us decently to a *petit souper*, from us the street-sweeper is entitled to the most unreserved gratitude ; and I am weak enough to confess, that I could never stride over a clean crossway, on which a poor wretch has spent his broom and his strength, without paying the accustomed trifle, or, in lack of halfpence, scoring it up in my brain as a just debt to be paid some time or other. I have read somewhere of a poor devil soliciting a gentleman to bestow his charity. —“ I owe you one,” he retorted. —“ Aye, sir,” said the poor dependant, “ ’tis unknown the credit we sweepers give this way.” However, I keep my word. Often, when booted, have I rushed through the mud, or, availing myself of the sweeper’s exertions, contracted debts as long as any milk-score. To a gentleman with a contracted leg, who plies from Charlotte-street to Rathbone-place, I now owe two-pence ; and to another artist at Chancery-lane I am indebted one penny. But to be serious ; there are some men who really are such adepts in *theoretical* virtues, that there is no being a match for them ; men who have so

many negative qualities, so many left-handed systems of morality, and who make so many jumps over their duty, that it is impossible to catch them. “ Charity,” says my friend Ephraim Smooth, “ is one of the first of virtues.” —“ How then is it, my friend,” I replied, “ that you pass unheeded so many objects on which you might exercise such a quality ?” —“ What !” retorts my friend, “ do you call that charity which indulges idleness and imposition ? No, no ; find out some poor wretch too proud to beg, and who languishes in a corner, ashamed to meet the public eye ; one who has seen better days ; and many such there are.” —“ Stop, my friend,” said I, “ I have heard this argument before ; but, trust me, want and a dark night are sovereign cures for these nice feelings : but, perhaps, when you give, you must bestow your mite on some obscure and *interesting* female, who was once a *thing* of impertinence ; some *poor gentleman* who has ruined his creditors ; or some genteel visionary who has broken his parent’s heart, from his idleness, or from a false pride to which he had not the smallest claim ; or to some other personage possessing the ‘ caps and bells’ of poverty : but do you even ever look out for such objects ?” —No, he had no time. —“ Then truly, friend Ephraim, you have found out an excellent subterfuge for keeping your money in your pocket. You say, you *may*, by giving, encourage idleness ; are you sure that objects of charity would not work, could they procure employment ? Impostors there are doubtless many ; but regard that man, look at that fellow hopping

along, he has on a blue jacket; he will accost you, hoping that your honour's boots may not spring a leak, that you may never lie on a lee shore, or that your noble consort will drop a shot in your *wake*. I grant you, that though he begs you to remember poor Jack, though he declares that he lost his precious limb with the glorious Nelson, he may not be a sailor; but you see his leg is cut off close to the stump, there are no leg and foot tied up over a timber toe. Surely this fellow did not suffer amputation for the pleasure of gaining a few casual halfpence; and whether he lost his limb by the cogs of a mill, or an enemy's shot, surely he deserves your compassionate consideration—he cannot be an impostor. That woman you may see is totally blind, therefore your futile objections cannot save the penny now lurking in your pocket.”—“But,” retorted my friend, “don't you know, that these people get more than you or I by the sweat of our brows? Is it not notorious, that a beggar has sold his stand for 18s. per diem? and is it not a received fact, that in St. Giles's they feast on the greatest luxuries; that they make imitations of wounds, and all such tricks?”—“I have heard these stories, friend Ephraim, but verily the reporters of them lied, for I have taken some pains to substantiate these things—I believe them not: some solitary instances of this sort may have occurred, but are we to condemn all as cheats? I have myself been deceived, grossly deceived. If I assist improper objects unknowingly, am I to blame? Certainly not, my motive is a good one. We read,

my friend, ‘Never turn away thy face from a poor man, and then the face of God shall never be turned away from thee;’ and, ‘if you relieve not your brother who wanteth aught’—but you are more versed in Scripture than I am.”—“All this is really very fine,” retorted my friend Ephraim: “now attend to me, look at that wretch; she not long ago told you her distress, ‘A morsel of bread had not passed her lips this *precious* day; she was in despair and poverty, while her husband was fighting the battles of his country;’ see, she is now coming out of that gin-shop, while others expend all their money on snuff.”—“Fie upon thee, friend Ephraim! did you not but this morning tell me, that, from a trifling loss in one of your speculations, you could not recover your temper until three glasses of wine after dinner yesterday made you forget your troubles? Away, then, with such objections; you see an object in misery, perhaps it may be caused by her own imprudence, of these must the feelings be more severely outraged?—But I ask not for your money to support idleness. I ask but for the eleemosinary penny that you will waste on some useless thing, or throw unheeded into your drawer; give that, and leave the rest to the Power who can alone judge the motive. But you have not yet, I presume, made half your objections; you have forgotten that poor-rates are high, and that there are workhouses built. But are not these asylums often distant? or can the indigent be admitted directly? You would subscribe then, friend, to the parish, for in that case your name would be blazoned in the

church, in blue and gold, to proclaim the generosity of your donation—but farewell! I leave you, I know, unconvinced.”

See that poor shivering female, whom floods of rain have nearly drenched; she waits with hungry, yet patient looks, at the door of yon pastry-cook’s shop; see her follow, with anxious eyes, luxury after luxury, which pall the appetites of that group of young ladies—she has not yet broken her fast. How often has she, with hope deferred, watched each dismissed passenger, whose change of a few halfpence she thinks may be her’s, but in vain! Stop, my dear, my amiable country-women, and give the price of that jelly to her whom the cravings of unsatisfied hunger are racking with cramps. Alas! no, you will not. She watches your departure again, she sees the over-plus halfpence screwed in a paper: hope once more brightens her visage, she draws encouragement from the smile that plays on your countenance; but they are consigned to your bag, and you rush by her to your carriage, and, enveloped in furs, complain of the severity of the weather, while you behold her shivering, unheeded, in the blast, as if she were not your fellow mortal. Yet are your cheeks bedewed with tears for the illness of your pug-dog, or the fancied

sorrows of an Ellen or a De Courcy; you can vent maudlin tears at the shrine of Fiction, but pity not the real miseries of poor human nature.

It was one bitter night last winter, when returning home through one of the squares, wrapping myself up in my great-coat, that my steps were arrested by the overbearing voice of a man abusing a beggar-woman with two infants. He did not content himself with passing her and withholding his mite, but insulted her by demanding eleven-pence for a shilling, adding, that he would give her the odd penny. The poor wretch in vain protested, that she was not worth a farthing. He swore it was a lie, and that she earned more than he did. Fruitlessly did he endeavour to enrage her by calling her by opprobrious epithets; but she bore them with provoking indifference. “Now,” said the fellow, “I see you are going to abuse me; come, give us a spice of your language—come, some of your gab, ma’am!”—“No,” said the poor wretch, “I scorn to do as you do, make a blackguard of myself.”—“You be d—d,” rejoined the disappointed son of prosperity—“go to hell!”—“I sha’n’t,” retorted the woman, coolly, “that’s not my parish.”

## EUDOXIA, CONSORT OF THE EMPEROR PETER THE GREAT.

(Continued from p. 209.)

SUCH was the melancholy fate of the son of Eudoxia, who could find no consolation but in her tears, when her heart received some slight relief from the intelligence, that the czar was preparing for a journey to Denmark. It was not long before he actually repaired thither,



to concert with the Danish court a descent upon Schonen, respecting the expediency of which both parties perfectly agreed, but on which Peter himself was so intent, that he determined to superintend the operations in person. He entrusted the regency during his absence to his favourite Menzikof, with the injunction, to force the prince to a speedy decision, and to endeavour to determine his choice in such a manner, that it should fall on a convent in whose prior implicit confidence might be placed.

However great were the sorrows that overwhelmed Eudoxia, and however painfully passing events must have affected her maternal heart, yet at Peter's court not a word was bestowed on the unhappy princess. Shut up in her cell, she could do nothing but pray and weep; all the ties that once bound her to the world seemed now to be dissolved for ever. The czar was the more astonished, when, immediately upon his arrival at Copenhagen, he received accounts, that Eudoxia kept up a correspondence from her gloomy cell, not only with her unfortunate son Alexis and her brother Lapuschin, but also with Peter's sister, the Princess Mary. His informant maliciously added, that Mary had provided Eudoxia with secular apparel, for her to put on as soon as she threw off the veil; that the Archbishop of Rostof already permitted public prayers to be offered up in his diocese for her as the real consort of the czar; that the amorous princess had formed a criminal connection with an officer named Glebow, who resided on his estate in the neighbourhood of Rostof; and had even the au-

dacity to assure the czar, that, unless speedy measures were taken to defeat this conspiracy, its consequences might be most disastrous to himself and his family.

Whether this story were true or wholly fictitious; whether the fate of her son roused the mother, mourning in profound seclusion, from her apparent apathy; or whether the whole was a stratagem of Catharine, who had usurped her throne, and of the favourite Menzikof, to ensure the success of their plans, it is very difficult to determine.

Peter, who was naturally of a mistrustful, suspicious disposition, was violently shocked at reading this unexpected intelligence: he was determined, however, not to relinquish the undertaking on account of which he had visited Copenhagen, and as he was at the same time apprehensive, that his son and his adherents might take advantage of his absence to make some desperate attempt, he had recourse to dissimulation; for he had no doubt of gaining the prince, if he substituted the appearance of confidence instead of threats. He therefore wrote to him in the tenderest terms, and invited him to repair without loss of time to Copenhagen, to share the laurels which he hoped to gather in the projected invasion of Schonen.

These specious demonstrations of paternal affection did not impose upon the prince; his intimate friends probably warned him against the snares concealed beneath the kind professions of a severe and inexorable father, and by their advice he determined to employ artifice against artifice. He answered

the czar in terms which seemed to flow from implicit obedience and filial duty, and promised to obey his commands without delay. He actually set out, but scarcely had he reached the frontiers of Courland, when he turned to the left, and directed his course to Viennua, against the advice of his friends, who in vain urged all possible arguments to induce him to go to France, which was formerly the usual asylum of unfortunate princes.

When the report of his flight was generally circulated in Moscow, and not till then, did Eudoxia's friends and even the family of the czar form the plan of a conspiracy; which, however, was not to be put in execution till a favourable opportunity should present itself. This caution of the conspirators clearly proves how formidable the czar was to them even in his absence.

Peter employed a thousand expedients, to prevail upon his son to return; and both Tolstoi, the privy counsellor, and Romanzow, captain of the guards, devised a thousand stratagems to inspire the heir to the Russian throne with the courage to leave the castle of St. Elmo at Naples, which the Emperor of Germany had assigned him for an asylum, but where he was actually treated as a prisoner of state. It was not till the czar had finished his tour through Germany, Holland, and France, that his emissaries succeeded in prevailing upon the prince to return to his country, by delivering to him a letter, in his father's own handwriting, in which he promised him an unconditional pardon.

An affecting answer from the

credulous prince preceded his return, and made such an impression upon his father's heart, that he would assuredly have changed his sentiments, if Menzikof, who attentively watched all his motions, had not taken especial care to stifle those paternal feelings. On the very day of his arrival at Moscow, the prince received permission to throw himself at the feet of his father, and when he quitted his apartment, it was the current report, that the czar, faithful to his written promise, had given him a verbal assurance of his pardon.

How great was then the universal astonishment, when, the following morning, the 14th of February, 1717, the guards were seen surrounding the castle, and the whole garrison under arms! An aid-de-camp of the czar, accompanied by four officers, went to the prince, demanded his sword, and conducted him, escorted by a detachment of grenadiers with bayonets fixed, as a state prisoner to the palace.

Peter was waiting for him in the great hall, surrounded by his ministers, nobles, and counsellors of state. Scarcely was the prince ushered into the presence of this tribunal, when he acknowledged his guilt, and merely requested that his life might be spared.

His father, who here sat in judgment upon his son, went with him into his cabinet, to enquire into the most secret circumstances of his flight, and the persons implicated in it at Moscow. In an hour he returned with him to the council of state, and promised, on the word of a prince, to spare his life, if he would renounce all claims to

the Moscovite throne. Alexis had no other choice left: he therefore, without hesitation, subscribed the act of renunciation, which was placed ready prepared before him. To give complete inviolability to such an extraordinary proceeding, the grandees of the empire were required, without stirring from the spot, to take the oath of allegiance to Prince Peter, Catharine's son, as heir-apparent to the Russian throne; after which the whole illustrious assembly repaired to the cathedral, where the archbishops, bishops, and archimandrites, summoned for the purpose, were obliged to take the same oath with due solemnity.

Great as was the sacrifice which Alexis had made, his enemies were not yet satisfied. He was conducted back under a strong escort to the castle, and soon afterwards removed to Petersburg. There the czar formed a tribunal, composed of the most exalted and distinguished persons of the empire, who, having previously obtained the approbation of the clergy, declared the prince guilty of crimes, which, according to the law, deserved the punishment of death; but they left it to the sovereign either to confirm or to modify this sentence.

Peter ordered the sentence of death to be read to his son: his barbarous mandate was obeyed. Whether the tremendous image of the scaffold, or material means, which by their violent effects destroyed the functions of the body, operated fatally, we know not; so much is certain, that the following morning the discarded heir to the throne of Russia was seized with

violent convulsions, which soon put a period to his life and his troubles. His death was officially announced as the effect of terror and chagrin.

Now commenced the notorious criminal process which terminated in the tragical death of a prodigious number of persons, who were really suspected, or whom it was deemed politic to suspect, but whose pretended crimes were never once mentioned, still less proved.

Many whom the prince was said to have accused in his private interview with the czar as accomplices in a conspiracy which he never thought of, in order to save his own life, were put to the torture; and it is asserted, that by this cruel method it was discovered, that the Archbishop of Rostof had debauched the unfortunate Eudoxia.

This tale is absolutely incredible, but yet the base ecclesiastic confessed, that, with a view to obtain gifts from the silly but opulent Abraham Lapuschin, the brother of Eudoxia, he had made her believe, that he had daily visions, in which the Almighty disclosed to him such things as were highly consolatory to the repudiated princess. According to these revelations, Peter was soon to be reconciled to Eudoxia, who was to quit her dreary cell for the throne, to present the emperor with two sons; and to enjoy the satisfaction of seeing Catharine, who usurped her place, dismissed with scorn and disgrace.

The czar commanded the clergy to depose this prelate from his dignity; and when the college represented, that it had not the power to decide in matters of this kind, Peter replied, with a threat, that

if they had the authority to appoint bishops, they could not but possess the right to displace them. His menaces rendered the bishops more compliant; they declared that the archbishop had forfeited his dignity, and the external attributes of the ecclesiastical function. He was stripped of the insignia which he had disgraced by a base imposition, and was broken alive upon the wheel with the Chevalier Kilkin, the intimate friend of the prince, and his companion in his flight.

Who can read without emotions of the deepest horror, that the tender frame of Eudoxia—that Eudoxia whom the czar, subdued by her charms, had selected from among thousands—the affectionate mother of his children—the princess who had shared his throne, from which she was most mercilessly hurled, was now, by command of the same prince, who had once adored her, fixed upon the blood-stained rack! At the sight of the terrific apparatus, her senses forsook her. The executioners had the humanity to recal her to life, on which, to avoid the torments preparing for her, she confessed every crime that her accusers chose to lay to her charge, not excepting the pretended criminal intercourse with Glebow: and so completely had the fear of the torture taken hold of her imagination, that even when confronted with her alledged paramour, she adhered to her previous confession; though Glebow asked her, with deep emotion, how she could debase herself by such an untruth. He endured the repeated infliction of the horrid pains of the knout, and stedfastly persisted in his denial. He declared, that Eu-

doxia was perfectly innocent, and had only been urged by the preparations for the torture, to accuse herself of the most absurd crimes, which she never had and never could have thought of, closely watched as she was in the convent. In vain was the heroic Glebow subjected, for six successive weeks, to unheard-of torments; he never wavered, and, as the reward of his fortitude, was at last impaled. It is related, that in this dreadful situation, struggling between life and death, the czar, who spared Eudoxia against his will, approached the sufferer, and conjured him to confess the truth; on which his mutilated victim, spitting in his face, stammered forth these his last words:—"Go, tyrant, and let me die in peace."

Eudoxia's brother, Abraham Lapuschin, was at first doomed to be broken alive upon the wheel; but his sentence was afterwards commuted into death by the axe. When he had already laid his head upon the block, stained with the blood of the many unfortunate persons who had previously suffered, the czar again altered his sentence, and awarded him a far more cruel punishment. He ordered him to have his tongue cut out, to receive twenty lashes of the knout, of such severity that these alone might have occasioned death, and then to be banished for ever to Siberia. This Peter termed, in his coarse language, granting him his life.

Not content with so many executions, he directed all the archbishops, bishops, and the rest of the superior clergy, to be assembled, ordered them to examine Eudoxia's process with the most

minute attention, and to pronounce their sentence conformably with the utmost rigour of the civil law, and of the canonical code.

Before these judges commenced their investigation, they solemnly declared, that, as peaceful ministers of the Gospel, they did not thirst for the blood of the accused; but could have no other object in view, than her sincere repentance, and that Providence had not put into their hands the sword of destruction, but the sacred words of Revelation. This spirit of moderation, which at the moment animated the whole of this dignified assembly so much the more powerfully, because shame and remorse yet filled the hearts of the venerable fathers on account of the sentence of death pronounced by them upon the son of Eudoxia, saved the life of the wretched mother. She was adjudged to undergo ecclesiastical discipline only, to be inflicted by two of the nuns. The sentence was executed in the presence of the whole chapter, and the maltreated Eudoxia was shut up in another convent near the lake of Ladoga.

The Princess Mary, own sister to the czar, received, in the presence of the ladies and gentlemen belonging to the court, who were compelled by Peter to attend the execution, a hundred stripes with rods on the back and shoulders, and was then immured in the fortress of Schlüsselburg. The confessors, the domestics, and all those persons in whom the princess was supposed to place any confidence, were scourged by the hand of the executioner, and after having their noses slit and their tongues cut out, exiled to the deserts of Siberia.

Many of the sufferers were perfectly innocent, and had not the slightest knowledge of the conspiracy. The plot itself was indeed scarcely framed, but it might have shaken Peter's throne had it been suffered to attain maturity. It is remarkable, that almost immediately after these proscriptions and this profuse bloodshed, the Russian nation, with universal acclamations, conferred on the czar the title of Emperor.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT OF THE MARCHIONESS DE BRINVILLIERS.

MARY MARGARET DE BRINVILLIERS, the daughter of Dreux d'Aubrai, a civil judge, was married, in 1651, to the Marquis de Brinvilliers, son of the President of the Chamber of Accounts. She resided with her husband in her father's house at Paris, and the young couple possessed an income of 40,000 livres. The Marchioness de Brinvilliers was small, but a fine figure

and extremely fascinating, and led a very modest and retired life.

Her husband, colonel of the Normandy regiment of cavalry, one day brought home with him a young officer of the regiment of Tracy, named Gaudin de Sainte Croix, of Montauban: he was an illegitimate branch of a very respectable family, by which he was not acknowledged, and remarkably

handsome. The marquis, who had fallen into his company whilst with the army, formed an intimacy with him, and was desirous that he should come and live with him at Paris. His young, susceptible, and amiable wife made remonstrances, either feigned or sincere, on the impropriety of so familiar a connection; but M. de Brinvilliers paid no regard to them, whether it was that he was completely duped by her artifice, supposing that she had really resorted to one, or that he considered the virtue of his wife, above suspicion. The consequence was, or might have been foreseen, a mutual passion of the marchioness and Sainte Croix.

The father, indignant at the criminal intrigue of his daughter, obtained in 1663 a *lettre de cachet* for the lover, who was apprehended while in company with the marchioness in her carriage. He was conveyed to the Bastille. The Marquis de Brinvilliers had meanwhile squandered a great part of his property; and, by the advice of Sainte Croix, his wife had demanded and obtained a separate allowance.

At the expiration of a year, the prisoner was released from the Bastille. Better would it have been for him had he either never entered or never quitted that place. During his residence there, he lived in the same room with an Italian named Exili, who made a trade of preparing and selling poisons, and was one of those monsters who occasioned the death of more than a hundred persons at Rome during the pontificate of Innocent X. Exili imparted his secrets to Sainte

Croix, who communicated them to his mistress; and she, actuated by avarice and revenge, was but too well disposed to avail herself of them.

She formed a resolution of poisoning her father and her whole family. Stifling all the feelings of humanity and nature, she made experiments with the poisons prepared by Sainte Croix. She impregnated bread with them, distributed it with her own hands in the Hotel Dieu, and carefully collected accounts of its results. Between 1666 and 1670, two of her brothers and a sister died of poison. The same fate was designed for her husband; but as she wished to get rid of him merely that she might marry Sainte Croix, and the latter had no inclination for the match, he is asserted to have counteracted the effects of the drugs administered to him; so that he, as Madame de Sevigné expresses it, tossed alternately to and fro between life and death by poisons and antidotes, was fortunate enough to escape with his life.

It must be numbered among the enigmas of the history of the human heart, that the marchioness committed crimes to which she could not have been instigated by any personal interest. If therefore, on occasion of such enormities, it were possible to conceive some benevolent intention, we should be tempted to recognize a trace of such a feeling in the following fact.—She once became acquainted in a convent with a novice who seemed absorbed in the deepest grief: she learned, that the parents of this young female were about to compel her to take the veil without delay, that their whole fortune might

devolve to her brother. Madame de Brinvilliers endeavoured to comfort her, and at parting promised to intercede with her family in her behalf. She had at her command infallible means for attaining her object. It was not long before the novice was informed of the sudden death of her father, mother, and brother; and, in consequence, she left the nunnery without the slightest suspicion of the real chain of circumstances to which she owed her liberty.

The garb of piety served to disguise the crimes of Madame de Brinvilliers; and what is remarkable, she not only deceived others by it, but also herself. She went to confession, and one of the most important documents against her was a general confession written by herself: for Providence could not permit such numerous and detestable crimes to go unpunished. Sainte Croix died suddenly in June, 1672. It is reported, that while he was preparing a very potent poison, the glass mask which he was accustomed to use, fell to the ground, and he was suffocated by the pestiferous effluvia. As he had no relations, the police placed seals upon his effects. The marchioness had the indiscretion to apply for a small box which formed part of them, and which, as she said, belonged to her. This excited suspicion; the box was opened, and in it was found a paper, dated May 25 1672, with these words:—"This box, unopened and untouched, to be delivered to Madame de Brinvilliers, Rue Neuve St. Paul, as all that is in it relates and belongs to her." This fatal box contained packets of poisons of all kinds, the

letters of the Marchioness to Sainte Croix, and a bond for 80,000 livres, which she gave him on the 20th of June, 1670, eight days after she had dispatched her father. Finding that she could not obtain possession of the box either by stratagem or bribery, she fled first to England and thence to Liege. A man, named la Chaussée, who was in the service of the father of Madame de Brinvilliers when he died, now preferred a demand against Sainte Croix, to whom also he had been a servant seven years; asserting that he had placed 200 pistoles and other effects in his hands. The widow of M. d'Aubrai, now married to M. de Villargeau, conceived suspicions of la Chaussée, who was apprehended and examined. The culprit confessed, that he had received from Sainte Croix the poison which put an end to the life of the brother of Madame de Brinvilliers, and he was broken alive upon the wheel on the 21th March, 1673.

The guilt of the marchioness seemed but too probable, and Desgrais, a police officer, was directed to go in quest of her. He went to Liege, assumed the character of an abbé, and made love to her: in this manner he at length found means to entice her out of the city, where he took her into custody without any obstacle on the part of the magistrates of the place, and seized her papers, among which was a written narrative of her life, that filled four or five sheets. She afterwards urgently solicited that this manuscript might be returned, under the pretext that it was her confession. On her arrival at Paris, she at first denied all, and pretend-

ed to know nothing about the box left by Sainte Croix. Sometimes she desired to play at piquet, and sometimes attempted to put an end to her life. "She entered the room," says Madame de Sevigné, "in which she was to receive the torture, and observing three vessels full of water, 'They are going to drown me, I suppose,' said she, 'for as to drinking all this water, that is impossible.' She died as she had lived, that is, with great resolution," continues Madame de Sevigné; "she heard her sentence without betraying fear or weakness."

The Marchioness de Brinvilliers, however, was not yet absolutely convicted of her crimes; but after sentence was pronounced, she confessed every thing, and much more than was necessary to justify her doom. Her early moral depravity now became apparent; for she acknowledged, that, before the completion of her seventeenth year, she had lost her chastity and set fire to a house. Her confessions indeed surpass every thing of the kind that can be conceived, if the Letters of Madame de Sevigné on this subject deserve implicit credit; but it should be remarked, that they contain only the contradictory reports current at Paris, where the story of the poisonings had created universal alarm.

She had a conversation of an hour with the attorney-general, and appears to have been sincerely penitent in her last days. Edmund Pirot, a doctor of the Sorbonne, whom the President, M. de Lamoignon, allowed to attend her, assures us, that during the last twenty-four hours of her life, she

was so penetrated with contrition, and so enlightened by the light of grace, that he would gladly have been in her situation! She wished to receive the holy communion, but could not obtain this indulgence, which the discipline of the church denied to criminals under sentence of death. She then begged to have at least some consecrated bread, which had been granted to her relation, Marshal Marillac. But the alleged crime of that innocent victim of Cardinal Richelieu had not the slightest analogy with her's.

On the way to the scaffold she perceived and recognized several ladies of distinction, who seemed to observe her with much curiosity. She said to them, with great composure, "You enjoy a very agreeable sight here." Lebrun, the painter, likewise attended to see her; but his curiosity was of a better kind. He drew her portrait, and his valuable performance exhibits a mixture of pleasing and repulsive traits, absolutely unique in its kind. Madame de Brinvilliers expressed a wish, that the executioner would sit before her, that she might not see the police officer who had apprehended her, and who rode on horseback by the side of the vehicle: but on the remark of her confessor, that she must consider this sight as a kind of penance, she replied, "O my God, forgive me!—then let me still have the obnoxious spectacle."—"She mounted the scaffold," says Madame de Sevigné, "without attendant, and barefoot, and was at least a quarter of an hour under the hands of the executioner, who cut off her hair, and put her to rights: this was



cruel, and excited much discontent. Her remains were next day carefully sought after, for the people already looked upon her as a saint." It was on the 16th June, 1676, that she was beheaded and burned. Her skull is preserved in the museum at Versailles; the extraordinary regularity and delicacy of the bones seem indeed still to attest the beauty of that person to which it belonged.

Nivelle, advocate to the parliament, published a memorial in favour of Madame de Brinvilliers. Another legal work in her behalf was also printed, together with the history of her trial and condemnation (Paris, 1676, 12mo.). Edmund Pirot wrote, "The last Twenty-four Hours of the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, or Account of her Death." This manuscript of 150 closely written folio pages, was in the library of the Jesuits' College at Paris: it is mentioned in the *Bibliothèque de Bourgogne*.

Notwithstanding the execution of Brinvilliers, the poisonings continued. It was considered as certain, that she was secretly and intimately connected with various persons who were afterwards accused of preparing poisons. These reports, and the universally prevailing opinion, occasioned the appointment, in 1679, of a special tribunal, denominated *Cambre ardente*, which sat in the arsenal, and examined various persons of dis-

tinction, and, among the rest, the Countess of Soissons (mother of Prince Eugene), who was banished the country.

Exili, the Italian above-mentioned, and a countryman of his, had set out with an attempt to discover the philosopher's stone, and finished with selling poisons, which, in a country where every thing, however grave its nature, is turned into ridicule, were known by the name of *Poudre de Succession*, powders of succession or inheritance; because, through their means, the impatient heir was put, without further delay, into the possession of the expected property. In regard to the number of the accused, and the nature of the crime, this period bore a great resemblance to that of the year 123 of the Roman era, notorious for accusations of poisoning preferred against a multitude of Roman matrons.

The special tribunal, however, was not distinguished by any extraordinary severity, and contented itself, at the close of its tedious investigations in 1680, with passing sentence of death on a woman named Voisin, who pretended to tell fortunes. It was only by degrees that the public mind became tranquillized, and many natural deaths were deemed the result of violence. The police took the adepts and those who were engaged in chemical pursuits under its superintendence.

## ROSALIA DE PONT LEON.—A SPANISH TALE.

At the age of seventeen, Rosalia gave her hand to her cousin, Don Fadrique, Marquis de Pont Leon. She obeyed, without love or affec-

tion, the last wish of her parents, who, in arranging this match, designed thus to unite in one single house all the possessions of their

**A** noble family. Don Fadrique, however, might have easily gained the love of his wife. It would have been sufficient had he shewn any consideration and tenderness for her; and this would have been no difficult task, for she possessed a beautiful person and an accomplished mind. He paid no attention even to her youth, her gentle disposition, or to that pious regard for her duties imprinted upon her soul, as yet a stranger to every other impression. He considered only the large fortune which this union prevented Rosalia from carrying into another family. Addicted besides, from inclination and habit, to gaming and debauchery, his home seemed dull, and his wife was indifferent to him; indeed, she soon had to think herself fortunate, if, in his paroxysms of intoxication or fury, she did not experience personal ill usage.

What consolation had this unfortunate lady? Without relations, without friends, and, in spite of the profound seclusion in which she buried herself, exposed to the suspicions of an unjust husband, Rosalia wept, and her very tears were deemed a crime. Don Fadrique accused her of grieving for the absence of a lover, when she had none; or because she was deprived of opportunities of gaining admiration, which would not have flattered her vanity. A thousand times did young and amiable men, eluding the vigilance of her keepers, endeavour to attract her notice. She coldly repulsed their attentions, without effort, or even conceiving that there was any merit in so doing.

But the moment that was to make

her acquainted with the warmth of her heart, with the powerful passions of which it was susceptible—this fatal moment now approached. Don Gabriel, the brother of the Marquis de Pont Leon, was expected at Madrid. After an absence of five years, devoted to the duties imposed on the knights of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, he returned, crowned with glory, notwithstanding his youth, by the valour which he had displayed under the grand master, Lavalette, in the defence of the island of Malta against the Ottomans.

He arrived: Rosalia beheld him for the first time. She was at a loss to conceive how two brothers could bear so little resemblance to one another. Both were tall in stature; but in Don Fadrique this advantage was accompanied by a gait as ignoble as that of Don Gabriel was majestic. There was the same analogy and the same disparity in their voice; in short, though they had completely what is called a family likeness, the physiognomy of the chevalier was not less pleasing than that of the marquis was disagreeable. This unfavourable comparison, in every particular, could not escape the notice of Rosalia.

She saw her brother-in-law every day. He was the only man whom Don Fadrique esteemed and respected, and of whom he felt no distrust. His confidence was just. Don Gabriel strove to comfort Rosalia, but it was by encouraging her patience, by suggesting the conduct most likely to please her husband; at the same time excusing his excesses as eccentricity, and his suspicious jealousy as a proof

of love. Mingling the language of religion with that of reason, when Rosalia complained too bitterly of her mortifications, he exhorted her to offer them up to the Almighty as an atoning sacrifice; and this exhortation, which from any other lips would have seemed so austere, fell from his with a charm which the most pathetic consolations would scarcely have possessed.

The marchioness had religious principles, but they were such as the generality of her compatriots at that period entertained. Wherever the passions have great vehemence, and are not corrected by a suitable education, religion is little more than a compact between those very passions and the Deity, whom men think to oblige, by frivolous ceremonies, to comply with all their desires. Are they unhappy? Instead of seeking in their religion motives for patience and resignation, they are transported with rage; blasphemy broods in their hearts and trembles on their lips. Giving way to this but too common disposition, Rosalia bitterly deplored her lot, and was ready every moment to rebel against a Providence which seemed to have predestined her either to misery or guilt. Don Gabriel endeavoured to counteract this improper spirit: Rosalia listened to him submissively and with eager attention; but it was to him alone that she listened, it was him alone that she saw, it was he alone that engaged her whole heart and all her thoughts.

What could be more natural than such a predilection? Don Gabriel's mind was still more amiable

than his person. His piety was genuine and unaffected; it proscribed neither complaisance nor affability, and still less those innocent conversations, those still more innocent affections, those charming flowers, strewed, as he said, over this land of exile by the Father of Mercies, to sooth tender souls for the pains attached to sensibility.

Such is the ascendancy of virtue, that Don Gabriel's seemed to be communicated to Don Fadrique. So much is certain at least, that the vices of the latter durst not shew themselves so openly; his temper was less harsh; his unjust jealousy not so ready to break out. Rosalia, while enjoying this unexpected change, well knew to what influence it was to be ascribed; and her gratitude, warm, natural, and innocent, served to conceal from her another sentiment, less innocent indeed, but more ardent and not less natural.

What affected her more than all the rest was, that she perceived, that the tender attachment with which she inspired Don Gabriel was the first he had ever felt. Defended by religion against the seductions of love, he was too discreet, too reserved, to throw away his friendship hastily upon persons of his own sex. As to the affection which he bore to Don Fadrique, the difference of their ages, and still more the difference of their characters, rendered it wholly unlike that tender, and at the same time ardent friendship, mixed with compassion and strengthened by esteem, which none but Rosalia had ever kindled in his bosom. Rosalia could not be mistaken on this point, and how precious is this first love

to the sentimental heart! What female, worthy of being loved, can suppress the flattering sensations which it excites!

The marchioness indulged them at first without knowing it, and afterwards she endeavoured to deceive herself. This voluntary error could not last long. Too sure of her defeat, she became uneasy; she was hurried to and fro by her restless imagination, her ardent sensibility. Sometimes she felt chagrined at Don Gabriel's apparent tranquillity; she was angry at his want of penetration: how could he help guessing a secret which she so ardently wished him to know, and yet durst not tell him? More frequently she exerted her ingenuity in pacifying her apprehensions on the score of her own weakness. "Don Gabriel," thought she, "is too virtuous to cherish an improper sentiment for the wife of his brother: I have therefore nothing to fear." Dwelling with complacency on this idea, she balanced against the tender friendship shewn to her by her brother-in-law, the coldness with which he had neglected opportunities, and repelled the advances that were the consequences of his merit. This was sufficient to assure her, that this young man, endued with angelic piety, would strictly fulfil the duties of honour, the engagements of his order, and the precepts of his religion, but that he was not insensible; and this assurance seemed sufficient for her.

The marchioness was not wrong. The interviews of Don Gabriel and Rosalia daily grew longer and more affectionate. Their looks, their sighs, their tears were re-

sponsive. What more could two hearts equally pure desire?

Don Fadrique afforded but too great facility for these dangerous interviews. The presence of his brother laid him under restraint; he durst not indulge before him those vicious propensities to which he was addicted. To avoid this troublesome witness, the very sight of whom seemed to be a reproach, he staid away from his house the greater part of the day, and recommended to the marchioness to keep his brother at home. He thus rendered still more slippery the precipice down which love was endeavouring to drag his victims.

One evening, when Don Gabriel had, by Rosalia's desire, repeated the particulars of the siege of Malta, which she had heard a thousand times before, the knight, was led by his narrative to relate an adventure which he might be said to have witnessed. A young Italian female having embarked in a vessel that was taken by the Turks, was almost miraculously rescued from their hands by a French gentleman. Left completely destitute, having seen her father, her husband, and all those who were dear to her, perish around her, seized with a dangerous illness arising from excessive grief, her deliverer bestowed on her the most soothing attentions: he supplied her wants, and provided for her in a manner so much the more noble, as he was not himself wealthy. Filled with the warmest gratitude which so quickly leads to love, and often serves to disguise the expression of that sentiment, with what anguish did she not perceive, that the man

who was the object of her passion had served her only out of generosity and pity! Hopeless of overcoming his coldness, or the still stronger affection which enslaved her whole soul, she took poison. She was after all mistaken. The Frenchman had conceived the most vehement passion for her, but he kept it within his own bosom, fearful lest he should seem to presume upon his bounty, and demand a sacrifice out of gratitude. He did not survive her.

This melancholy story wrung tears from Rosalia. She entered into the feelings of the unfortunate Italian; she put herself in her place: it was natural, it was unavoidable, that from gratitude she should pass to tenderness, to an uncontrollable, exclusive love for the man who was all the world to her. Don Gabriel blamed, and at the same time pitied her, for having mistaken the sentiments of her friend; for ought she not to have been aware of the power of beauty, virtue, and misfortune united? Thus they both, without intending it, portrayed in their observations the state of their own minds. All at once they were silent; they could find nothing more to say; they scarcely looked at one another—a silence infinitely more expressive than the strongest oaths! Their souls were absorbed, were united in the same ecstasy! . . . Some person entered, and they were obliged to part.

Next day, Don Gabriel informed the marquis and his wife, that he was going to set out immediately for Malta, as that island was again menaced by the Turks. His resolution had cost him very pain-

ful efforts, which he strove in vain to conceal. Pale, trembling, and dejected, he was on the point of falling senseless at the feet of Rosalia, while bidding her adieu. Don Fadrique, who felt a real affection for his brother, did not quit him; and Don Gabriel seemed to dread, rather than wish, for the moment when he should be left alone with Rosalia. That moment at length arrived; it was but short. She intreated Don Gabriel to give up his intended voyage; he made no reply. She conjured him, at least, to acquaint her with the real motive of it—still he was silent. She fell distracted at his feet; he raised and pressed her with transport to his bosom, for he durst not yet venture to imprint a kiss upon her lips. "An involuntary passion," said he, "may not, perhaps, involve us in guilt. But to prevent this, let me flee the adored woman whom I shall never cease to love with undivided affection, but without hope." He then abruptly departed, leaving Rosalia alone, trembling, bathed in tears, not knowing whether she was alive or awake; whether emotions so various, so profound, were a dream, a delirium, or a reality.

*The adored woman whom I shall never cease to love with undivided affection, but without hope.* Delicious but terrible words, which decided the fate of Rosalia! Unfortunate woman! how often did she repeat them! especially the concluding ones, *without hope!* They remained fixed like an oppressive weight upon her agonized heart.

The Marquis de Pont Leon had placed in attendance upon his wife

a Catalonian duenna, who had deceived him by the appearance of extraordinary piety. This woman had long sought to win the good graces of her mistress. To accomplish her purpose with the greater certainty, she pretended not to perceive the love of Rosalia for Don Gabriel. After the departure of the latter, the insinuations of the duenna, the necessity of unbosoming her griefs, the consciousness that she had nothing criminal to conceal, the impossibility of communicating with any other person, induced the marchioness to yield by degrees to the advances of this woman, who seemed both virtuous and compassionate. Her confidante was soon in possession of all her secrets. She frequently repeated the parting words of Don Gabriel; and the duenna, affected, or pretending to be so, wept with her mistress, exhorted her to patience, praised her virtue, but did not condemn her love.

She one day repeated, before Rosalia, the words, *without hope!* She stopt short, as if struck by some sudden idea. Curiosity—perhaps a still stronger motive, led Rosalia to question her on the subject. She hesitated with feigned embarrassment, protested the sincerity, the purity of her wishes for the happiness of her virtuous mistress, and at length, for the first time, ventured to throw out a hint, that if Rosalia should ever become a widow, her family would compel her to marry Don Gabriel, lest she should enrich another house with the large possessions which, by virtue of the marriage contract, would devolve to her upon the death of Don Fadrique. The marchioness

angrily spurned such an insinuation; and commanded the duenna to be silent. This woman, however, proved that there was nothing reprehensible or improbable in her supposition. "Are you not married," said she, "to a man much older than yourself—a man whose violent temper often involves him in dangerous quarrels?—a man who has, besides, been long worn out with every kind of debauchery, and subject to fits of the gout, which have twice already threatened his life? In the order of nature, madam, you are likely to survive him, and I may still see you happy!" Rosalia strictly forbade the duenna ever to repeat such language; but it was not so easy for her to forget it. From that time she never thought of the words of Don Gabriel without uneasiness: she blushed because she could not say, *without hope!* except with an invincible feeling of a guilty hope.

Guilty! could that hope be already guilty? And is not extreme misery at least a sufficient excuse for a vague indulgence of the idea of a less unhappy futurity? The presence of Don Gabriel had softened his brother, on whose departure he gave a loose to all his ferocity. One unprovoked barbarity, one heinous accusation was incessantly following at the heels of another. Rosalia's captivity grew so severe, that she was at last permitted to see no person but her confessor; and this ecclesiastic himself soon became an object of Don Fadrique's insensate jealousy. Father Louis enjoyed high reputation. He had proved that he possessed talents for acquiring merited celebrity in the career of letters; but,

despising earthly glory, he had renounced poetry to devote himself entirely to the sacred ministry. His eloquence, and, above all, the rigid morality which he inculcated both at confession and in the pulpit, had gained him numberless admirers. All these claims to veneration, or at least to respect, had no weight with the Marquis de Pont Leon. In vain did the duenna, a zealous partizan of Father Louis, endeavour to defend him. Don Fadrique loaded her with abuse, and even went so far as to raise his hand to strike her. She said nothing; but her silence was the oath of implacable revenge.

Don Fadrique did not stop at these indiscretions. He publicly spoke in language so opprobrious of Father Louis, that it was said to have deprived him of a bishopric which he seemed sure of obtaining. Rosalia, informed of these proceedings, would have preferred death to such disgrace. Vehement in her indignation, the cruel duenna alternately fanned in her bosom the flame of love and that of resentment. The marchioness reproached herself for listening to her, and still she continued to hear what she had to say. Is it, in fact, so easy for a soul deeply wounded to remain deaf to complaints that correspond with its own? The duenna at length ventured to throw out hints of the possibility and the lawfulness of a revenge that would for ever remain secret, in which, besides, her mistress needed not have any hand, which would relieve her from a monster obstinately bent on her ruin, and consign her to the arms of an impassioned lover. Horror-struck at this atrocious propo-

sal, Rosalia ran to acquaint her husband with it: she was stopped by the duenna, who, certain of the unbounded ascendancy which she had gained, boldly threatened to divulge her secret, her passion, her treacherous hopes, if she dared to prefer any accusation. The unfortunate marchioness was confounded. Had she indeed ventured upon such a step, it would have been in vain: her husband would not have listened to her; and that imprudent man, having restored his full confidence to the duenna, after he had offended her, would have looked upon any charge of that kind as the mere result of a wish to get rid of a troublesome spy. And to what other person could the marchioness have communicated this fatal secret? She saw nobody but her husband and the duenna; not a relative, not a friend, not a creature, however innocent and exempt from suspicion.

It was not without all the precautions of the most profound secrecy, that even her confessor came to see her. She thought she might trust him: but, hurried away by the demon of revenge, the monk, far from condemning a plan of which he was the secret instigator, employed all the resources of his artful eloquence in its palliation. Soon finding that it would be too difficult a task to overcome the marchioness by persuasion, he strove to work upon her fears: he threatened her, in case of indiscretion, to overwhelm her by means of his influence. This was no empty menace: though disappointed of the honours of the mitre, Father Louis had obtained the post of Consulter to the Holy Office; and his inde-

fatigable activity, his inflexible severity, his dexterity in entangling the accused in snares from which there was no escaping, caused him already to be considered as one of the main pillars of the Inquisition. (To be concluded in our next.)

## THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XLIV.

With thee conversing, I forget all time,  
 All seasons, and their change; all please alike.  
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet  
 With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,  
 When first on this delightful land he spreads  
 His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
 Glist'ning with dew; fragrant the fertile earth  
 After soft showers, and sweet the coming on  
 Of grateful ev'ning mild; the silent night,  
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
 And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.  
 But neither breath of morn when she ascends  
 With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun  
 In this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,  
 Glist'ning with dew, nor fragrant after showers,  
 Nor grateful ev'ning mild, nor silent night,  
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon  
 Or glittering star-light, without THEE is sweet.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*.

I HAVE read in some author something like the following observation; to which I have ever given my most unreserved and decided assent:—That there is no sort of company so agreeable as that of women, who have good sense without affectation, and can converse with men without any secret design of imposing chains and fetters; in short, of women who can discard what is understood by the term coquetry from their colloquial communications with persons of knowledge and understanding of the other sex.

I have always thought, that such society was the best school for those graces, accomplishments, and virtues, which form the character of a perfect gentleman; the first, the most honourable and happiest of social life.

If authorities were necessary in support of this opinion, there is

one whose name is sufficient to subdue opposition by the sole mention of it, and that is the Earl of Shaftesbury; who, on being asked, what means he had employed to acquire that grace of manners, that attractive decorum and chastened pleasantness of conversation, which decorated the wisdom of it, gave this memorable answer:—that, if he really possessed those qualifications, or any portion of them, he must attribute it to his early acquaintance with accomplished, sensible, and virtuous women.

It would be ungracious, and perhaps unwelcome to some of my readers, were I to draw a comparison between the manners of that period and those of the times in which we live. Indeed experience, which unhappily increases with each day that passes over me, gives cause to lament the deterioration of social behaviour, which even I,



who was born only in the declining part of the last century, am hourly forced to observe.

It is very possible to trace the cause of this disgraceful change in the conduct which regulates civilized life, and I may be, sometime or other, induced to enter on such an history, not in a paper of the *Spectator*, but in a volume, that those who come after us may know how to return to the practice of their more remote ancestors, if they should have virtue enough to be disgusted with the manners of those from whom they are immediately and visibly descended. One cause, however, I shall just mention, as it falls in with the principal topic of this lucubration; the manifest inattention to the sex which is seen to prevail in the higher orders of society, and which is the consequence of the vulgar contempt for what I shall call the elegant decencies of life among the rising generation of those ranks which, in a great measure, give the *ton* to general manners, and operate, more or less, on those in the inferior stations.

But here I shall make a pause, and proceed to insert a letter from a correspondent, who tells a story, in a very plain manner, as he appears to be a plain man, which confirms the prevalence of that inattention to the fair sex in every situation, a subject on which I have unfolded a general idea of my sentiments.

TO THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

Sir,

I have lived long in the world, and been concerned, as a man, in a respectable and commanding line of business, in the

bustle of it. But having had a better education than is generally the lot of tradesmen, and being also of a thoughtful and observing disposition, I have given more attention to external objects, I mean such as had no immediate connection with my business, than is usual with persons in my class of life. I have also looked into books, and instead of passing my leisure hours in clubs and coffee-houses, I have been in the better habit, as I think it, of employing them in that kind of reading which suited my capacity and situation.

My father died when I was young, and left me to the care of my mother, who made it the study of her life, by every act of tender affection and the most unremitting vigilance, to render myself and my sister happy. I say happy, because she taught us to fulfil the duties of those stations to which we were destined, with advantage to ourselves and utility to others. Our filial love never knew a moment's interruption, from the time we first became sensible of her maternal care and fondness, till we attended the best of parents and of women to the tomb.

My sister, who was four years older than myself, followed her mother's example in every good thought and deed; and when I entered upon that situation for which I had been prepared in my youth, I was indebted to her for that warm, watchful, and anxious friendship, for many comforts, as well as the ground-work of that fortune to which she may be said in various ways to have contributed. She enjoyed what may be called prosperity in the class of life in

which she moved, with temperance; and when she was called, if not to what is generally considered as adversity, it was certainly to a bitter portion of suffering, she met it with fortitude and submitted with resignation. I honoured and revered my mother, I loved and admired my sister; fortunate then must my condition be considered, when I add, that I married a woman who was a compound of them both.

My wife deserves this short, but comprehensive eulogium, which justice, affection, and gratitude dictate. During a period of twenty-five years, for so long it is since we were married, not a word or action of her's ever caused me an uneasy moment; and now, even now, at the end of this long period, we may claim the flitch.

You will not, therefore, Mr. Spectator, be surprised, that one who is indebted for so large a portion of his happiness to women, should be a sincere and anxious friend to the sex, in all situations and conditions; and that, from gratitude alone, if reason and policy did not support me, I should view any injury done them with more than common feelings of resentment; and I cannot but express the mortification which I continually suffer, when I see them daily sacrificed, as it were, to the fashion of the present day.

The intrusion of men fit to handle a halbert, or to shoulder a musket, into haberdashers' or milliners' shops, is a disgrace to the age in which we live, and an additional injustice to that class of females who are born to work for their bread. A man-milliner is an animal of the

most disgusting species, and to see a huge, masculine, porter-like fellow weighing out thread, dividing a skein of silk, measuring tape, or counting pins and needles, is as good, or rather as bad, as an emetic to me.

I am surfeited with the reflection, and therefore come to the point which has occasioned the trouble you now receive from me.

Driven as females have been, from several of their appropriate occupations, by the present mode of permitting men to supply their places, they have been compelled to invade, but certainly with no impropriety, the former exclusive province of the men in teaching music; and which I think a very great advantage in that branch of education, for various reasons, on which I have not space to enlarge, but which will suggest themselves to all persons who have the care of children, and have had leisure and opportunity to reflect on the manners of the present times. But though this circumstance has given and does give many females an opportunity of maintaining themselves, they do it with difficulty and discouragement, as I could prove, if I were not afraid that I shall sufficiently intrude upon you by the circumstance which I am about to relate.

In the parish where I live, the death of the organist of the church occasioned, of course, a vacancy in that parochial office. The candidates were, a musician, who was one of the orchestra at the Opera-House; and a young female of excellent character, who, by an industrious, it might be said a laborious exercise of her talents as a

teacher of music, maintained a decrepid mother and educated a younger sister. The most satisfactory proof was given of her abilities; and, as you may suppose, I entered with ardent zeal into her service. With the influence I possessed in my neighbourhood, and the recommendatory circumstances attached to the female candidate, I had no doubt but I should have been able to secure her election, and have thereby added fifty pounds, which is the salary attached to the office, to her income. But in this, to my great mortification, I failed. In the first place, our rector, who is one of that class of clergymen who preach damnation without mercy, exercised the most uncharitable spirit against her, in support of her opponent, on the principle, that the teaching of music by a woman was the high-road to prostitution, from the professional familiarity it occasioned with the other sex. I had to answer, that she never taught any but her own sex, and therefore that harsh imputation was done away. He then said, that a young woman who was teaching the fashionable music of the day, consisting of nothing but love-songs and idle, if not immoral, ditties, must be considered as an engine in corrupting the minds of female youth, and therefore must be already corrupted herself. On my <sup>expressing</sup> my astonishment at such an argument, when he himself supported a performer at one of the theatres, which I had heard him declare from the pulpit, were the schools of the Devil, he coolly expressed his hopes, that, under his preaching, which he must constantly attend in the performance

of his duty, a reformation might be worked in his mode of life and prophane conversation. The rector's influence was superior to mine, and the fanatical part of his congregation, being the majority, carried the matter against me. Besides, as my *protégée* was a very pretty young woman, I am sorry to say, that the misses of the parish had, from what motives I shall not pretend even to hint, taken rather an illiberal part against her.

On the day of election she appeared at the church door, very nicely and very properly, but at the same time very becomingly dressed, to present her cards, as is usual on such an occasion; and on my entering the vestry to give my vote, I found the rector haranguing with the most unchristianlike vehemence and illiberal language against her appearance; and observing, that, if she were elected, there was every reason to suppose, that she would not only play upon the organ, but play off her airs upon the young men, and endeavour to draw off their attention from their sacred duties to her fantastic appearance. It was, however, observed by one of her friends very gravely and very truly, that the loft where the performer sat, was surrounded with curtains which were never withdrawn, so that the congregation did not know, on the testimony of their eyesight, whether it was to a male or female finger that they were indebted for the music. I then took the liberty to observe to the parson, that I had ever thought his piety of that purity, his religion of that irrefragable character, and the flesh and the devil so subdued in him, that

he could withstand any and every temptation ; but that I now found he suspected his own weakness, and that he was afraid of a pretty organist behind a curtain.

Thus I got a pretty loud laugh against the doctor, but he carried the election against the lady ; who,

however, had obtained such friends from his enmities, as will I trust make her ample amends for his unmanly conduct and her immediate disappointment.

I am, sir, with great respect,  
your obliged, humble servant,

A FRIEND TO WOMEN.

# TRANSLATION OF AN ORIGINAL LETTER FROM LOUIS XVIII. ON HIS ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND, TO A FRIEND.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE REPOSITORY.

SIR,

As at present every thing relative to his Most Christian Majesty, during his residence in this country, must be peculiarly interesting to a people of whose hospitality and kindness he speaks so feelingly ; the first letter written by him after his arrival among them, cannot be unacceptable to the readers of your Miscellany. I have therefore inclosed you a copy for the purpose of insertion. J. HILL.

WELLS, Norfolk, 1814

\* \* All the words in Italics are in English in the original.

GOSFIELD, 4th Nov. 1807

I HAD scarcely got into the carriage at Yarmouth, with my brother, the Duke d'Angoulême, and the Prince of Condé, when a numerous assemblage of people, looking at me with an appearance of real interest, began to repeat, " It is the King of France, it is Louis XVIII.—it is the brother of Louis XVI."—" Yes", said I to myself, " these are genuine English ; neither the cloak of incognito nor that of misfortune, elsewhere so impenetrable, can disguise from them the object of a generous sentiment. Such too, methought, is the character in which I wish to be considered here, the Count de Lille from circumstances, the King of France by right." After this first tribute which I take a pleasure in paying to England, I must add, that I have not found the usual facilities for travelling. The officers returning from the expedition against Copenhagen, had monopolized all

the accommodations ; and the obliging attentions of Mr. Brooke, appointed to accompany me, could not get the better of this circumstance. We proceeded a second stage with the same horses, but on reaching Wrentham, 18 miles from Yarmouth, we could procure none to go on with ; and Mr. Brooke himself could not set out again till the moment of our arrival. However, as the inn was very small, and it was not yet dark, I resolved not to stop there, and requested him to order beds for us at Yoxford, 12 miles distant, giving up the idea of proceeding to Woodbridge, which is much farther. The disappointment was unpleasant, but the proverb, " Misfortune is good for something," was soon verified. Whilst we were waiting, the Prince of Condé went out for a moment, and came back, calling my nephew to assist him to make out what was said to him by two men who were at the door. My nephew went im-

mediately. My brother and I followed, and the oldest of the two Englishmen soon began speaking with such warmth and feeling, that the Prince of Condé understood him and pointed me out. The other instantly addressed me in his language: "I request you," said he, "to reckon us among those of our nation who wish to see you seated upon your throne." My nephew would have acted as interpreter, but without giving time to begin, "Sir," said I, in my bad English (which rendered us such good service on another occasion in releasing me from prison), *the language of the heart is understood by every body; perhaps my mind can hardly explain your words, but my heart conceives and feels perfectly well your meaning.*" He then presented to me his daughter, who had run up to see me, and his son, who is a clergyman. I wished the one a husband, and the other a bishopric; and was glad to learn the name of this excellent man, who is called Sir Thomas Gooch. At length the horses being put to, we again started, and arrived at Yoxford about eight o'clock. We had scarcely finished supper, before we were informed of the arrival of Mr. Bagot, under-secretary of state, and Mr. Moss, *private secretary to Mr. Canning*, who were sent by ministers to compliment me, and to offer me every kind of assistance for my journey either to Holyrood House or to Gosfield. I begged them to thank his Majesty's ministers, and to say, that I was going to fix myself for the present at Gosfield. They then expressed their mortification that they had arrived at Yarmouth too late to see me

there. In fact, we ought to have met them in that town; and I have been told, that they reprimanded the magistrates of that place for not having paid me those honours, which you know, my friend, I am heartily glad that I have escaped, for they would not have agreed at all with the character in which I am desirous of appearing.

It was impossible to leave Yoxford before ten o'clock yesterday morning. At Wickham (*first stage*) I went into the house; and no sooner had I entered, than a gentleman, of the name of Lynn, accosted my brother, and, in very good French, asked him if the King of France was at Yarmouth. "No, sir," I replied, "he is in this house." Mr. Lynn immediately went to seek a portrait of the king, my brother, to compare his features with mine; and having probably spread the news of my arrival, the place was soon filled with inquisitive people, all of whom seemed a good deal interested. Just as we were going to set out again, Mr. Lynn returned with his brother, who has made several voyages to India, and, speaking in his name, offered me some Madeira wine, which I willingly accepted. At length we got into the carriage; Mr. Lynn was the first to cry, *Huzza!* and was cheerfully imitated by all the bystanders.

On our arrival at Colchester, at half-past five, I was so kindly invited to take some refreshment, that I could not refuse. I was conducted into a good room, where we sat down to table; the place was soon full of people, consisting chiefly of handsome and well dressed females. You (to whom the term

gallantry may be so justly applied in both acceptations) may easily imagine, that the excellent *luncheon* set before us, engaged the least part of my thoughts. Accordingly, after eating a mouthful to oblige those who had offered it to me with such cordiality, I rose, and drew near to the ladies. She who happened to be next to me, held by the hand a boy five or six years old, who immediately said to me in French, "Vive le Roi!" I shook heartily hand with him. Meanwhile, a circle was formed about me. Oh, how vexed I was that I could not speak English fluently! What opinion, thought I, will these ladies form of French gallantry? This idea gave me courage, and addressing myself to them all, "If any of these ladies," said I, "could understand French" — here I was interrupted by a general chorus, pointing out one of their number, and, by the bye, a very handsome woman. She excused herself, in very good French, with that grace and modest look peculiar to the English; and thus proved to me, that I had no farther occasion to mangle her native language.

I congratulated myself on having found such an interpreter; I then requested her to express to all the others, how happy I felt at being surrounded by such a lovely company; but, in particular, how deeply sensible I was of the kindness and interest manifested for me. On leaving the house, we were in a manner carried to the coach, and when we at length set out again,

the concourse, which was very great, cheered us with three huzzas. "Benevolent people," said I, "hospitable people, may ye ever remain what ye are!" At these words, terrible comparisons made me shudder; but the hope of one day receiving the love due to a good brother — — —

At length we arrived here, about half past eight o'clock; with satisfied hearts, and appetites ready to be so, for we had a very good supper, though, through the neglect of my brother, we were not expected; but English hospitality had provided every thing. Lord Charles Ainslie, whose house is near Gosfield, shares all the sentiments of my worthy hosts, who are now at Stowe. He knows how to multiply the most delicate attentions. How I regret not being able to give you a copy of the obliging letter, full of feeling, kindness, and dignity, which Lady Ainslie wrote to the housekeeper at Gosfield Hall, at the same time sending every thing that she thought likely to be agreeable to me. Here Mr. Brooke left us, and this truly good-natured man, whose attentions deserve our best thanks, shed tears at parting.

Such is a correct account of my journey. Adieu, my friend! To-day is St. Charles's day; I am sorry you are not here, that we might drink my brother's health together, in Mr. Lynn's excellent wine. But as you set me so constant an example—first duty, and then pleasure. God bless you!

## THE MARSHAL DE BRISSAC AND FAMILY OF MIRABEAU.

*From the Memoirs of Baron DE GLEICHEN.*

NEVER were eccentricities in France so spared as those of the Marshal de Brissac: they were indeed truly dignified, for they possessed the grace of simplicity, the charm of the romantic, and the merit of a reality equally rare and respectable. His old French style, his hyperbolic phrases, his scarlet top stockings, his richly embroidered dress coat, covered with buttons, his high toupee and hair terminating in two small queues, agreed admirably with the rest of his character. At a distance you took him for some old fool, but when you approached him, you found a man of the time of Bayard; and his heroism was rendered amiable by the expressions of his virtue, which, because they were so grotesque, did not hurt the self-love of his contemporaries.

An attempt was once made, under the pretext that he would otherwise displease the court, to persuade him to a compliance which would have placed his character in an equivocal light. He excused himself with this answer:—"I am afraid of nothing but disgrace."

In his youth, as he was once leaving the theatre, he became involved in a quarrel with the Prince of Conti, and gave him a challenge, for which he was sent to the Bastille. In order to obtain his release from this confinement, he was required to make an apology to the prince, before the whole court: it cost his parents infinite pains to prevail upon him to comply, but at length he promised to obey the

king. He appeared in the gallery of Versailles, went up to the Prince of Conti, and said to him, "The king commands me to beg your pardon, and accordingly I do so. You might have obtained satisfaction in a more honourable way, for in truth I should not have killed you." He was hereupon remanded to the Bastille, but war soon broke out; Brissac was sent to his regiment, and no farther mention was made of the affair.

Another original, but of a very different stamp from the preceding, was the Marquis de Mirabeau, surnamed the Friend of Men. Montaigne had operated upon his mind exactly in the same manner as the romances of knight-errantry on that of Don Quixote. He was fond of Montaigne and of his style, and this was very well; but he woefully failed in the imitation. He was wrong too in another point—in fancying himself to be Montaigne.

The Marquis de Mirabeau was neither so good nor so bad as his friends and his enemies gave out. In consequence of the weakness of his character, he was both, according to the influence of circumstances. In vanity he equalled his friend, the Marquis de Pompadour: from their earliest youth they had mutually admired each other, and instilled that sentiment into their families, in whom it grew to adoration. Masters in their own houses, they were spoiled with that domestic incense which is not met with abroad. If Mirabeau appears as a

bad husband and a bad father, it must be confessed that he had a depraved and immoral wife, and an elder son, over whom he was obliged to exert his authority to preserve him from the scaffold: but the despotic, degrading, and mortifying manner in which he was treated and reduced to despair at home, because he was not to be subdued by chastisements, stifled within him those seeds of honour and generous ambition which must have existed in his resolute soul; augmented the violence of his passions, and sharpened his understanding, so different and so superior to that of his parents. I often told them, that they would certainly make a very wicked man of him, as they had not been able to mould him into a great one. I was on the most intimate terms with the family of Mirabeau, and brought about a reconciliation with my friend, the Chevalier Mirabeau, who had displeased his mother and brothers by his marriage with Mademoiselle de Navarre, who had been an actress and mistress of Marshal Saxe. The science of political economy, whose apostle the marquis affected to be, had led to so close an acquaintance, that I was considered as one of the family; even the old, affectedly religious, and scrupulous mother honoured me with her friendship and confidence, which excited the astonishment of the whole world, as I belonged to the number of the heretics, and lived much with the Encyclopædists, who were abhorred in this house as monsters.

She was married while very young to an old captain of the French guards, towards the end of the reign of Louis XIV. It is re-

lated, as a proof of his originality, and the respect which he enjoyed, that one day he halted at the head of his troops on the Pont Neuf, before the statue of Henry IV. and said to his soldiers, "My lads, let us pay our solemn homage to him—he is worth infinitely more than another." On another occasion he struck a courtier, who had not kept his word to him, in the king's antichamber; and Louis XIV. suffered all this to pass unnoticed. It appears, upon the whole, that the elder Mirabeau was rather harsh, imperious, and absolutely jealous. The young lady had a warm constitution; she was obliged to call religion to the aid of her virtue, and, in spite of her good sense and uncommon strength of mind, she degenerated into a stupid devotee. In her illness the conflicts of her temperament with virtue, and of her philosophy with the blindest credulity, seem to me to have manifested themselves.

In her 82d year she was confined with a return of the gout. Bordenx, her physician, took it for a catarrhal fever, and gave her a great quantity of kermes mineral, which thinned the gouty humours. These flew to the nerves, and at length concentrated themselves upon the brain. She became insane, raving mad, and tore all her clothes: at length it was found necessary to lay her upon straw, and leave her to the care of a man-servant, 70 years old, who alone could keep her in order, because she had once conceived a tender attachment for him. She resembled a skeleton, and scarcely seemed to breathe when she first lost her reason. From that moment her bodily health improved



to such a degree, that she recovered the plumpness of a woman in the prime of life, and all the symptoms of her sex and of youth returned. But it is much more extraordinary, that this change impelled her exactly to the two opposite points of her moral character. This so virtuous, so modest and delicate female, who was highly offended even by the most distant appearance of an equivouë, now poured forth obscenities which would have disgusted the lowest of the populace,

and to which every one would have imagined her to be an utter stranger. She incessantly caressed her hoary keeper. The second result of her madness consisted in the most horrible blasphemies. When any person went to see her, the first thing she said was, "Deny God, or I'll strangle you." She lived to the age of 86 in this melancholy state, in which her mind as well as her brain may truly be said to have been completely turned.

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TWO LETTERS TO FREDERIC IX. KING OF SWEDEN,  
FROM HIS FORMER TUTOR, COUNT TESSIN.

Not to despond in adversity is a virtue which the monarch needs as well as the subject, the rich as well as the poor. He on whom God has bestowed this gift, may truly be said to be furnished with a shield which protects him against every untoward event. I recollect a fable which may serve to illustrate this truth, and to shew how foolishly those act who suffer themselves to be hurried into despair.

There was once a rich man, whose days passed in prosperity and joy. Jupiter determined to make the experiment, how this favourite of fortune would behave in adversity. His cattle died, his crops failed, his friends deserted him and his enemies; he durst not complain of his misfortunes to any one, not even to his nearest relatives; all that he undertook disappointed his expectations, and in a few months he was reduced to beggary. When he had long struggled in indigence and misery, he cursed the gods, instead of imploring their assistance. Not a ray of hope

beamed upon him; his strength failed, and weary of life, he was hastening to the grave.

Absorbed in thought, he was one day sitting on the bank of a stream, when suddenly a storm arose and the thunder rolled tremendously in the heavens. In the midst of a black cloud he perceived a shining ball descending over his head. He was apprehensive that it would crush him, and in his fright the unfortunate man plunged into the river, where he was drowned.

Can your Royal Highness guess what this shining ball contained? —A quantity of gold and precious stones, which fell upon the ground about ten paces from the spot where the terrified mortal had been sitting.

How often do men want resolution to await quietly the decision of their fate?

May you, sire, in your future career, never want sufficient energy to remain master of yourself in prosperity, and boldly to defy adversity. Should fate have de-

creed; that you shall be exposed to the latter, I am convinced, that, as a prince, you will not compromise your dignity, or forget the advice of a faithful subject. Real greatness of soul is absolutely necessary for a sovereign; if he loses his courage, all is lost. In prosperous circumstances every one can rejoice; but the heroic mind alone can bid defiance to misfortune.

I have the honour to be, &c.

TESSIN.

March 19, 1751.

Sire, — Old folks are fond of hearing talk of things with which they were acquainted in their early years. Nothing can be more reasonable than that we should be indulged in this pleasure, which is, alas! but too often the only compensation for the disagreeables incident to age.

This experience serves to prove to me, that I am growing perceptibly older, or rather that I have nearly approached my second childhood. I am very fond of hearing tales, and what affords children greater pleasure than tales? My aunt's aunt once heard her aunt relate so and so. In this manner tales are invented, improved, and spread to the end of the world. Solid food is not always wholesome, we require occasionally light dishes that are easy of digestion. Morality is a solid food for the soul; if it is not duly seasoned, it is insipid, and we dislike it.

This long preface affords another proof, that I am an old man. Languidity follows me, as I observe, at every step. But it is time to begin my story of the rustic and his dog.

A wealthy farmer had a dog, which was very friendly to the family and to all who had business at the house, but was so much the more formidable to thieves. His fidelity and vigilance were so well known in all the country round, that, after several ineffectual attempts, not a robber durst venture to approach the trusty guardian.

One evening the old farmer was sitting with his wife by the fireside, and talking over with her what savings they might make in their household economy.

"Goody," said he, "I've been thinking that our great dog occasions us much unnecessary expence. We are obliged, to feed him; his chains and collars cost money; many a good truss of straw is wasted for his bed; and many a broom worn out in sweeping after him and keeping his kennel clean. Why should we be at this charge now? For many years, not a single thief have we either heard or seen?"

"You are right, deary," replied his wife. "Our maids have enough to do without waiting on this useless beast. My lap-dog is quite as watchful as that great mastiff."

Sentence of death was accordingly pronounced and executed, upon old, faithful Hector. He was scarcely laid under ground, when behold, a gang of thieves came at night and completely stripped the house. The lap-dog slept soundly at his post without giving the smallest alarm.

This story may teach many a sovereign how he ought to conduct himself towards old and faithful servants. On such he may always rely when it is necessary to obviate dangers, of which a favourite

without experience, is incapable of forming a due estimate. How seldom, nevertheless, does it happen, that rulers know how to appreciate the man of integrity, the genuine patriot? When distant calamities threaten the state, they remain unmoved; nor do they wake from their death-like slumber till roused by the crashing thunder. When lightning sets fire to an edifice, he who extinguishes the flame is infi-

nately more serviceable than the man who rings the alarm-bell when the destructive element has already gained the upper hand.

Perhaps the time is not far distant when your Royal Highness will, by your conduct, afford a practical illustration of these hasty lines. I have the honour to be, whilst I live, &c. TESSIN.

March 21, 1751.

## PLATE 22.—VIEW OF THE TEMPLE IN THE GREEN PARK, AND THE PAGODA IN ST. JAMES'S PARK,

*As they appeared on Occasion of the GRAND JUBILEE, August 1, 1814.*

THE engravings of the Pagoda in our last number, and of the Temple in the present, afford so correct a representation of the structures erected in the Parks, for the purpose of contributing to the amusement of the public, and so large a portion of our readers must be well acquainted with them, from actual and frequent observation, that it would be superfluous to enter into any long or elaborate description. It is well known, that over the canal, in the middle of St. James's Park, was thrown a beautiful Chinese bridge of timber, on the center of which was constructed the elegant and lofty Pagoda, consisting of seven pyramidal stories. This building, with various small temples and columns on the bridge, was destined for the display of brilliant fireworks and illuminations during the night of the 1st of August, and was an object of singular magnificence. It appeared a blazing edifice of golden fire, every part being covered with lamps and glass reflectors at proper intervals, relieving the splen-

dour with their silver lustre. Unfortunately, towards the conclusion of the fireworks, this beautiful structure caught fire about the middle, and this accident occasioned the loss of two lives. One man, who had ascended from curiosity, finding his retreat cut off by the flames, threw himself from the top, and was killed by the fall; the other, a carpenter, in rushing down the stairs through the flames, was so shockingly burned, that he expired next day. The five upper stories were destroyed, and part of the lower ones considerably injured. The whole of the superstructure was afterwards removed, and the bridge, which was intended to be a permanent erection, finished in the manner in which it at present appears.

The Temple, or rather the Castle, for such was its original appearance, stood at the south-east angle of the Green Park. The ramparts, about 100 feet square, were surmounted by a round tower in the centre, about 60 feet in diameter, and rising to the total height

of about 90 feet. Of the profusion of fireworks of all kinds discharged from the battlements of this castle, it is not our intention to speak; suffice it to observe, that after an exhibition of their brilliant effects for more than two hours, a discharge of cannon enveloped the whole building in a smoke so dense, that no part of it was visible to the innumerable spectators assembled on the occasion; but when this obstruction cleared away, it burst upon them, metamorphosed into the Temple of Concord, most brilliantly illuminated, adorned with allegorical paintings and devices by the first artists, and revolving upon its centre, so that every part was alternately presented to the admiring multitude. No display of artificial and ornamental light was ever condensed in a smaller compass, and heightened into more magnificent effect.

The upper and lower pictures on each side were connected in subject, the latter being sequels to the former. They were illustrative of the origin and effects of War—the deliverance of Europe from Tyranny—the Restoration of the Bourbons by the aid of the Allies—the return of Peace and its happy consequences—and the Triumph of Britain under the government of the Prince Regent. On the first side, Strife, as described by the ancient poets, was represented expelled from heaven, and sent to excite dissensions among men. Jupiter, accompanied by other deities, was seen dismissing her from above, and the inhabitants of the earth appeared flying, terrified at her approach. In the lower compartment was represented the ef-

fect of her descent. On one side were the Cyclops forging the implements of war. Mars, in his car driven by Bellona, and hurried on by the Furies, was overturning all before him; while blazing towns and a desolated plain occupied the back-ground. In front Charity was flying in dismay, Truth and Justice seemed quitting the earth, while Hope lingered behind.—The second side represented Europe struggling with Tyranny, who was tearing off her diadem and trampling on her balance; at his feet lay prostrate Liberty, among emblems of Religion, Justice, &c. Wisdom, brandishing the lightning, appeared descending to the rescue of Europe. In the lower picture the Genius of France was seen on one side restoring the sceptre to the dynasty of the Bourbons, personified by a female seated on a throne, in a regal mantle adorned with fleurs de lis: on the other, Russia, Prussia, Austria, and Sweden appeared to witness the event with delight; while a group of subjects behind were expressing their joy and homage, and Genii were descending with emblems of Peace, Plenty, Justice, Honour, Liberty, Religion, &c. At one end of this composition was Strength driving out Anarchy, Fraud, and Rebellion; at the other end, was Victory inscribing on a shield the names of the great commanders of the allied powers, and Fame sounding her trumpet.—On the third side were seen Peace in the clouds with her olive-branch, Time beholding her with transport, and the Earth hailing her return. Beneath was represented her reign, or the renewal of the golden age. Here she ap-

peared surrounded by Plenty, the Rural Deities, Agriculture, Commerce, the Arts, Minerva, and the Muses.—The fourth side displayed a colossal statue of the Prince Regent crowned by Victory; Discord chained by force to the pedestal; Truth and Justice returning to the earth, and Britannia looking up to Heaven with gratitude for the blessings of his government. Below was exhibited the triumph of Britain. Britannia appeared in a car of state, accompanied by Neptune with his trident, and Mars displaying the British standard, and attended by Fame and Victory. She was preceded by Prudence, Tem-

perance, Justice, and Fortitude; and followed by the Arts, Commerce, Industry, and Domestic Virtues.

The splendour of this beautiful edifice was destined to be but of short duration. A few days after the grand festival for which it was erected, the paintings were removed; and on the 11th of October and following days, the timber and other materials were sold by auction in lots, and removed by the purchasers. The destruction of the originals cannot fail to enhance the value of the annexed faithful representations of these beautiful buildings.

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### INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN has announced for publication, on the 1st of January next, an elegant edition of the *Book of Common Prayer*, with twelve beautiful engravings by Scott, from designs by Thurston and Burney, illustrative of the following subjects:—Religion—The Crucifixion—The Ascension—Baptism—The Ten Commandments—Prayer—Psalms—Confirmation—The Holy Communion—Visitation of the Sick—Burial.

Mr. Ackermann has informed the subscribers to the *History of the University and City of Oxford*, that to complete the graphic illustration of this history, now verging to the last number, it is proposed to give an interesting and appropriate addition, by a Series of the Portraits of those distinguished persons who were the Founders of Colleges and Public Buildings in that University, from pictures at Oxford and in private collections. These plates

will be ready for delivery on or before March 1, 1815.

The same publisher has announced, by subscription, *A Series of Views of Cottages*, exhibiting a specimen of one from each of the fifty-two counties of England and Wales. It will consist of five monthly numbers, the first of which will appear on the 1st January next.

The Rev. Mr. Nightingale, author of the *Portraiture of Methodism*, is preparing for publication, a work, to be entitled *Theo-mania, or Historical Anecdotes of Religious Insanity and Delusion*, from the earliest ages of the Christian church to the recent imposture of Joanna Southcott. In six chapters it will contain accounts and anecdotes of pretended prophets, both before and after the Reformation; of supposed miracle-workers; of visionaries, saints, and persons pretending to have become divine, and to possess extraordinary calls; and,

lastly, an authentic memoir of the early life of Joanna Southcott, and of the origin and progress of her supposed mission.

Two volumes of *Poems*, including lyrical ballads and miscellaneous pieces, is announced by Mr. Wordsworth.

Lucien Bonaparte brings out his poem of *Charlemagne at Rome*, under the patronage of the Pope, with whom he appears to be a special favourite. It will also appear in most of the languages of Europe, in the respective capitals, on the same day. The English translation will be made by Messrs. Butler and Hodgson, and will be published at the same time as the French original.

The Rev. E. T. Vaughan, of Leicester, announces the *Life* of that truly apostolic character, the late Rev. Thomas Robinson, of St. Mary's, in that town.

Mr. Sharon Turner announces the speedy publication of that portion of his *History of England* which extends from the Norman Conquest to the reign of Edward III. comprising the literary history during that period, after the manner of his much admired *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, from original and authentic documents.

Mr. J. D. Patison is preparing for publication, an interesting work, under the title of *Illustrations of London*. It will consist of an historical, critical, and descriptive account of the principal public and private edifices, and other interesting monuments of art in the British metropolis and its vicinity; and will be embellished with numerous engravings, comprising views, plans, elevations, sections, and de-

tails; in which he will be aided by Messrs. Porden and Vulliamy, architects. The work will be comprised in three volumes, 8vo. and will be published in parts every two months.

The Rev. T. Morell, of St. Neot's, has in the press, the second volume of *Studies in History*, which will contain the History of Rome, from its earliest records to Constantine, in a series of essays, accompanied with moral and religious reflections, references to original authorities, and historical questions, which are so constructed as to include the substance of each essay.

Dr. Macleay, of Oban, has composed, from authentic documents and local traditions, *An Account of the unsuccessful Attempt made in 1745, to restore Prince Charles Stuart to the ancient Throne of his Ancestors*.

A humorous poetical work, written by a field-officer, entitled, *The Military Adventures of Johnny Newcome*, embellished with twelve coloured caricatures by Rowlandson, is in the press and will be published in November.

In a late report of the concerns of Drury-lane Theatre, made to a meeting of the proprietors, the chairman of the committee, Mr. Whitbread, stated, that there was no want of dramatic authors in the present age, for no fewer than 276 tragedies, comedies, operas, and farces, have been submitted to the committee of management during their short period of duty, of which we give the following account:—

Dramas considered upon the whole as unfit for representation, and which have been returned to the writers, tho

in nearly one fourth of the instances they had found difficulty in discovering the address . . . . .	241
Dramas disapproved of, and yet to be delivered . . . .	2
Dramas disapproved of, but sent in without address, and which they could not return . . . . .	11
Dramas approved of, partly brought out and to be brought out . . . . .	14
Dramas still under consideration . . . . .	8

In all 276

The following arrangements have been made for Lectures at the Surrey Institution, in the ensuing season:—

Mr. Wheeler, on Chemistry, to commence on Tuesday, November 15, and to be continued on each succeeding Tuesday.

Mr. Rippingham, on Eloquence, to commence on Friday, Nov. 18, and to be continued on each succeeding Friday.

Mr. J. Mason Good, on Classical and Polite Literature, to commence on Friday, January 6, 1815, and to be continued on each succeeding Friday: and,

Dr. Crotch, on Music, will commence in February, 1815.

An aquatinta engraving of the *Grand East Front of Eaton Hall*, has just been published, at the request and under the patronage of Earl Grosvenor. This plate, two feet by one foot five inches, drawn by J. Halton, Chester, a pupil of Mr. Cuitt's, and engraved in an exquisite style by Mr. Medland, of the East India College, Hertford, certainly affords us a better idea of this magnificent Gothic mansion, than any yet offered to the public. The perspective is just and true, the drawing correct and chaste, and truly descriptive of this much-admired building, which stands unrivalled in this kingdom.

## FRAGMENTS FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

(Continued from p. 197.)

### MARLBOROUGH AND WELLINGTON.

HAIL to this regal dome, this gorgeous palace!

Where this inventive race have lavish'd all  
Their elegance; ye gay apartments, hail!  
Beneath your storied roof, where mimic life  
Glows to the eye, and at the painter's touch  
A new creation lives along the walls;  
Once more receive a conqueror, arrived  
From rougher scenes;

— whose warlike arm  
Hurl'd desolation on the falling ranks,  
And now the monster lies o'erwhelm'd in ruin.

MURPHY.

Such, we may suppose, to have seen the acclamations of a grateful nation to a Marlborough, on presenting to him the magnificent pile

of Blenheim House; such *might* now be the address of the British people to the gallant Wellington: and surely not even the most rigid economy could object to an expenditure of the public money as thoughtless and extravagant, when its object was to reward the hero who had encountered all the dangers, and submitted to the hardships and privations, of successive campaigns. When we can afford to lavish thousands and tens of thousands on the passing pageant of an hour, it would be unreasonable to murmur at the expence incurred

by an edifice which might remain to late posterity a proud monument of Wellington's fame and Britain's gratitude.

#### ON SYMMETRY.

Extravagant and incredible as it may appear, it has been contended by some, that an attention to symmetry and uniformity in architecture, is by no means important, asserting them to be both incompatible with convenience of interior arrangement and destructive of picturesque beauty.

That internal convenience would be obtained with less study and trouble, were external beauty to be disregarded, I will not deny; but the architect would not be able to display his ingenuity in surmounting the difficulty. The poet might as readily exclaim against the restraints of rhyme and measure; and indeed it would be well for block-heads and bunglers, if we were less rigorous in our demands, if we would be content with rhyme without sense, and convenience without beauty, or *vice versa*.

The apparent ease with which the artist overcomes difficulties, enhances the value of his performance, and we derive additional pleasure; we are not only charmed with its intrinsic beauty, but admire the skill and talent which produce it. With respect to picturesque effect, I must confess, that I do not comprehend how it would be promoted by a neglect of uniformity. In natural objects formality always disgusts. Straight alleys and clipped trees betray indeed a barbarous taste; but the same correct taste which abhors the introduction of studied forms into natural objects, will be as much

displeased with the absence of regularity in artificial ones. We might as reasonably pretend, that a table would be more picturesque by having its legs of different forms: it would be hardly less ridiculous to maintain, that one side of the face should not correspond with the other. That which is significantly termed the picturesque, or, in other words, is peculiarly adapted to produce a striking and pleasing effect in representation, is not always the most beautiful in reality. How delightful, for instance, is an interior by Gerard Dow! how skilful the arrangement! the whole composition how *picturesque*! Yet would the same gloomy apartment, its mean window with panes, its raftered ceiling, clumsy and ponderous furniture, and the grotesque assemblage of the most discordant articles, rich carpets and vegetables, culinary utensils of every description and magnificent chandeliers, books and dead game, &c. would not all this disgust, rather than please in the reality? And yet it would be hardly more extravagant to furnish the interior of our dwellings *à la Hollandaise*, than to masque them externally under the uncounted disguises of ancient castles or abbeys, or what are rather styled so by courtesy than propriety, where, if picturesqueness is ever attained, it almost always happens that it is at the expence of beauty. Still, where an old edifice has been modernized, we do not blame, but when we perceive new erections imitating old buildings renewed, and voluntarily resigning all symmetry and grace, astonishment usurps the place of admiration. It would be quite as



judicious to adopt the straggling plan of an old mansion, where room has gradually been added to room, as circumstances required, in preference to the compactness and convenient uniformity of a new one. I grant, that an old building to which parts have been added at different periods, may possess a picturesque and romantic air not unpleasing, and the sight may awaken numberless pleasing associations and reflections; but this can be only while we are conscious that their grotesque and varied appearance is the result of time and accident, by which, in a long series of years, the ruined priory or castle has gradually been transformed into its present shape. In a modern imitation the case is widely different; the uncouthness and deformity of the model is retained, but every charm of antiquity is fled, and in its place you find nothing but a disgusting affectation. In the former instance, deficiency in beauty is in a great measure atoned for by the interest naturally excited by the view of any building whose antiquity leads back the mind to former days, and recalls many historic events; we rather amuse ourselves by imagining it in its pristine magnificence, than admire its present form, and excuse the irre-

gularity and inconvenience of such a dwelling, as resulting from necessity, not from choice. In the latter instance, one question must doubtless suggest itself to every one. Why should irregularity be preferred to symmetry, when the one was as easily to be obtained as the other? You may indeed, in a modern castle, have long corridors, winding staircases, turrets, galleries, and gloomy chambers, with all the paraphernalia of a romance; nay, let us even go farther, and suppose that the hall is graced with the escutcheons of knights who never existed, except in fiction, and that ingenuity has contrived a haunted chamber and legendary tales of ghosts; yet I apprehend neither cheerfulness nor comfort would be found in such a gloomy habitation. As a monument of ruder and less civilized ages, the castle may be viewed with interest, and we may be permitted to rejoice, that no occasion now exists for the cheerless residence of the Donjon: earnestly, therefore, ought we to deprecate an imitation of a style of architecture so deficient both in beauty and convenience, that it appears to have originated in, and to have been submitted to, from necessity alone.

(To be continued.)

## RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

### FRANCE.

THE subjects which have occupied the attention of the *Parliament*, as we may term it, of France, during the past month, have been mostly of a local nature. The *Forest* law respecting the export-

tion of corn, the provisions of which were detailed in our last number, has been adopted. In addition to this measure, the laws relative to the naturalization of such natives of the departments separated by the late peace from the

French monarchy, as shall chuse to remove within its present limits; to the cultivation of tobacco, the importation of foreign iron and steel, and the export of wool, have been the principal topics of discussion in the House of Deputies.

The operation of the law for the regulation of the press begins to be felt. On the 30th of September six booksellers were apprehended at Paris, for circulating seditious publications. One of these, we are told, is written by a Septemberizer, and another "by a furious regicide, covered not only with the blood of his king, but with that of thousands of victims who perished in 1793." This last character is evidently designed for the well-known Carnot, who has addressed a letter to the editor of one of the Paris journals, declaring, that the pamphlet circulated in his name, under the title of "Memoir, addressed to the king, for the month of July 1814," was printed without his consent and contrary to his intention. It does not appear that any legal steps have yet been taken against Carnot, who does not deny being the author of the pamphlet in question; in which he undertakes to justify the death of Louis XVI. and to defend a principle the application of which is not confined to that unfortunate monarch, but apparently, if not evidently, extended to living persons, to recent events and present circumstances. If it really is a libel, and examples must be made, it is to be hoped that, in the distribution of justice, the government will so far consult its dignity as to inflict the punishment where it is most deserved, and not descend to the prosecution of printers and booksel-

lers, while the prime agent and author of the obnoxious production is permitted to escape.

Our newspapers have of late frequently called the attention of the public to the assistance which our new friends the French appear so well disposed to lend to the only enemy we now have, by permitting American privateers to refit in their ports. The mischief with which such a practice threatens our commerce, are too self-evident and too ruinous, to suppose, that the British government can much longer avoid remonstrating with energy against its continuance.

#### NETHERLANDS.

During the important negotiations at Vienna, no efforts are neglected for keeping up a formidable military appearance in this quarter, particularly on the French frontier, so that the number of the troops stationed between Namur and Nieuport, exclusively of the garrisons of the towns, is estimated at 80,000. France, on her part, has considerably strengthened her garrisons along the whole boundary line, and is sending more troops from the interior. The late discussion of the law relative to naturalization in the House of Deputies, has sufficiently betrayed the reluctance of the French to renounce their pretensions to these fine provinces.

An important decree relative to the liberty of the press, dated September 23, has been published at Brussels. It annuls the French laws on the subject, and establishes a system nearly resembling that which exists in this country. The Prince Sovereign has also issued a decree, enjoining the solemn observance of the Sabbath; another, for restoring the language of the

country, which had fallen into disuse during the union of Belgium with France; and a third, for affording relief to the inferior clergy.

#### GERMANY.

The eyes of the world are at present fixed upon the Congress of Vienna, where the sovereigns of Austria, Russia, Prussia, Denmark, Bavaria, Würtemberg, Hesse, Brunswick, and many of the minor German princes, together with the ministers of Britain, France, Spain, Sardinia, and the Swiss Confederacy, are engaged in regulating that political balance which will, it is confidently hoped, ensure the future repose of Europe. Respecting the progress made in this important business, we are as yet wholly ignorant, as we hear nothing of the illustrious personages assembled in the Austrian capital, except in the diary of the festivities prepared for their amusement. It is, however, but reasonable to presume, that all the principal points will be adjusted before the departure of the sovereigns, who are expected to set out about the end of October on their return to their respective dominions.

The fate of Saxony still remains in suspense; but the arrest of several military officers of high rank, who had signed a memorial in favour of their unfortunate sovereign, for the purpose of being presented to the Congress at Vienna, is no very auspicious omen for King Augustus. It seems more than probable, that his dominions, if not doomed to pass entirely under a foreign sceptre, will at least be very much diminished. The Duke of Saxe Weimar, whom report represented as likely to be a

sharer, is said to have declared his fixed determination to accept no part of the spoil.

The Prince Bishop of Fulda died in his capital on the 8th of October, at the age of 78 years.

#### SWITZERLAND.

The new federal compact has been accepted by the majority of the cantons, but some of them have refused to accede to its provisions. Upon the whole, general harmony seems by no means to prevail in this country. In the Tessin popular commotions have taken place, and called for military interference before they could be appeased.

The little republic of Geneva has been united as an additional canton to the Swiss Confederacy; and the principality of Neuchâtel also has been incorporated with the Helvetic body.

#### SPAIN.

The aspect of affairs in this distracted country is not improving; and in spite of the assurance lately given by Count Labrador while ambassador at Paris, that there was not a more happy and contented people on earth than the subjects of Ferdinand VII. we discover, in their official documents, ample proof of the contrary. Thus, on the 28th of August, Villavicencio, governor of Cadiz, issued a proclamation, in which he complains of the inefficacy of the measures previously adopted for repressing traitors and disturbers of the public tranquillity; and gives notice, that, considering himself in a state of war, he has appointed a military commission for the trial of all persons charged with offending by word or deed, directly or indirectly, against the sovereignty of Fer-

Ferdinand VII. We are told, that by this strong measure, Cadiz has been kept quiet without bloodshed, but that many persons have in consequence quitted the city, and others have been apprehended.

This state of things is far from being confined to one solitary city. From royal instructions issued about the middle of September, we learn, that the provinces of Old and New Castile, Estremadura, Andalusia, Arragon, and Valencia, are overrun with malefactors and highwaymen, and accordingly placed under martial law. A commission was about the same time appointed for the trial of the members of the Cortes confined in the various prisons, and styled, by way of reproach, the *Liberales*. Two magistrates, both members of the Supreme Council of Castile, nominated to form part of this tribunal, immediately gave in their resignation.

Meanwhile, the arrests not only of natives of some distinction, but also of foreigners domiciliated in Spain, continue. In the night of the 25th of September, 26 individuals were apprehended at Madrid for the alledged crimes of Free-Masonry, and attachment to the Cortes; and many others have since been taken into custody.

The systematic ingratitude of the beloved Ferdinand to all those to whom he is indebted for the preservation of his throne, if not originating in a weak head, affords abundant demonstration of a detestable heart. With the same spirit which dictated the persecution of the Cortes, he is now, as we are assured, adopting measures for the extermination of the Guerillas, and

laments the difficulty which he finds in the accomplishment of his purpose. Such is the reward of those brave, loyal, and patient people, who have submitted to every privation and confronted every danger in his cause.

It seems not improbable, that the treatment experienced by Mina, the celebrated Guerilla chieftain, may have formed part of this plan. From official papers, published by the viceroy of Navarre, it would appear that government had determined to remove Mina from active service, and to disperse the troops under his command. Mina, instead of submitting to these arrangements, marched, in the night of September 26, with a regiment of volunteers, for the purpose of surprizing Pampluna, the capital of the province; but his design was betrayed by some of his own officers to the viceroy. The failure of his plan was the natural consequence. After this disappointment, he proceeded to Puente de la Reyna, where part of his force, represented as considerable, is stationed. The prisons of Navarre are stated to be full of persons holding correspondence with him, and his operations are presumed to be only a ramification of a plan of insurrection, which embraces Arragon and Catalonia, and extends even to Cadiz. These points comprize the whole kingdom, the affairs of which would hence appear to be rapidly hastening to a crisis.

Intelligence has been received from South America, that, on the 5th of May last, a convention was concluded between the generals of the national army and the govern-

ment of Chili, in which that kingdom acknowledges Ferdinand VII. and promises obedience to the mother country, on condition of being permitted to send deputies to the Cortes. This convention, however, is likely to be embarrassed by the turn which affairs have taken in Spain: not only have the Cortes been abolished, but the constitution framed by that assembly, has also been destroyed.

#### ITALY.

The Grand-Duke of Tuscany made his solemn entry into Florence on the 17th Sept. If we may believe the foreign journals, this prince will receive the hand of the Queen of Etruria, and his territories be augmented by the accession, on the part of Austria, of the whole country between the Mincio and Piedmont, upon which he will assume the royal dignity as King of Lombardy.

Murat, who still continues his military demonstrations, not long since pompously announced the arrival of Prince Esterhazy at Naples, on a mission from the Emperor of Austria. It is, however, reported, that his errand is not of the most pleasant nature to King Joachim, as he is instructed to require the restoration of those provinces of the Ecclesiastical state still occupied by the Neapolitan troops.

Joseph Bonaparte has purchased a valuable estate in the vicinity of Rome; where his brother Louis arrived in September, and where other branches of his family are shortly expected. The title conferred on Lucien by his Holiness is Prince of Capri, and not Musignano, as before stated.

The foreign journals positively assert, that the removal of Napoleon from the Isle of Elba, will be determined at the Congress of Vienna. The government of France seems to consider this measure indispensably necessary for the future tranquillity of that country; and the journey of the Duke of Berry to England in August last, is said to have been undertaken for the purpose of obtaining the consent of the British cabinet. The only difficulty will be to find a suitable residence for so turbulent a spirit. The policy of the change must be obvious; for so long as Bonaparte remains near the seat of his former power, so long will the disaffected and designing look to him as a rallying point, the want of which must extinguish their hopes, and tend to the gradual cooling of those passions which, at some future period, might otherwise endanger the repose of Europe.

#### AMERICA.

In our last we left Lieutenant-General Drummond, with the British force under his command, blockading Fort Erie. Previously to the meditated attack on that position, Captain Dobbs, at the head of a party of seamen and marines, made a dash, in the night of the 11th of August, at the enemy's armed vessels lying close under the fort. After a short struggle, two schooners were carried, and accident alone prevented the capture of the third. This success was followed by a general attack in the night of the 15th. The British troops were formed in two columns; one under Colonel Fischer was directed to advance against the enemy's position on Snake Hill; while the other, com-

posed of the centre and left divisions under Colonel Scott and Lieutenant-Colonel Drummond, proceeded to storm the fort and entrenchments in front of the British camp. The latter gallantly accomplished this service, and had actually turned the enemy's guns against themselves, when the accidental explosion of a magazine under the platform destroyed almost all the British troops that had entered the place. Colonel Fischer's division was stopped by an abattis, and thus prevented from supporting the main body, the relics of which abandoned the fort and retreated to their camp. In this unfortunate affair our loss was very severe, amounting to 57 killed, including Colonel Scott and Lieutenant-Colonel Drummond; 300 wounded, and 530 missing, but most of whom are supposed to have perished by the explosion. This loss, however, has been more than compensated by the reinforcements which Gen. Drummond has since received. With this augmentation of strength the approaches to the fort have been resumed, with the confident anticipation of ultimate success.

In another part of the Canadian frontier a reverse not less mortifying has been experienced by the British arms. The official details have not yet arrived, but, through other channels, we learn, that, on the 1st Sept. the army of Lower Canada, under Sir George Prevost, entered the territory of the United States at Odelltown, to take possession of the country proposed to be permanently included in the new boundary line. The British commander advanced with little

opposition to Plattsburg, which he entered on the 6th. The enemy, about 3000 in number, occupied a strong position near that town. The co-operation of our little squadron on Lake Champlain was required to dislodge them, and it accordingly sailed for that purpose. On the 11th Sept. a combined attack was made, but the hopes of success were early blasted by the fall of Capt. Downie, who commanded the flotilla in the *Confiance* of 28 guns. The rudder of that ship being disabled, she became unmanageable; and the *Linnet* of 10 guns, our next largest vessel, grounded early in the fight: they were in consequence exposed to the superior force of the enemy, and after a prodigious slaughter, compelled to strike. The division of gunboats, 12 in number, was brought off. Sir George Prevost, who had meanwhile forced the passage of the river Saranac, was obliged, by the loss of the flotilla, to abandon the advantages which he had gained, and to retreat to Odelltown, where he had his head-quarters on the 13th. It is believed, that he will be under the necessity of falling back still farther upon Montreal.

A more grateful subject now demands our attention. During the months of June, July, and August, the naval force under Rear-Admiral Cockburn, was incessantly engaged in harassing the enemy in every assailable position on the shores of the Chesapeake, till the arrival of Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane, our commander in chief on that station. On the 17th of August he was joined by Rear-Admiral Malcolm with the expect-

ed reinforcements from Bermuda. An attack upon the American flotilla in the Patuxent was planned, and the fleet sailed up the river to execute this design. The military force under Major-General Ross was landed on the 20th, at Benedict, on the right bank, and advanced towards Nottingham, off which place Commodore Barney was stationed with the flotilla; while Admiral Cockburn with the shipping sailed up the river. On the approach of the latter, the Americans set fire to all their vessels, except one that fell into our hands. The British commanders, who were now only 16 miles from Washington, resolved to make an attempt upon that seat of the American government. In pursuance of this design, they reached Bladenburg, about 5 miles from the capital, on the 24th. On the opposite side of the Potomac, the enemy, between 8 and 9000 strong, was discovered posted on a commanding height, while his artillery defended a bridge that crossed the river. Our force, which was not half so numerous, attacked with such impetuosity, that the Americans quickly fled. Commodore Barney, who commanded the artillery, was wounded and taken prisoner, and ten pieces of cannon were left in our possession. Our gallant little army moved the same night, without farther opposition, to Washington; and on its approach the enemy set fire to the navy-yard and arsenal, which, with the naval stores, a large frigate nearly ready for launching, a sloop of war, and the fort defending the sea-approach, were wholly consumed. The Capitol, including the Senate-House and the House

of Representation, the Treasury, the War-Office, the President's palace, the rope-walk, the great bridge across the Potomac, and all the public buildings, were burned the same night by our troops, who found in the place 200 pieces of cannon and a large quantity of ammunition. The object of the expedition being thus completely accomplished, the British general determined to withdraw the troops before any greater force of the enemy could be assembled. He accordingly left Washington on the night of the 25th, and re-embarked at Benedict on the 30th. Our loss in this service amounted to 64 killed and 185 wounded.

Admiral Cochrane, before he entered the Patuxent, had sent a detachment of frigates, under Capt. Gordon, up the Potomac, to make a diversion, by attacking Fort Washington, which, with the artillery, was completely destroyed. The populous town of Alexandria having thus lost its only defence, proposed to capitulate. Capt. Gordon consented to spare the place, with the exception of public works, on condition that all warlike stores, shipping, and merchandize, should be given up. Owing to the dangerous passage, and the preparations made by the enemy to intercept our little squadron, it was not without great difficulty that it descended the river with its prizes to rejoin the fleet, having, in these operations, had 7 men killed and 35 wounded.

Sir Peter Parker, in the *Mene-laüs*, with some other vessels, had been at the same time sent up the Chesapeake, above Baltimore, to divert the attention of the enemy in

that quarter. After having frequently dislodged small bodies, by landing parties of seamen and marines, Sir Peter ventured to attack a force of five times his number, and possessing the advantage of artillery : this daring attempt was, nevertheless, successful ; the enemy fled at all points ; but the British commander received a mortal wound, of which he expired in a few minutes. In this rencounter, the crew of the *Menelaus* had 14 killed, including their captain, and 27 wounded.

Baltimore was the next object towards which the attention of Admiral Cochrane and General Ross was directed. The troops disembarked on the 12th of September, near North Point, on the left bank of the Parapsco river, about 13 miles from Baltimore. Not far from North Point the enemy had entrenched himself across a neck of land, but, on the approach of the British troops, he retired precipitately from this position. About two miles beyond it, our advance became engaged, and Gen. Ross received a wound in his breast, which immediately proved mortal. The chief command then devolved on Colonel Brook. The advance continuing to press forward, the enemy's light troops were pushed to within five miles of Baltimore, where a corps of about 6000 men, six pieces of artillery, and some hundred cavalry, were strongly posted under cover of a wood. Dispositions were immediately made for a general attack. The enemy's force being utterly broken and dispersed, fled in every direction, leaving on the field two pieces of cannon, with a considerable number of

killed, wounded, and prisoners. The day being far advanced, and the troops much fatigued, they halted for the night on the ground from which the enemy had been driven. At day-break on the 13th, the army again advanced, and took up a position eastward of Baltimore, about a mile and a half distant. Arrangements were made for a night attack ; but during the evening, Colonel Brook received a communication from the commander in chief of the naval forces, apprizing him, that, from the sinking of vessels in the harbour, naval co-operation against the town and camp was impracticable. Under these circumstances, it was determined not to persist in an attack on the town, where the force of the enemy was estimated at 15 or 20,000 men. The troops were withdrawn on the 14th, and the following day re-embarked at North Point, with the loss of 39 killed, and 251 wounded.

On the 26th of August, an expedition, under the command of Lieut.-Gen. Sir J. C. Sherbrooke and Admiral Griffith, sailed from Halifax, in Nova Scotia, for the Penobscot river, which divides New Hampshire from New Brunswick. Fort Custine, defending the entrance, was carried after a short resistance ; and the John Adams frigate, which had taken refuge here, and was supposed to be secure against every attempt, was, with other vessels, captured and destroyed. By the subsequent reduction of the strong position of Machias, the whole country between Penobscot river and Passamaquoddy bay is now in our possession.

It may easily be conceived, that



the destruction of the capital, and the alarm excited by the different attacks in various parts of the coast, must have filled the people and the government of the United States with consternation. Did we want other proofs how deeply these humiliations are felt, we should find abundant evidence of the fact in the snivelling proclamation of President Madison, who, impudently denying the atrocious outrages committed by his countrymen, talks of the "wanton destruction of the public edifices having no relation to the operations of war," and the "undisturbed plunder of private property."—"And," continues he, "whereas these proceedings and declared purposes, which exhibit a deliberate disregard of the principles of humanity and the rules of civilized warfare, and which must give to the existing war a character of extended devastation and barbarism, at the very moment of negotiations for peace, invited by the enemy himself, leave no prospect of safety to any thing within the reach of his predatory and incendiary operations, but in manful and universal determination to expel the invader:"—he therefore exhorts the good people of the United States to unite their hearts and

hands for that purpose; and all officers, civil and military, to exert themselves in executing the duties with which they are respectively charged.

The false colouring given to this first official document issued by the President since his return to Washington, does not fail to strike even the Americans themselves, and is too glaring to require any animadversion here.

Mutual criminations have succeeded the capture of Washington. Armstrong, the secretary at war, is charged with having neglected to provide a sufficient force for the defence of the district; and he, on the other hand, asserts, that if the troops assembled at Bladensburg had behaved as they ought, our troops must have been beaten, and the capital saved. It appears, however, that the popular feeling has been so strongly expressed against Armstrong, that he has been removed from his situation, and succeeded by Colonel Monroe.

According to the latest accounts, a temporary building was erecting at Washington for the accommodation of Congress, which was expected to meet on the 22d of September.

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**PLATE 23.—DESCRIPTION OF QUEENSTON, UPPER CANADA.**  
**TO THE EDITOR OF THE REPOSITORY.**

SIR,

HAVING, on former occasions, sent for your elegant *Repository* various accounts of the Canadas, I now the more willingly resume the subject, as they are unhappily become the theatre of a most san-

guinary contest, though, on our part, unprovoked.

The settlement of Queenston, of which the annexed is an accurate view, will doubtless transmit its name to the historic page, as being the centre of most of our military

operations in Upper Canada, since the breaking out of the present war. I have before remarked, that we are by no means fortunate in the choice of our colonial settlements. In that respect, the French far exceed us. Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Niagara, Detroit, &c. were founded by that highly gifted nation; whilst York, Amherstburg, Sandwich, St. Joseph's, &c. &c. are badly chosen posts, and never can rise into consequence. Queenston, however, is a remarkable exception. This pretty town owes its origin to the late William Hamilton, whose mansion is conspicuous in the view. Queenston is situated on the north-west side of the straits of Niagara, mid-way between Lake Ontario and the Falls of Niagara, being about seven miles distant from the former, and six from the latter. It is at the head of the navigation; for here the straits expand a little, and form a noble bason; beyond which the waters are unnavigable, as the rapids from the falls terminate there. It is supposed, and appearances strongly countenance the supposition, that the vast accumulation of waters which form the upper lakes, first burst through their natural boundaries at this spot, and have been ever since wearing away the rampart, and retiring backward to their present site. Even in the memory of man, the great fall has been observed to have gained on the rock, over which it precipitates itself in the form of a horse-shoe. Supposing, then, one foot of the rocky mound had been worn away by the waters every year, it must be more than 30,000 years since this natural phenomenon commenced!—

As no vessel, not even a birch canoe, can ascend higher than Queenston, all goods for the upper country are obliged to be landed here, and carried over-land to Chippeway, where they are reshipped. This place is therefore called by the inhabitants "The Landing." The Anglo-Americans had always appreciated the importance of this situation. They lately began to build a town on the opposite bank, called Lewiston; and indeed there is no place in Upper Canada that seems so well adapted to become the capital of the province as Queenston, were it not that its proximity to the frontiers of the United States would render it, on every dispute, liable to be insulted or destroyed.

It was on the heights above Queenston that the late Major-General Brock terminated his short but brilliant career of glory. He had accompanied his own regiment, the 49th, to Canada in 1803. He was for some time military governor of Quebec, during which he greatly improved the fortifications. He commanded our little army in Upper Canada at the breaking out of the war; totally defeated and took prisoners General Hull and all his forces, who had invaded the province with the avowed intention of keeping possession of it; upon which Major-General Brock crossed over, attacked and took Detroit, with the fine park of brass ordnance which the Americans had formerly captured from General Burgoyne at Saratoga. The enemy, however, broke through our too much extended line at Queenston. Brock was quickly at that post, and held in check their whole

army at the head of only the two flank companies of his own regiment—but

"Such courage length of life denies."

He fell on this memorable spot, certainly ennobled by the death of a hero. His friend, Major-General Sheaffe, was at hand. He marched

reinforcements with the utmost promptitude, engaged and defeated the the American Gen. Wadsworth, and took him prisoner with all his forces.

At a future time I shall perhaps continue these observations; meanwhile I am, &c. E. W.

### MEDICAL REPORT.

AN account of the practice of a physician, from the 15th of September to the 15th of October, 1814.

*Acute Diseases.*—Fever, 6...Scarlet fever and sore-throat, 15...Pleurisy, 1....Inflammatory sore-throat, 3....Catarrh, 2....Measles, 3...Nettle-rash, 2....Hooping-cough, 3....Gout, 1....Cholera, 2....Acute diseases of infants, 6.

*Chronic Diseases.*—Asthénia, 6...Palsy, 2....Head-ach, 4...Marasmus, 1....Consumption, 3....Cough and dyspnoea, 21....Asthma, 3....Pleurodyne, 4....Rheumatism, 5...Lumbago, 2....Enterodynia, 1...Colic, 2...Gastrodynia, 3....Diarrhoea, 6....Worms, 2....Dropsy, 3...Dyspepsia, 5....Cutaneous diseases, 8....Female complaints, 4.

Although the season may be regarded as favourable to health in general, several cases of fever have occurred, especially amongst the poor. The symptoms, however, have not been of a malignant nature, and the complaint does not seem to spread by infection. The great art in the cure of fever, when it is fairly established in the system, is, to enforce extreme cleanliness, to see that the patient's chamber is well ventilated, and that no improper food is forced upon there is little inclination

on their part to take any. Hot beds, hot apartments, and hot drinks should be scrupulously avoided, whilst every thing cooling may be allowed with safety. The cases which for some time past have come under the reporter's notice, have recovered with no other treatment than enforcing these rules, giving purgatives, acids, and cooling drinks. When the heat of the body has been high, sponging it with water always afforded relief, and few fevers require more than opening medicines and cold water. Febrile symptoms, however, occasionally are consequent on some organic affection, and though the patient regards himself as affected with a fever, the complaint is often of a very different nature, and can only be discovered and combated by the nicest medical skill.

Erysipelas is rarely observed in children, yet a case occurred lately, in which an infant only six months old was affected with it. The head was much swelled, and as the complaint advanced, the face and eyelids became considerably tumified. There was a deep flush on the cheeks, and considerable fever marked the severity of the disease. At so tender an age it is difficult to give medicine, but in this instance the infant took it readily, and the



HALF DRESS.







power of opening medicines was very evident in the speedy reduction of the complaint; for though other remedies were employed, the chief benefit was derived from frequent doses of calomel and antimonial powder.

### AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE dry weather through the early part of last month enabled the farmers, in the most backward districts, to secure the latter harvest in the best manner; and was also most favourable for the wheat sowing upon clay soils, which so greatly predominate for that culture in this island. The young wheats come up well on the early sown breadths; but the clover lays in the southern counties could not be sown on account of the dry weather. The produce of last harvest rises a very inferior sample, even for seed, by reason of the mildew.

Barley yields abundantly; the

quality is sound and fine, except on those farms where the crops were too large, being there much laid and hedge-grown.

Oats are a full average crop, but the quality rather inferior.

Beans are a large crop, and well harvested.

Peas are a productive crop, the quality fine, being more free from the maggot than in some preceding years.

Turnips and the whole of the brassica tribe have recovered much from the blue fly and mildew, with which they were affected in some situations in the preceding months.

### FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

#### PLATE 24.—WALKING DRESS.

AN Italian striped sarsnet lilac-coloured dress, ornamented round the bottom with a double quilling of satin ribband; short full sleeve, trimmed to correspond; the fronts of the dress cross the bosom and form an open stomacher; a Vandyke French ruff, and full bordered cap to correspond. The satin straw hat, tied under the chin with a check or striped Barcelona handkerchief, crossing the crown with a small plume of ostrich feathers in the front. French shawl, a white twill, embroidered with shaded scarlet and green silks, and fancifully disposed on the figure. Gloves, Limerick or York tan, drawn over the elbow. Half-boots of York tan or pale buff kid,

#### PLATE 25.—HALF-DRESS.

Green satin striped sarsnet frock, ornamented round the bottom with a rich border, embroidered with shaded chenille; long full sleeve, confined at the wrist, and trimmed with Vandyke lace. A bodice and apron made of clear muslin, trimmed entirely round with Vandyke lace, and headed with a double row of white satin ribband; falling collar, trimmed to correspond. Cap composed of blond lace and satin, tied under the chin with a silk cord and tassel. Neck-chain and heart of Oriental gold. Gloves, Limerick or French kid. Sandals of striped kid.



## MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

## BISHOP LATIMER.

THIS excellent prelate having preached a sermon before King Henry VIII. in which he touched on some topics displeasing to his Majesty, was commanded to preach again on the following Sunday, and to introduce an apology for the offence he had given in his discourse. After naming his text, the bishop thus commenced his sermon: "Hugh Latimer, dost thou know to whom thou art this day to speak? To the high and mighty monarch, the King's most excellent Majesty, who can take away thy life if thou offendest; therefore take heed that thou speakest not that which may displease. But then consider well, Hugh Latimer; dost thou not know from whence thou comest—upon whose message thou art sent? Even by the great and mighty God, who is all present, and beholdeth all thy ways—who is omnipotent, and able to cast both body and soul into hell together; therefore take heed and deliver thy message faithfully." He then proceeded with the same sermon he had preached the preceding Sunday, and confirmed it with redoubled energy. The sermon being ended, the court was full of expectation to know what would be the fate of this honest and plain-dealing bishop. After dinner the king called for Latimer, and with a stern countenance asked him, "How he durst be so bold as to preach in this manner?" Falling on his knees, Latimer replied, "That his duty to his God and to his Prince had enforced him thereunto, and that he had merely dis-

charged his office and conscience in what he had spoken, though his life was in his Majesty's hands." Upon this the king, raising the worthy prelate from his knees, embraced him, and exclaimed, "Blessed be God that I have so honest a servant!"

## MERMAIDS.

The following letter has lately been addressed to the editor of an Edinburgh newspaper:—

Sir,—As the existence of mermaids is a point that had long been disputed *et adhuc sub judice lis est*, and as it may contribute in some degree to settle a point of so great importance to the naturalists, I send you the following account, which I received from two fishermen residing at Port Gordon, a small fishing village in this parish, whom I believe to be of undoubted veracity, and respectable enough in their station of life. As these men (Thomas Johnstone and William Gordon) were returning from their fishing, about three or four o'clock yesterday afternoon, about a quarter of a mile from the shore, the sea being perfectly calm, they observed, at a small distance from their boat, with its back towards them, and half its body above the water, a creature of a tawny colour, appearing like a man sitting with his body somewhat bent. Surprised at this, they approached him till they came within a few yards, when the noise made by the boat occasioned the creature to turn about, which gave the men a better opportunity of observing him. His countenance was swarthy; his hair short and curled, of

a colour between a green and a grey; he had small eyes, a flat nose, his mouth was large, and his arms of an extraordinary length. Above the waist he was shaped like a man, but, as the water was clear, my informants could perceive that, from the waist downwards, his body tapered considerably; or, as they expressed it, like a large fish without scales, but they could not see the extremity. The men, however, had not long time to observe him; for, after looking steadfastly at him for about a quarter of a minute, he suddenly dived, but rose again at some distance from the boat, accompanied by another, whom the men supposed to be a female, as they could perceive she had breasts, and her hair was not curled, but reached to a little below the shoulders; the skin of this last one too was fairer than the other's. By this time the men had become considerably alarmed, and made to shore as fast as possible, and for some time they could perceive the mermaids looking after them. Soon after their arrival they called on me, and gave the above account, without the smallest variation between them; which, if you think proper, I shall be glad to see in your paper as soon as convenient.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

GEO. M'KENZIE, *Schoolmaster.*

*School-House of Raffan, Aug. 16, 1814.*

#### FORTUNATE MEETING.

In the commencement of a war, or the bursting out of a revolution, the mind is but little accustomed to contemplate the horrors and calamities with which every fresh occurrence, or every turn of events, is productive, as well in a national as in an individual point of view.

LXXI. Vol. XII.

How many fathers have lost their children—how many children have lost their fathers, their sisters, and their brothers—how many families are ruined and turned adrift upon the wide world, and each heart doomed to brood over its own sorrows and sufferings, “alike unknowing and unknown” — those upon the right and on the left of the road, amid his solitary wanderings among the mass of mankind! If such be the natural consequences of war (and few there are who can reflect upon the subject, but must allow that every incident of warfare is pregnant with much misery), let the reader only imagine the widespread ruin and desolation which the late long and bloody contest has produced throughout all the ramifications of society, and he will be the better prepared to feel that sympathetic glow of nature warm his heart, which occurrences such as the following are alone capable of producing. The captain of the *Don schooner*, from *Gottenburgh*, while delivering a cargo of deals and iron to Messrs. Head and Co. of *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, a few days ago, was accosted by a miserable looking young man, just returned from a French prison, beseeching a little employment. The captain, in reply, said, he was sorry that he was not in want of any additional hands, as his crew was fully adequate to discharge the cargo. The young man, in return, expressed his regret, but urged the captain to suffer him to work only for his meat, as he was literally starving. Commiserating his unhappy situation, the captain complied with the condition, and the young man went cheerfully to work

S s

in the hold among the crew. Observing, on the second day, the eager assiduity of the stranger to discharge his duty, the captain asked him of what place he was a native? "Lerwick," he replied. "Lerwick — Lerwick!" rejoined the captain, "and what is your name?"—"James Work," replied the youth. Palpitating with eager anxiety, and afraid he might be mistaken, the captain immediately enquired if he had a brother. "I had," said he, "but it is a long time since I saw him."—"What is his name—his name?" almost breathless, enquired the master.—"Laurence Work," replied the youth.—"Then you must have had letters from your brother?" says the captain.—"Oh! yes, sir."—"Come, come, come along with me," said the captain, hastily, and immediately hurried him into the cabin. "Have you any objection to shew me those letters from your brother?" asked the captain. "Certainly not," said he,

and immediately produced them. The captain, assured then almost to a certainty who the young man was, produced corresponding letters to himself, and upon the mutual correspondence being laid upon the table, each exclaimed—"Brother!" and they instantaneously rushed into each other's arms, and for several minutes their feelings were so overpowered with the warmth of their affections, that neither of them could speak till tears came to their relief. Here is a picture of real life, without the aid of fiction, in that of the iron, hard-favoured British sailor, subdued by the feelings of brotherly affection, portraying the sympathies of the heart by tears. The younger was but a child when they had last parted, and had grown up to manhood during the many years of their separation, which had produced such a change in both, that neither at first sight recognized the other.

## Poetry.

### TO A POET

WHO WISHED FOR SOMETHING NEW TO  
WRITE UPON.

You wish, you say, for something new;

My friend, your wish itself is old;

Poets, for years, have wish'd so too,

Yet no new themes could they unfold.

Is *Love* your choice? Then *Love* you'll find,

With all its darts, and flames, and sighs,

Its Hymen's throne, and Cupid blind,

Its necks, and lips, and cheeks, and eyes;

Have been so twisted up and down,

To tell each loving poet's pain,

There's scarce a lass that would not frown,

To be address'd in such a strain.

So 'tis with *War*, though fled its rage;

So oft it has been sung in rhyme,

There's not a man could write a page,

Would pay him for his loss of time.

*Morality!*—Oh! that's so old,

It scarcely is remember'd now;

He who should choose it must be bold;

This, my good friend, you will allow.

*Philosophy!*—In verse 'tis bad,

In prose it may produce some thinking;

Write on't in verse, they'll say you're mad;

Than that, you'd better write on drinking.

*Physic, Theology, and Law,*

Are names that terrify the Muses;

Methinks I hear them crying "Pshaw!"

As each her aid to these refuses.

*Friendship's* a pretty subject, too,

If such a thing could now be found;

But rhymes on friendship are not new,

So *Genius* here again is bound.

*Genius!*—I tremble at the name!

Had we but *that*, my gentle friend,

To every subject which we blame,

We then might new ideas lend.

J. M. LACEY.

# LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from Sep. 26 to Oct. 1.

TOTAL 12,347 quarters.—Average, 74s. 6d. per quarter or 2s. 6½d. per quarter lower than last return.

Return of Flour from Oct. 1 to 7.

TOTAL 11,615 sacks.—Average, 73s. 11½d. per sack, or 2½d. per sack lower than last return.

Average of England and Wales, Oct. 8.

	s	d	s	d
Wheat	76	2	Barley	37 0
Rye	46	10	Oats	27 2

## CORN, SEEDS, &c.

Wheat white, per quarter	50	8	8½	Tan's, per bushel	10	22
—red	40	7	8½	Turnip	10	22
—foreign	45	6	—	Mustard	11	18
Rye	38	42	—	—white	10	30
Barley, English	28	35	—	Canary, per q.	10	14
Malt	6	70	—	Linseed	65	10
Oat	17	37	—	Clover, red	45	90
—crusland	18	30	—	—white	75	112
Potatoe	25	35	—	—foreign	50	90
Beans, Pigeon	40	42	—	—white	80	110
Horse	44	50	—	—red	12	14
Pease, Hoiling	56	64	—	—white	10	10
Grey	44	50	—	—white	10	10
Flour per sack	70	75	—	—white	10	10
—Seconds	60	65	—	—white	10	10
—starch	50	60	—	—white	10	10

American Flour — s a — per barrel of 196lbs.

Rapeseed, per last — £30 a £32 a £—.

Oil Cakes, per thousand, £14. 0s. to £20 0s.

## SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

COFFEE, Banded.

Vinocrade, fine	108	a	113	s	d
—good	100	a	107	s	d
—ordinary	92	a	95	s	d
East India white	85	a	120	s	d
—yellow	78	a	94	s	d
—green	70	a	77	s	d

REFINED SUGAR.

Double LEAFED	908	a	22	s	d
Hambro's ditto	170	a	17	s	d
Powder ditto	164	a	15	s	d
Single ditto	102	a	15	s	d
Many Larups	150	a	10	s	d
Large ditto	152	a	10	s	d
Bo-tutti, whole	154	a	10	s	d
—factors	155	a	11	s	d
—molasses	160	a	10	s	d
—tips	92	a	9	s	d

COCOA, Banded.

Caraccas	90	a	100	s	d
Plantation	65	a	80	s	d
Spices and Peppers, per lb.	18	a	24	s	d
Nutm. gs	82	a	20	s	d
Cloves	75	a	80	s	d
Cinnamon	75	a	80	s	d
—black	75	a	80	s	d

RICE, Banded.

Carolina	94	a	25	s	d
Brazil	20	a	25	s	d

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 72s. c½d.

Our markets, both raw and refined, continue dull and rather drooping.

## HOOPS in the Borough.

Bags	£	s	d	£	s	d
Kent	5	3	8	8	0	10
Sussex	5	9	7	7	15	9
Essex	6	0	8	15	10	13

## CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	Wheat	Barley	Oats	Beans	Peas
Newcastle	8	50	a	78	9s
Northampton	—	—	—	—	—
Canterbury	—	—	—	—	—
Leves	15	08	a	70	35
Chichesterfield	8	72	a	88	—
Ashbourne	8	82	a	91	44
Guildford	15	—	—	—	—
Gainsboro'	11	68	a	82	42
Louth	12	65	a	73	30
Lincoln	5	68	a	68	32
Lincoln	12	70	a	80	40
Newark	10	63	a	75	40
Spisbury	—	—	—	—	—
Rygate	—	—	—	—	—
Derizes	—	—	—	—	—
Reading	15	40	a	94	33
Swansea	12	60	a	—	—
Henley	13	40	a	94	30
Maidenhead	—	—	—	—	—
Salisbury	11	60	a	70	30
Penrith	11	70	a	—	—
Hull	—	—	—	—	—
Basingstoke	12	60	a	84	39
Wakenhead	14	58	a	80	40
Andover	—	—	—	—	—
Warminster	15	60	a	86	34

## SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

Brandy, Cognac	s	d	s	d	s	d
—Spanish	8	9	a	2	6	1
Holland's Gin	8	0	a	8	6	1
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	a	6	9	1
—Lew. Isl.	3	8	a	6	1	1
Mol. Spirits	13	10	a	14	0	0
—Irish	0	0	a	0	0	0
—Scotch	0	0	a	0	0	0
Spirits of Wine	24	0	a	0	0	0

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR SEPTEMBER, 1814.

*Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.*

1814.	Wind.			Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
SEP.				Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	W	1		30.48	30.18	30.480	70.0°	62.0°	66.00°	brilliant	.062	
2	W	1		30.48	30.38	30.430	68.0	46.0	57.0°	brilliant	.040	
3	N E	1		30.42	30.38	30.400	64.0	52.0	58.00	fine	.114	
4	Var.	1		30.42	30.38	30.400	64.0	44.0	54.00	brilliant	.060	
5	Var.	1		30.38	30.30	30.340	62.0	42.0	52.00	brilliant	.040	
6	S W	1		30.30	29.98	30.140	63.0	51.0	57.00	gloomy	.080	
7	N W	2		30.10	29.98	30.040	58.0	48.0	53.00	rainy	.060	—
8	N W	2		30.36	30.10	30.230	60.0	50.0	55.00	brilliant	.064	.280
9	N W	1		30.36	30.52	30.340	63.0	42.0	52.50	brilliant	.066	
10	N W	1		30.36	30.36	30.360	60.0	43.0	54.00	brilliant	.104	
11	N W	1		30.40	30.36	30.380	60.0	42.0	51.00	brilliant	.090	
12	N W	1		30.40	30.30	30.350	60.0	30.0	50.00	brilliant	.100	
13	N W	1		30.30	30.30	30.300	60.0	40.0	50.00	brilliant	.070	
14	Var.	1		30.30	30.30	30.300	62.0	42.0	52.00	brilliant	.030	
15	S W	1		30.30	30.24	30.270	60.0	43.0	54.50	brilliant	.060	
16	S W	1		30.24	30.18	30.210	68.0	44.0	56.00	brilliant	.060	
17	S W	1		30.18	30.18	30.180	69.0	45.0	57.00	brilliant	.088	
18	S W	1		30.22	30.18	30.200	70.0	48.0	59.00	brilliant	.092	
19	S	1		30.22	30.16	30.190	74.0	52.0	63.00	brilliant	.120	
20	S W	2		30.16	29.96	30.075	69.0	54.0	61.50	variable	.100	—
21	S W	2		29.96	29.80	29.880	70.0	54.0	62.00	rain	.066	—
22	S W	2		29.92	29.80	29.860	61.0	47.0	54.00	cloudy	.070	—
23	S W	2		29.90	29.76	29.780	61.0	47.0	54.00	cloudy	.044	
24	S W	1		29.76	29.62	29.690	65.0	55.0	60.00	cloudy	.036	—
25	S W	1		29.90	29.62	29.760	60.0	54.0	60.00	fine	.064	.690
26	S W	3		29.74	29.62	29.680	61.0	51.0	56.00	cloudy	.050	—
27	S W	2		29.94	29.74	29.840	62.0	52.0	57.00	fine	.076	
28	S W	1		30.12	29.91	30.080	62.0	45.0	54.50	brilliant	.054	
29	E	2		30.24	30.12	30.160	60.0	45.0	52.50	gloomy	.046	
30	E	3		30.28	30.24	30.260	60.0	54.0	60.50	cloudy	.110	
				Mean			Mean					
				30.153			56.05			2.116 970		

## RESULTS.

Mean pressure, 30.153—Maximum, 30.48, wind W 1.—Minimum, 29.62, wind S. W. 1.—Range, .86 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .32 inch, which was on the 6th.

Spaces described by the curve, formed from the mean daily pressure, 2.65 inches.—Number of changes, 5.

Mean temperature, 56.°05.—Max. 74°, wind S. 1.—Min. 40°, wind N. W. 1.—Range 34°.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 24°, which was on the 16th.

Water evaporated (from a surface of water exposed to the effects of winds and the sun, but not to its direct rays), 2.116 inches.

Fall of rain, 970 inches—rainy days, 6—snowy, 0—hail, 0.

## WIND.

N	NE	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
0	1	0	3	12	2	7	3	0

Brisk winds 2—Boisterous ones 0.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR SEPTEMBER, 1814.

Conducted by Mr. J. GIBSON, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1814.	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
SEPT.		Max	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min	Mean.			
1	E	30,34	30,30	30,320	68°	58°	63,0°	fine	—	—
2	N E	30,30	30,20	30,250	72	49	60,5	fine	—	—
3	N E	30,28	30,20	30,240	65	45	55,0	cloudy	.32	—
4	N E	30,25	30,20	30,225	65	41	53,0	fine	—	—
5	N	—	—	—	65	52	58,5	fine	—	—
6	N W	—	—	—	65	54	59,5	showers	—	—
7	N W	29,94	29,67	29,805	57	53	55,0	showery	—	—
8	N E	30,05	29,94	29,995	61	53	57,0	cloudy	—	—
9	N	30,06	30,05	30,055	61	49	55,0	cloudy	—	—
10	N	30,07	30,06	30,065	52	42	47,0	cloudy	—	—
11	N	30,15	30,06	30,105	63	38	50,0	fine	—	—
12	N	30,15	30,13	30,140	58	36	47,0	fine	—	—
13	S E	30,14	30,10	30,120	65	47	56,0	fine	1.40	—
14	N W	30,14	30,12	30,130	65	45	55,0	fine	—	—
15	S E	30,12	30,05	30,085	66	37	51,5	fine	—	—
16	S E	30,00	29,98	29,990	67	46	56,5	fine	—	—
17	E	30,01	29,95	29,980	72	40	56,0	fine	—	—
18	N	30,05	30,01	30,030	74	36	55,0	fine	—	—
19	S E	30,02	29,97	29,995	74	42	58,0	fine	.75	—
20	S	29,97	29,76	29,865	76	44	60,0	fine	—	—
21	S W	29,76	29,70	29,730	67	43	55,0	cloudy	—	—
22	S W	29,79	29,75	29,770	62	40	51,0	cloudy	—	—
23	S	29,75	29,59	29,670	65	45	55,0	cloudy	—	.64
24	S W	29,57	29,52	29,545	71	59	65,0	showers	.52	—
25	S W	29,77	29,74	29,755	68	45	56,5	cloudy	—	—
26	S	29,74	29,65	29,695	65	55	60,0	cloudy	—	—
27	S W	29,76	29,75	29,755	66	47	56,5	cloudy	—	—
28	N	29,97	29,76	29,865	60	40	50,0	cloudy	—	—
29	S E	29,97	29,94	29,955	62	51	56,5	cloudy	—	—
30	Var.	30,00	29,94	29,970	59	45	52,0	fine	.73	.77
		Mean		29,965		Mean	55,5	Total	3,72 in.	1,41 in.

RESULTS. — Prevailing winds, northerly — Mean height of barometer, 29,965 inches; highest observation, 30,34 inches; lowest, 29,52 inches. — Mean height of thermometer, 55,5°; — highest observation, 76° — lowest, 36° — Total of evaporation, 3,72 inches. — Total of rain, 1,41 inches.

Notes. — 7th. Showery — rain in the night. — 8th. Overcast — windy — calm evening. — 9th. Cloudy — a few drops of rain. — 10th. Windy — a slight shower at eight o'clock P. M. — 11th. Windy — fair day. — 12th. Much dew — orange sky at sunset — 16th. Brisk wind — calm at night. — 17th. A very wet mist this morning — day fine. — 19th. Misty morning — clear day — 24th. Cloudy, damp, and close — lightning to the S. W. in the evening — heavy rain with thunder at nine o'clock. — 26th. Cloudy and windy with showers.

*Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for OCTOBER, 1811.*

Birmingham Fire Office	£200	pr sh	Kenet and Avon Canal	22 5s.	persh.
Eagle Ditto	2 2s	do.	Montgomery Ditto	83	do.
Globe Ditto	110	do.	Stowdwater Ditto	232	do.
Hope Ditto	2 6s	do.	Regent's Ditto	23	dis.
Imperial Ditto	48 15s.	do.	Commercial Dock (New)	15	pm.
Royal Exchange	266	do.	East India	122	ex. div.
East London Water-Works	70	do.	East Country Ditto	45	pr. sh.
Chelsea Ditto	12 10s.	do.	London Ditto	94 a 96	do.
Grand Junction Ditto	34	do.	Strand Bridge	20	do.
Portsmouth & Farlington Do.	21	do.	— Annuities	10	pm.
Birmingham Canal	650	do.	Highgate Archway	10	pr. sh.
Chertseyfield Ditto	100	do.	Russell Institution	18	do.
Coventry Ditto	810	do.	Surrey Ditto	13	do.
Grand Junction Ditto	210	do.	London Com. Sale-Rooms	50	do.
Grand Union	92	do.	Flour Company	5	do.
Grand Surrey Ditto	61	do.	Gas Light & Coke Com.	20	do.
Grand Western	54	dis.	Irish Tontine, £100 Debenture, 3d Class, 177½	59 2s	do.
Leeds and Liverpool	208	pr sh.			

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Sep. 21	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
22	Shut	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 4	63 $\frac{1}{2}$	Shut	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	Shut	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ Dis.	—	—	—	10 Pm.	1 Pm.	£21.19s.	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 4
23	Shut	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	63 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Dis.	—	Shut	—	9 Pm.	1 Pm.	—	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
24	—	62 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 3	62 $\frac{1}{2}$	80 $\frac{1}{2}$	93 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 5 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	7 Pm.	Par.	—	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 3
25	—	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	63 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	94	—	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Dis.	—	—	—	6 Pm.	1 Dis.	—	64 a 2 $\frac{1}{2}$
26	Hol.	62 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 4 $\frac{1}{2}$	64	81 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—	—	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 4 $\frac{1}{2}$
27	—	60 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ Dis.	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	190 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 Pm.	1 Dis.	—	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
28	—	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Dis.	—	—	—	9 Pm.	1 Pm.	—	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
29	—	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Dis.	—	—	—	10 Pm.	1 Dis.	—	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Oct. 1	—	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Dis.	—	—	—	11 Pm.	2 Dis.	—	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
2	—	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Dis.	—	—	—	12 Pm.	Par.	—	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
3	—	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Dis.	—	—	—	13 Pm.	2 Pm.	—	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
4	—	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Dis.	—	—	—	14 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
5	—	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Dis.	—	—	—	15 Pm.	4 Pm.	—	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
6	—	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Dis.	—	—	—	16 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
7	—	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Dis.	—	—	—	17 Pm.	6 Pm.	—	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
8	—	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Dis.	—	—	—	18 Pm.	7 Pm.	—	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
9	—	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ Dis.	—	—	—	19 Pm.	8 Pm.	—	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
10	248	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	81 $\frac{1}{2}$	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	Nov. 24	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
11	250	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	81 $\frac{1}{2}$	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
12	249 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	81 $\frac{1}{2}$	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
13	249 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	81 $\frac{1}{2}$	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
14	250 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	81 $\frac{1}{2}$	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
15	250 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	81 $\frac{1}{2}$	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
16	250 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	81 $\frac{1}{2}$	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
17	250 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	81 $\frac{1}{2}$	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
18	250	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	81 $\frac{1}{2}$	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
19	250	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	81 $\frac{1}{2}$	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
20	250	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	81 $\frac{1}{2}$	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
21	250	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	81 $\frac{1}{2}$	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	189 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	65 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 6 $\frac{1}{2}$

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 For DECEMBER, 1814.

VOL. XII.

The Seventy-second Number.

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—————The suffrage of the wise,  
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd  
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

---

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNIUS.

(Continued from p. 256.)

MISS EVE. I think there is a great similarity between Charlemagne and Bonaparte.

MISS K. And about a thousand years difference in the time of their reigns. Charlemagne was born in 742—Bonaparte in 1767; Charlemagne was crowned emperor in 801, by Pope Leo III.—Bonaparte in 804, by Pope Pius VII.; Charlemagne died in 814, and Bonaparte's political existence may be said to have terminated in 1814.

MISS EVE. You say the Popes named Innocent have been the very worst, and those named Leo the very best that have filled the papal chair. Were these numerous?

MISS K. There have been about a dozen of each. Leo X. was one of the most excellent Popes: he encouraged Raphael, and was a great patron of the arts. There have been more Johns than any other name among the Popes. At the beginning of the 15th century,

John XXIII. was head of the Romish church. Gabrielli, in the last century, was an excellent and learned man; his letters are very elegant and instructive. Julius II. was also a great encourager of Michael Angelo and Raphael; he sat in the papal chair from 1503 to 1513, and Leo X. from 1513 to 1521, which was the year after the death of Raphael.

The embellishment of the churches in Catholic countries has very much contributed to the perfection of the arts.

MISS EVE. I have read, that many Christian priests, even in the dark ages, have amused themselves with drawing and painting.

MISS K. Yes; and some, particularly several Spanish priests, have been very eminent painters.

MISS EVE. Will you mention some of these?

MISS K. Father Nicolas Fattor, a Franciscan monk, born in the city

of Valencia; Pablo de Cespidas, of Cordova, a dignitary in that church; Father Francisco Galeas, of the order of Carthusians, like Velasquez, a native of Seville. Of these priests Cespidas was the most eminent painter.

*Miss Eve.* In reading history, both ancient and modern, we may observe, that the greatest and best men have been distinguished for their admiration and encouragement of the arts. To such as are not attached to them, it may be said:—You are very unfortunate; there being such great pleasures in the world, which you are not formed to enjoy.

Have you a list of Giorgione's pupils?

*Miss K.* Here is one:—

GIORGIONE

Titian	Turbido	G. da Udino
--------	---------	-------------

Turbido or Torbido, called Il Mero, was pupil to Giorgione and Liberale Veronese; Giovanni da Udino to Giorgione and Raphael.

*Miss Eve.* Some say, that Titian was fellow pupil to Giorgione and Raphael.

*Miss K.* Yes, writers vary. The truth is perhaps often different from the statements of every writer in circumstances that are difficult to be ascertained. Some say, that these great colourists were born in the same year, 1477; others, that Giorgione del Castel Franco, or Giorgio Barbarelli, was born at Castel Franco in 1478; and Tiziano Vecelli, better known by the name of Titian, at Cadore, in Friuli, in 1480. Some assert, that Giorgione died aged 33, others 34; and Titian at the age of 96, while others make him 99. What is the

truth, I do not know. All agree that both died of the plague.

*Miss Eve.* That complaint seems to have discontinued (it is to be hoped for ever) its ravages in this country. It made dreadful havoc in London in the 17th century.

*Miss K.* Yes; at its third visit alone in 1665, it is said to have carried off near 70,000 persons.

*Miss Eve.* It was followed next year by the great purifier, fire; and the superior capaciousness of the new streets perhaps contributed much to the extirpation of this dreadful pestilence.

How few pupils Giorgione had in comparison with Titian, Rubens, and Rembrandt!

*Miss K.* Giorgione died very young when compared with the three great colourists you have mentioned.

*Miss Eve.* Titian and Giorgione seem to have been very careful to preserve the great character of things, not to destroy by inferior tints the general hue of the flesh or the breadth of the masses in the light and shadow, by the detail. They painted by a scientific anticipation, and avoided muddling.

*Miss K.* Yes, they painted from science, selection, and fixed principles; they knew the result on the pallet previous to the mixture; they knew what would be the appearance before they laid the colours upon the canvas. They were acquainted with the nature of colours and with their value; they knew how they would and should set off each other; they always endeavoured to preserve the generals of nature. They were scientific, select, and worked from fixed prin-

ciples. In what regarded colour, they were often meditating on the whole together, that is, keeping every thing in this department in order.

Miss *Eve*. Yes, like a person driving a flock of sheep, keeping them all together—all up.

Miss *K*. In the selection of form the great colourists were deficient. When I paint, I bestow great attention on the centre of vision, that is, the point to which the eye should principally look. As the parts recede from this point I give less light, less detail (or small parts), less finery, less of every thing that attracts attention; laying the red, white, and yellow toward the centre as the parts recede; and I am very careful of a universal balancing. I endeavour to bestow a due attention on all the requisites, or what is styled the whole together, and to keep them up, as you observe a countryman does a drove of oxen or a flock of sheep. As for the inferior executive principles, they consist in what I have mentioned some time ago, and are very trifling compared with the putting together of the greater requisites: yet these trifling executive principles constitute the merit of all copyers, engravers, and the like; but not entirely of portrait-painters, because the best of these impart character, though much of this may be borrowed.

Here is a list of Paul Veronese's pupils:—

Antonio Badili  
|  
PAUL VERONÈSE

Bemfetto B. G. and C. Cagliari Fasnolo  
P. Michele Nardi Vasilacchi A. Gandini  
Melambra D. Verotari

Bemfetto was also called Il Friso. The Cagliaris were Beneditto, Gabriel, and Carletto; the first Paul Veronese's brother, the two latter his elder and younger son. The proper name of Paul Veronese himself was Paolo Cagliari, but he received the former appellation from the city of Verona, where he was born in 1530. His brother was born at Venice in 1538, his eldest son Gabriel in 1568, and Carletto in 1570.

Molambra is also called Malombra, Varotari is named Paduanino, and Vasilacchi, Alimsa; but by whatever names they may be called, their pictures will be found to possess excellent colouring. I should have observed, that Antonio Badili was uncle to Paul Veronese. He was born at Verona in 1480.

Miss *Eve*. I suppose, if a person were to copy the machinery of colours from a Venetian picture, it would not be known.

Miss *K*. No; no more than if the light and shadow, harmony of lines, expression, thoughts, &c. were copied from the various painters who have excelled. This is the true mode of copying. The merely giving imitation is a very confined idea of copying, and is the rock on which thousands have foundered.

Miss *Eve*. Are not machinery of colouring, and light and shadow, much the same?

Miss *K*. They nearly approach, yet there is a difference.

Miss *Eve*. It is said, that from Rubens' pictures may be copied a splendid style, like the gay variety of the flowers of spring; from Titian's a golden manner, like the rich mellow tints of autumn, or the

yellow rays of the setting sun : but it is to be deplored, that many who attempt this paint foxy (like the colour of a fox) ; while others, who aim at the silvery tint of Guido, the younger Teniers, and the younger Vandewelde, only attain the appearance of lead.

Miss K. Titian's rich autumnal tints have a peculiar warmth, but there are many other principles besides the colours. The strengthening of the shadows in their middles is the great source of force and mellowness. This great principle, simple as it is, and which may be learned in a moment, is known but to few of the present artists.

Miss Eze. I take great pleasure in considering a broad, square, mellow touch.

Miss K. The gradations also, both general and particular, and the extensive varieties, contribute extremely to warmth. There is much less of fine colours in well coloured pictures than novices are apt to imagine. The gay varieties of the blossoms and flowers of spring, the mellow lustre of rich autumnal tints, even the vivid arch of heaven, the lightning's glare, and many other objects, are produced in a great measure without colours. This is eminently evinced by those engravers who preserve the tone in their prints, such as the mezzotints of G. White and John Smith, who flourished at the beginning of last century, and those of William Doughty, who lived about 30 years ago. Even some stippled prints have this merit. In this species of engraving, and indeed in every kind, one tint should end without any outline, and ano-

ther shade or tint begin. This gives not only great softness, but also the look of painting to a print. The Infant Academy from Reynolds, engraved by Francis Howard, shews this better than any other in this manner that I recollect ; and for this performance the Academy of London made the artist an associate engraver. This, and the strengthening of the shadows in their middle, constitute the merit of this print, which, from attention to these two principles, is great. The tint is woolly for want of equality, and a due attention to the perspective is not observed ; yet from the potency of the above-mentioned principles, this engraving ranks among the very best. A few rules might be drawn up so simple and obvious, as to place every artist of this description in almost an equality of excellence.

As for the lightness of Paul Veronese, Rubens, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and some others, it consists, in a great measure, in a zig-zag and sprinkly touch and manner, which the hand easily executes when the mind is generalizing ; that is, keeping the whole together, or all the rules, like a flock of sheep, up and in order. It is impossible to make very light copies from these masters, because the manners of executing are so different. It is easy to write a scrawly, free, running hand, but it is not easy—indeed it is not possible—to make so free a copy of it.

Miss Eze. It would be difficult for a painter to produce such freedom as arises from paint when dashed and sprinkled at random.

Miss K. Yes ; this sort of varied manner, coming warm from

the feelings while generalizing and managing, constitutes, in a high degree, what is termed lightness and fire. There is such harmony between the mind and the hand, that what the former conceives strongly, the latter can easily dash about and execute in this way.

Miss *Eve*. Have you a list of the pupils of Don Diego Velasquez, who practised, in an eminent degree, this spirited fiery touch?

Miss *K*. Here is one:—

Francisco Pacheco, born at Seville, 1579;  
| studied Raphael.

Old Francis Herrera, born at Seville, 1596.  
|

D. DIEGO VELASQUEZ, born at Seville, 1594,  
two years before his master

Luceña,	Mazo	Palacios	Pariga	Roman
born in	at Ma-	at Ma-	in the	at Ma-
Andalu-	drid,	drid,	W. In-	drid,
zia, 1620.	1620.	1640.	dies, 1610.	1598.

Don Diego de Luceña and Don J. Battista Martinez Mazo were good portrait-painters; Mazo's hunting pieces also are meritorious. Palacios painted portraits and history. Juan de Parisa, or Pariga, painted portraits: he was a black, and came to Velasquez in the capacity of footman; but his master finding him ingenious and fond of painting, instructed him, and he became a very able artist. Roman was an historical painter, and puts me in mind of Greco, whom I should have mentioned as one of the pupils of Titian, and who was born in Greece in 1548. He painted history and portraits, and died in 1625.

Miss *Eve*. I think you also omitted Francisco Montemezzano, one of Paul Veronese's pupils.

Miss *K*. Yes; he was a native of Venice, painted history, like his master, and died in 1600.

Miss *Eve*. The Spaniards are very fond of pedigree and high-sounding names. Some of the Spanish ladies would be very obnoxious to our Jewish ladies. I am told that they are very partial to little Biscayan pigs, which are wonderfully small, and caress and fondle them as the females of other countries do their lap-dogs.

Lap-dogs of the species called Comforters are very engaging. Why are some little dogs with black muzzles called King Charles's breed?

Miss *K*. Because King Charles II. was very fond of this kind of little dogs, and generally had several of them sporting about him when he walked in his parks.

Miss *Eve*. Charles, when Prince of Wales, was painted by Vandyke.

Miss *K*. Yes; he must have remembered that painter, who died in the flower of life, when Charles II. was eleven years of age, and, like Reynolds, was buried in St. Paul's cathedral.

Miss *Eve*. Who were Vandyke's pupils?

Miss *K*. Here is a list:—

Sir Peter Paul Rubens

|

Sir ANTHONY VANDYKE

D. Beck—Douth—Van Egmont—Fouchier—  
Gandy—Reyn.

Gerard, the two Mytens, and Walker, studied and imitated Vandyke.

JUNINUS.

# **EUDOXIA, CONSORT OF THE EMPEROR PETER THE GREAT.**

(Continued from p. 264.)

THE convent to which Eudoxia was exiled, was no better than a prison, where the severity of the superiors rendered death far more desirable than life. She was confined day and night in a dreary cell, and received no other food than pulse, bread, and water. But the measure of her woes was not yet full; for after she had languished six years in this dungeon, she found, with horror, that the weight of her misery was capable of increase. Peter, who setting aside his foibles, which arose from want of education and the power of controuling his passions, deserved the name of *Great* for his magnanimous actions, his ardent desire of improvement, his efforts for the civilization of Russia, and his many spirited enterprizes which rendered the nation flourishing, felt at length that he was mortal. He was attacked by a violent fever; all the skill of the physician could not counteract its fatal effects, and on the 8th of February, 1725, he expired.

Catherine's son had died before the czar, who, in his last moments, could not make up his mind on the appointment of a successor, and was overtaken by death before he had decided on the subject. Menzikoff, who owed his life and his elevation to Peter's widow, determined to keep her upon the throne. He seized the public treasures, assembled the grandees of the empire, and by the solemn assurance, that Peter had appointed Catherine his successor, induced them to acknowledge her as empress.—

Amidst the consternation which prevailed at this critical moment, every one deemed it dangerous to oppose Menzikoff's propositions; being but too well convinced, that the favourite had made the most formidable preparations to carry his plan into effect, and that he himself would not leave the most cruel means untried to accomplish his purpose. Catherine was therefore proclaimed Empress of Russia; though the last broken words of the czar, and the few syllables which his languid hand was capable of writing, seemed to direct the very reverse.

Catherine's exaltation transferred the supreme power into the hands of Eudoxia's most inveterate enemies; who, according to the usual disposition of the human heart, could not fail to be the more hated by them, the more she had reason to hate Catherine and Menzikoff.

Eudoxia but too soon felt the oppressive effects of this antipathy. Tolstoi was commanded to conduct her to Schlussemburg, and to adopt the most rigid measures to prevent any attempt on her part against the new government. This faithful tool of Menzikoff executed the commission with the utmost cruelty. Eudoxia was immured in a gloomy dungeon, and to aggravate the horrors of this grave-like habitation, she was deprived of the society of all those females who had hitherto attended her, and shared with her the hardships of imprisonment. They were replaced by an old deformed hag,

who, on account of her bodily infirmities, was rather troublesome than serviceable to Eudoxia. Thus was the widowed consort of one of the greatest monarchs in Europe reduced to the melancholy necessity of performing with her own hands the meanest offices, lest she should be stifled in filth and an infected atmosphere. Who can help calling to mind the state of the unfortunate daughter of Louis XVI. in the Temple at Paris?

Religion itself was not allowed to comfort and support Eudoxia under the extreme depression which overpowered her spirits; for, with unexampled cruelty, she was refused the assistance of a priest, when she urgently solicited, that she might receive the holy sacrament.

Tolstoi must of course have received directions for these barbarous severities from Catherine, who had not only so unjustly usurped Eudoxia's place in the lifetime of the czar, caused her son Alexis to be deprived of the crown and of life, and thus cut off her grandchild from all hope of ascending the Russian throne; but was now incessantly exercising her malicious ingenuity in devising new torments for the hapless and forlorn princess. Lest the prisoner should attempt to gain friends out of her prison, orders were given to search both the officers and privates every time the guard stationed over her dungeon was relieved, so that none of them might have the temerity to take charge of any written correspondence: in case of any such discovery, the commandant of the fortress had strict orders to hang the culprit,

whether officer or private soldier, without further ceremony.

At length, Heaven, in compassion to the much-injured princess, put an end to her afflictions by the death of Catherine, her mortal enemy, two years after the decease of the czar.

Persons of influence who perceived Catherine's end approaching, and were apprehensive that her favourite Menzikoff would make an attempt to place one of her daughters on the throne, left no means untried to prevail upon him to declare in favour of the son of Prince Alexis. The prospect with which they flattered him of a marriage between his daughter and the new emperor, who would be indebted to him for the throne, dazzled him to such a degree, that, previously to Catherine's death, he had entered into negotiations on this subject with the court of Vienna, through the medium of the Count de Rabutin, the Austrian ambassador at Petersburg. As soon as Catherine had closed her eyes, Menzikoff employed his secret influence over the army and the whole nation with such effect, that he gained them over for the son of Prince Alexis; and thus disposed a second time of the crown of Moscow: on this occasion also, under the pretext of a testamentary arrangement of Peter the Great. Eudoxia's grandson, Peter II. then but twelve years old, was, through Menzikoff's management, proclaimed emperor, and the favourite was, at the same moment, appointed regent and commander in chief of the forces. The council of state did not hesitate, for a moment, to confirm the resolution of



the minister to marry his daughter to the youthful sovereign.

Thus Menzikoff, the sworn foe to Eudoxia, who had persecuted herself and her whole house with such inveteracy, suddenly changed his principles, in the prospect of exalting his own family; revenge yielded to ambition, and he not only became the instrument of her liberation, but brought the unfortunate princess near to that throne from which he had sought to remove her farther and farther during the two former reigns.

No sooner was the new sovereign proclaimed, than the omnipotent minister sent to Eudoxia two gentlemen belonging to the court, one of whom was his very near relation. They informed her of the exaltation of her grandson (a circumstance which appeared to her incredible), and, in Menzikoff's name, solicited her permission for the union of the young emperor with his daughter. Eudoxia, whose fortitude neither fear nor despair could subdue, was near falling a sacrifice to the joyful sensations which overflowed her maternal heart. Oppressed by her feelings, she was utterly incapable of giving utterance to them, except by her tears. In this state the princess was removed from her dungeon to an apartment prepared for her in the house of the commandant of the fortress. When she had recovered from her first surprise, she could not doubt her good fortune, which appeared rather an illusion than a reality. She observed, that she was treated as the empress-mother; she was furnished with the finest and most costly linen, the richest silks, and the most elegant silver

plate for her table, and presented with ten thousand rubles in money for her other necessities. The same day, attendants of both sexes suitable to her rank, splendid equipages, and livery servants arrived for her; so that this princess was all at once transported, as by magic, from the most dreary dungeon into the midst of the most brilliant court, where it was the study of each to anticipate all her wishes. It was left to her choice to go to Petersburg or Moscow; she preferred the latter city, where she took up her residence in the convent of noble ladies till the arrival of the emperor.

Thither the grandees of the empire, the nobility of the capital, and the whole surrounding country, thronged to testify their sympathy and present their congratulations. She was the more affected by this homage, as she was convinced that it was not the result of the change of fortune, but the genuine expression of the feelings which her friends had so long been obliged to shut up in their bosoms, till they saw this happy moment appear, like the serene evening after a tempestuous day, when they durst manifest, without reserve, their sentiments towards the beloved princess. These strong demonstrations of the general attachment could not but produce a deep impression on the susceptible heart of Eudoxia; but it was not to be compared with the profound emotion with which, for the first time in her life, she embraced her beloved grandson as sovereign of the Russian empire. All those who were present at the interview between the Emperor Peter II. and

his sister Natalia with the tender mother of their father Alexis, were dissolved in tears at the affecting scene. Eudoxia threw her arms about her children; her feelings were too powerful for utterance, while tears of joy trickled from their eyes upon her bosom: but these transports, the highest that the human heart can taste, operated so strongly upon her spirits, that she swooned away in their arms. It was with great difficulty that she was brought to herself again, but even then, her soul was so overpowered by the intensity of her feelings, that it was above an hour before she could utter a single word.

The coronation of the young emperor was a fresh source of joy to the tender Eudoxia: she was present at the solemnity, and took the first place next to the emperor. She not only consented to the union of her grandson with Menzikoff's daughter, but sanctioned with her presence the betrothing of the young pair, which was performed with extraordinary magnificence.

She was now in possession of all the prerogatives to which her marriage with Peter the Great entitled her; a pension of 60,000 rubles was assigned her; her name was ordered to be inserted in the public prayers immediately after that of the emperor, and her birth-day to be celebrated throughout the whole Russian empire with the ceremonies usual on such occasions, and she was treated with all the honours due to her rank as empress-mother and consort of Peter the Great.

She had now attained the summit of happiness, which Menzikoff's fall was incapable of height-

ening. Eudoxia was too generous, her own misfortunes had too feelingly taught her the nothingness of human grandeur, for her to receive the smallest pleasure from the tragical end of this man, who was hurled from the highest step of earthly ambition to the lowest depth of misery. This arrogant minister was quite intoxicated with the adulation offered him by servile courtiers; he became giddy upon the height to which fortune had elevated him; but so far from shrinking from his own greatness, he strove, by all the means in his power, to ensure it, and kept the young emperor in a state of dependence, to which might justly be given the denomination of slavery. By his haughtiness he daily made himself new enemies; even those who had been his partisans began to detest him, on account of the abuse of his authority; but none ventured to declare openly against him. One of his most inveterate foes was Count Ostermann, who secretly watched every opportunity of overthrowing this colossus. No sooner was he apprized that the emperor had signified to the principal courtiers his displeasure at the rigour with which he was treated by the supercilious regent, than he managed, with great address, to draw over the two Princes Dolgoruky to his interest, representing to them the probability of their sister's elevation to the throne, when Menzikoff's daughter should, by his fall, be removed from it. So flattering a hope gained him the entire confidence of the princes, and, in concert with the Princess Elizabeth, aunt to the emperor, they resolved

to avail themselves of the illness of the minister, which confined him to his palace, to incite Peter II. to throw off a yoke that he found so galling. Too much time, however, was lost in consultation, and the recovery of the regent dispersed the storm that was gathering over his head. He permitted the two Princes Dolgoruky to retain the high posts which they held about the person of the young emperor, either because he was unacquainted with their real sentiments, or believed himself strong enough to defy his opponents. They took advantage of his security to put Count Ostermann's plans into execution; and one day, when the emperor was at Peterhof, they represented, in such lively colours, the disgrace of that dependance in which he was held by a man who was but his subject, that they inspired him with the resolution of emancipating himself immediately.

The emperor jumped out of a window, and fled from the palace with his two confidants. Menzikoff was soon apprized of the circumstance, and hastened with all possible expedition to Moscow; but he was not a little astonished, when the guards at the palace denied him admittance. Transported with rage, he went to his hotel, and had no sooner entered, than he found himself surrounded by grenadiers, whose commanding officer demanded his sword, and informed him that he was a prisoner. In vain he solicited an interview with the emperor; the only answer he received was, an order to repair, the following morning, with his wife and children, to Renneburg. By the same order which exiled

him to this splendid country seat, he was allowed to take with him all his effects, and as many domestics as he pleased. Menzikoff obeyed, but shewed such arrogance as served only to heighten the animosity of his enemies. He quitted Moscow in the middle of the day, with a pomp which no sovereign could have surpassed; but he had not proceeded above five miles, before he was overtaken by a fresh detachment of grenadiers, who ordered him to halt. The commanding officer then demanded, in the name of the emperor, not only the Russian orders, but the honourable insignia which he had received from foreign courts; and when he had delivered them, he and his family were directed to alight from the state carriage, and to mount a litter which was to convey them to the place of their destination.

His haughty spirit had been shaken, but not broken by the first disgrace; for he flattered himself with the prospect of being permitted to end his days in peace at Renneburg. When, however, he heard that he was banished to Jakutsk, at the extremity of Siberia, and that he could take with him no more than eight domestics, his courage completely failed him. His wife died during the journey; and when he reached Tobolsk, 500 rubles were paid to him by the command of the emperor. From that place he was conveyed, upon uncovered sledges, drawn by dogs, and was five months in reaching the place of his destination, where he and his eldest daughter died in misery. Thus fell Menzikoff, who had raised himself from the dust to such a height of power, that no-

thing was wanting but the title of emperor. His innocent daughter, disappointed in the expectations of the imperial diadem, was spurned from the throne, and died in the deepest distress. His whole family was implicated in his ruin; his possessions and property were confiscated, and the same man who, during three reigns, had been the centre around which revolved all the affairs of a mighty empire, and who directed them at his pleasure, was now, stripped of every thing, exiled to the dreary deserts of Siberia, where misery and grief soon put a period to his life.

Thus doth the omnipotent arm of Providence even here chastise the arrogant mortal who tramples upon the rights of humanity, and makes pitiful self the sole object of his actions. Often does he imagine retributive justice still far distant, when the thunderbolt is already launched to annihilate him.

Eudoxia was too generous to contribute in the smallest degree to his ruin, but she could not alter his fate. She peacefully enjoyed the delicious moments which fortune seemed to have reserved for the remainder of her days; but what mortal can deem himself

secure against its vicissitudes? Scarcely had she enjoyed, for eighteen months, the satisfaction of beholding her grandson on the throne, when inexorable death first snatched away the Princess Natalia, and a few weeks afterwards, the emperor himself. He was carried off by the small-pox on the 30th of January, 1730, at the early age of 14 years. Though this painful loss made no alteration in Eudoxia's external circumstances, yet her peace of mind was buried with her two amiable descendants, and the rest of her life was passed in incessant grief.

The Princess Anne, who succeeded Peter II. in the throne, used all the means in her power to dry her tears. She prevailed upon her to attend her coronation, and conceded to her all the privileges of empress-mother, of which she had been so proud at the accession of her beloved grandson; but she was now indifferent to all these honours. Illness soon confined her to her bed, where she passed almost seven years, with a few short intermissions, till death closed her languid eyes, which had shed infinitely more tears of anguish than of joy.

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### SAXON ORPHANS.

THE deplorable state of the numerous orphans deprived of their parents by the late destructive war and its fatal attendants, in Saxony, is already known to the generality of our readers, from the reports of the London Committee for relieving the Distresses in Germany. From the same source they will have learned the establishment of

four orphan-houses for the reception and maintenance of these unfortunate children, till situations can be found for them in respectable families. To the honour of the ladies of this country, they have nobly stepped forward in behalf of these helpless innocents, and the considerable sums contributed by them to this benevolent object, bear

honourable testimony to the genuine benevolence of their feelings. To all those who have lent their support to this good cause, and many such, we have no doubt, are to be found among our fair readers, the following narrative will prove peculiarly acceptable; while the spirit of piety, and the touches of nature and feeling which pervade it, must render this account generally interesting:

*To the Central Committee for Relief at Pirna.*

The undersigned having performed the duty of attending a party of 23 orphans from the institutions of Pirna and Dippoldiswalde to Neustadt on the Orla, and the adjacent country, makes it his business to give the Central Committee of the upper district of the circle of Meissen some account of the journey.

Afflicted at parting, moved by the presents of the ladies who had assembled to witness the scene, and impressed, if not with a clear conviction, yet with a feeling which could not be misinterpreted, that the step which they were now taking was of the highest importance to their future lives, the children left the orphan-house and the friendly town of Pirna with me about one o'clock in the afternoon of the 6th of July. The carriages proceeded slowly, and the little troop in them advanced in silence towards their farther destination. "O that God may lead these dear children thither, and cause them to find, in their new and yet distant homes, other benefactors, guardians, and parents, instead of those of whom his inscrutable, but, nevertheless, wise and holy decrees,

have here deprived them!" Such was my prayer, when, having ascended the hill, Pirna, which we had left behind in the valley, and the adjacent country appeared in all their charms. The children beheld and enjoyed the beautiful prospect, and could not forbear asking the sorrowful question: "Ah! who knows if we shall ever see it again?"—"You will see it again," I replied, "if it please God; only take care that you come back good and virtuous men and women, that the Creator of this magnificent scene, which affords you such delight, may always be able to rejoice over you. Contemplate here the image of the heavenly Father. So friendly is his aspect. Woe then be to those who can ever wilfully offend him!" It was truly affecting when, upon this, several of the boys with whom I was, while the matron of the orphan-house attended the girls, keeping their eyes stedfastly fixed on Pirna and the adjacent country, joined in singing parting hymns. By degrees they recovered their cheerfulness, and, in the familiar conversation which ensued, many a feeling, many a wish and resolution was expressed. At the Busch-house near Reinhardtsgrimme, we stopped a little and took some refreshment: but some of the girls complained of sickness—the consequence of riding, to which they were unaccustomed. We approached Dippoldiswalde, and were all glad to get our suppers and retire to bed, for the air had made us hungry, and the intense heat tired and sleepy. Here it was my business to seek medical aid for such as were unwell, and to apply for the three

boys who were to join our party from the institution at this place. Dr. Neumann willingly gave his assistance, and next morning, to my great joy, all unpleasant symptoms were removed. At half past seven we cheerfully pursued our route with our new companions. The heat on the 7th of July was so excessive, that the children could scarcely bear it. They began again to complain, as did also several who had not been attacked the preceding day. The drops with which Dr. Neumann had furnished us were found very serviceable. We breakfasted at the public-house at Bärwaldt. After this refreshment we continued our journey; and the children made themselves very merry for some time, till their spirits began again to flag under the oppressive heat of the sun. At two in the afternoon we reached Freyburg, and were obliged to stop there for the night, though we had not travelled above 20 miles, because the instructions given to the drivers by the higher authorities assigned quarters here for themselves and forage for their horses. It was difficult to find tolerable accommodation for the children, because the inns were much thronged with travellers going to the Dresden fair. It was at Freyburg that, upon enquiry, I first learned that the Rev. Mr. Wagner, of Long Hennersdorf, had availed himself of several applications for our orphans to provide for orphans of the Erzgebirge. Some of the children were again unwell here, but soon grew better. After a refreshing night's rest, we continued our journey towards Chemnitz, at seven in the morning

of the 8th of July. The children eagerly enquired whether it was much farther to the place of their destination, and wished themselves at their journey's end. The dust and heat greatly incommoded them. However, they were somewhat diverted from these disagreeable incidents by the new scenery that was continually presenting itself to their view, the remarkable dress of the mountaineers, the Russians whom we met on their march, and conversation. There were also among them some wags, who, by their often very droll ideas, extorted an involuntary laugh even from the most dissatisfied.

About half past seven on the 19th of July, we pursued our course towards Greiz. No sooner had we entered the territories of Reuss, than the children asked, with evident uneasiness, whether we should come into Saxony again; and next day they were overjoyed when we had once more reached Saxon ground. A report, circulated by ignorant persons in the vicinity of Pirna, that they were to be transported out of the country, was probably the occasion of this anxious question. The 11th of July was the sixth and the last day of our journey. They all mounted the carriages in high spirits: there was no end to their questions. All of them wanted to know where and with whom they were to be placed; and the parting hymns were again sung. We breakfasted at Auma, and pursued our route, with the most intense heat, to Dreitzsch, a village about five miles from Neustadt. At Auma we found the postmaster, Schumannin, of Neustadt, who took charge of the child in-

tended for him. According to the direction of Dr. Aster, the children were to wait at Dreitzsch till their dispersion, and a messenger was to be dispatched to fetch him. In the intermediate time we caused the children to put on the clean linen which they had taken with them. It was my intention that they should be delivered and received with some little solemnity ; but when Dr. Aster arrived, he had so little time, and so much business to attend to, that my plan could not be put in execution. Neustadt was filled with Russians, on which account the soldiers of the waggon train were also obliged to be quartered at Dreitzsch. The same evening seven children were dispatched in a carriage to the Amtshauptman von Erffa, and the following day the others were delivered to their new foster-parents. The children were much liked wherever they came. Their really good behaviour, together with their infantine familiarity, cheerfulness, and loquacity, produced a highly favourable impression. The cleanliness of their appearance in particular attracted universal notice. For this pre-eminence the children are chiefly indebted to the laudable attentions of the Ladies' Association of Pirna. Their benevolent exertions in behalf of the Orphan Institution in general, is as certainly rewarded by the approbation of their own bosoms, as it will be by the blessing of that God who is, in a peculiar manner, the father of the fatherless. Had the only object in view been to dispose of them, I could have found situations for almost the whole number by the way ; and people grew serious-

ly angry with me, because I would not be persuaded to part with them. I assured them, that if they really had a desire to take orphans and bring them up, we had unfortunately such numbers still left as to be able to supply them all.

The attachment manifested by the children for me gave particular pleasure. Wherever we stopped, they swarmed round me, laid hold of my hands and arms, and clung about me as though they would never have let me go again. On such occasions, the eyes of both old and young, who stood round us, would frequently overflow with tears, and they lamented the moment when we should be obliged to part. At Greiz (I mention this trait because it was furnished by a Jew), there was among the bystanders an old Israelite with a venerable beard. He contemplated, for some time, this spectacle of infantine attachment. More than one tear fell upon his silvered beard ; he wiped his eyes, came up to me, pressed my hand in silence, shook hands with each of the children, and then, without uttering a word, but with the most evident emotion, hastily quitted the room. At Dreitzsch several of the children, during my absence, were to have set out for their final destination, but they would not stir a step till they had taken leave of me. Such traits contributed not a little to prepossess the new parents of the children in their favour, and I was unwilling to omit mentioning some of them, as I firmly believe that they will be received with pleasure by the benevolent members of the Central Committee, and considered as pledges of goodness

of heart in the children, as omens of their future happiness in their new situations, and as pleasing results of the humane exertions that have been made in behalf of the orphans. This affectionate and feeling behaviour will not fail speedily to gain the hearts of their benefactors, as I have myself had the happiness to observe. I have visited many of the children in their new situations, and always left them satisfied with their condition, and myself thankful to the Almighty, for I found them in good hands. Several of them are indeed uncommonly well provided for, and on the road,

as far as man can see, to prosperity. As I met every where with a very friendly reception, I made no scruple, according to the previous instructions of Dr. Schmalz, to solicit contributions towards defraying the extraordinary expences necessarily occasioned by the journey. From several I received the most satisfactory assurances, and Dr. Aster kindly undertook the office of collector. The parting was painful to me, and still more so to the children.

T. F. SCHMIDT,  
*Minister at Sonnenstein.*

PIRMA, July 23, 1814.

## THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XLV.

Equibus hi vacuas implent sermonibus aures,  
Hi narrata ferunt alio: mensuraque ficti  
Crevit, et auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor.

Illic credulitas, illic temerarius error,  
Vanaque lætitia est, consternatique timores,  
Seditioque recens, dubioque auctore susurri.

With idle tales this fills our empty ears;  
The next reports what from the first he hears;  
The rolling fictions grow in strength and size,  
Each author adding to the former lies.

Here vain credulity, with new desires,  
Leads us astray, and groundless joys inspires:  
The dubious whispers, tumults fresh design'd,  
And chilling fears astound the anxious mind.

I HAVE to apologize to this correspondent, in the first place, for having so long delayed his ingenious communication, and, in the second, for having taken the liberty to abbreviate it; though I trust he will not accuse me of having weakened the reasoning, or obscured the principle which he has displayed with so much good sense, ingenuity, and knowledge of the heart. He appears to think, that the subject is capable of being enlarged into a treatise; I am of the same opinion, and know not any one who appears to be more capa-

ble of doing justice to it than himself; indeed, I should be happy to find, hereafter, that he has had the leisure, as I am sure he has the qualification, to give the proposed topic his full and efficient consideration. I have no doubt that my readers, when they have perused the following letter, will join me in the opinion and the wish which I have just expressed.

Mr. Spectator,

I have often thought that the *Philosophy of Truth*, as applicable to all the purposes of civil life, or the art of *ingeniously* lying, would



form a subject which might be very useful in point of morality, and not unentertaining as the vehicle of amusing observations. I have accordingly transmitted a few ideas relating to it; and it may, perhaps, induce some one, more capable than I am, to give it that enlargement of which it appears to be very susceptible. But to proceed, one of the greatest sources of lying is politics, a field over which you would not accompany me with any degree of patience. Satan, we are told, is the father of lies, and as he is characterised as a liar from the beginning, the invention has all the authority of a very remote antiquity: but, may it not be said, that he, like other great inventors, has lost much of his reputation, by the continual improvements that have been made upon him? It will, however, be difficult to ascertain who first reduced lying into an art, as it is not so clear from history as many other discoveries, at least my researches have not been attended with the desired success.

The poets tell us, that after the giants were overthrown by the gods, the Earth, in revenge, produced her last offspring, which was Fancie. Now this fable is interpreted by Dean Swift in the following manner:—That when tumults and seditions are quieted, rumours and false reports are plentifully spread through a nation: so that, by this account, lying is the last relief of a routed, earth-born, rebellious party in a state. But here the moderns have made great additions, applying this art to the gaining of power and preserving it, as well as revenging themselves after they have

lost it; as the same instruments are employed by animals to feed themselves when they are hungry, and to bite those who tread upon them.

A political lie is sometimes born of a discarded minister's head, and thence delivered to be nursed and dandled by the rabble: sometimes it is produced a monster, and licked into shape; at other times it comes into the world completely formed, and is spoiled in the licking. It is often born an infant in the regular way, and requires time to mature it; and often it first sees the light in its full growth, but dwindles away by degrees. Sometimes it is of noble birth, and sometimes the spawn of a stock-jobber. Here it screams aloud at the moment of its birth, and there it is delivered in a whisper. To conclude the nativity of this monster, when it comes into the world without a sting, it is still-born; and whenever it loses its sting, it dies.

If a man had the power of the second sight for seeing lies, as they have in Scotland for seeing spirits, how admirably he might entertain himself in this town, by observing the different shapes, sizes, and colours of those swarms of lies which buz about the heads of some people, like flies about a horse's ears in summer, or those legions hovering daily over the Stock Exchange, in a cloud that sometimes darkens the air, or over a club of discontented and displaced statesmen.

Some people may think, that such an accomplishment as this can be of no great use to the owner or his party, after it has been practised and is become notorious, but they are widely mistaken. Few

lies carry the inventor's mark, and the most prostitute enemy to truth may spread a thousand without being known for the author: besides, as the vilest writer has his readers, so the greatest liar has his believers; and, I fear, it too often happens, that if a lie be believed for an hour, it has done its work, and there is no further occasion for it. Falsehood flies, and truth comes limping after it; so that when men begin to be undeceived, it is too late; the jest is over, and the tale has had its effect: like a man who has thought of a good repartee when the discourse is changed, or the company parted; or like a physician who has thought of an infallible medicine after the patient is dead.

Considering that natural disposition in many men to lie, and in multitudes to believe, I have been sometimes perplexed what to do with that maxim, so frequent in every body's mouth, that *truth will at last prevail*, because I have seen and read of such long examples of continued error, which may be considered as a kind of practical lying, that, in some cases at least, truth is very long and very slow indeed in assuming its rights.

So much for political lying, which, for many obvious reasons, is of the worst kind; but, at present, I have not time to illustrate that opinion by apposite examples. There is, also, what is called a white lie, which it must be owned, is a kind of political falsehood; but it does not originate in malice, or a base self-interest, and has no tendency to do mischief: besides, it answers many purposes of personal convenience; and sometimes, on the max-

im, that *truth is not to be spoken at all times*, by preventing evil does real good. I have not Dr. Paley at hand, but, if I mistake not, in his chapter on the subject which is now employing my consideration, among other exceptions, he exculpates from telling a lie the domestic servant, who asserts that his master is not at home, when he has not, perhaps, been out of his house for a month; and the reason is too evident to require an observation upon it.

There are other lies which, being founded in, or arising from, ignorance, yet being matters of opinion, are not falsehoods in the persons who utter them. We will suppose, for example, that the following declarations should be made, and I fancy there are people who have made them, that Pope is no poet; that Roubiliac has no great merit as a sculptor; that Handel is a monotonous contrapuntist, who never composed a beautiful air; that Gray, the poet, sinks in comparison with Mr. Walter Scott and Lord Byron; that Sir Joshua Reynolds is very much overrated as a painter; that Turner is superior as a landscape-painter to Claude Lorraine, &c. &c. Now I will venture to say, that there is not a scholar, a sound critic, or a man of genuine taste, who will not assert, without delay and without reserve, that these opinions are altogether false, on every just principle by which works of genius, in their different classes, can be scientifically judged. Nevertheless, being founded on the opinions, however ignorant, of those who entertain them, they are local truths in their breasts, though de-

cided falsehoods every where besides.

It were doubtless to be wished, says Dr. Johnson, that truth and reason were universally prevalent; that every thing were esteemed according to its real value; and that men would secure themselves from being disappointed in their endeavours after happiness, by placing it only in virtue, which is always to be obtained. But, if adventitious and foreign pleasures must be pursued, it would, perhaps, be of some benefit, since that pursuit must frequently be fruitless,

if it could be taught, that folly might be an antidote to folly, and one fallacy be obviated by another.

There is no crime, says the same writer, more infamous than the violation of truth; it is apparent, that men can be sociable beings no longer than they can believe each other. This opinion no one can deny; but it is like a rule in grammar, to which language submits, with the reserve of exceptions; and one of them is, the assurance that I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

TOM TELLTRUTH.

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## THE COGITATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS.

### No. XI.

One strives for trifles, and for toys contends;  
He is in earnest, what he says defends.

Or be debarr'd the freedom of my tongue,  
And not bawl what I please. To part with this,  
I think another life too mean a price.

It will no doubt strike some of my readers, as a very extraordinary circumstance, that although I talk so fluently with my pen, my tongue is so far from being active in company, that I generally remain totally silent during a debate, or the arguing of any grand question. It is indeed some consolation to me to find, that I am in the least allied to the talents of Addison; or rather, that I possess the same failing as the father of essay-writing. At a certain society, formed for the good of mankind in general, I am ever a silent member; and I have scarcely the consolation of Hamilton, commonly called single-speech Hamilton, who rested his reputation upon his maiden and only exertion of his oratorical powers. Many a time have I waited for my turn to

speak. I have panted big with the coming truth I was about to lay before this august body—at length I catch the eye of the chairman, and begin:—Mr. Vice-President, I rise to answer that gentleman over the way, and begin by——some few more incoherent words die away in murmurs of impatience and the call of Question—and I sit down, gladly sit down, covered with confusion. Thus I am glad to remain in the private ranks of the listeners, and, like the trumpeter in the fable, stimulate others to that war of tongues which I am incapable of waging, or privately sputter my indignation to the member next me, in order that he may vent, through the medium of his talents, all the thunder of my would-be eloquence. I was

pouring out my regrets at this want of courage to my friend Will Plausible, when he informed me, to my consolation, that it did not arise from my want of talents, and that I had begun at the wrong end. "You should first go," said he, "before you address so august a body as the Society of Arts, to those receptacles of young orators, where, for a shilling, you may indulge yourself, and annoy your hearers by any nonsense you may chuse to vent."—"A propos," continued he, "this is one of their nights—let us finish this bottle, take our coffee, and then adjourn our meeting to the British Forum." Anxious to become an orator, I seized Will's proposal with avidity, and we arrived just in time at the scene of action, to hear the question for the evening read from the chair, viz.

"Whether or not solitary confinement answered the beneficial purposes for which it was projected by the philanthropic Howard?"

The mover of this was James Corollary, who, I soon found, argued in favour of the system. He began by adverting to Sterne: he took a single victim—but he placed him in a clean cell; he white-washed the walls—he supplied him with religious books—gave him the best advice, and at length brought him forth to society so interesting a character, that I'll be bound there was scarcely a man present but regretted that he was not born a murderer or a felon. This mode of punishment he placed in opposition to that of the old system; the confining young offenders with those matured in vice, who, instead

of being better members of society for the castigation bestowed upon them, returned indeed to liberty, but with more fervent hopes and additional means of preying on mankind. His arguments were combated by Mr. Freetongue, who, taking the opposite side of the question, contended, that a man released from solitary confinement would, on his release, not be amended. "Society," said he, "would be deprived of the example of his suffering; the warning would be lost to the depraved; and, instead of his situation being ameliorated, it would, in fact, be made more miserable; for unlimited power might be vested in a cruel gaoler, who would lord it over him with every species of tyranny, without the object of justice being able to gain the smallest redress or pity." This gentleman referred to a number of books he had brought with him, in which he had folded down whole pages, and which he read in corroboration of his own ideas. He roved through Adam Smith, Lord Coke, and Montesquieu; he drew a line between the penal code of this country and others on the continent. In this, vice, he said, was encouraged by the lenity of our laws. Instead of hanging up offenders, which at once put an end to their sufferings, and only hardened other victims, they ought to undergo the torture. For the most ingenious method of putting this in execution, premiums should be offered, as in France, where a Damien or a Ravallac were lacerated on the wheel, or parboiled in molten lead; then laid by in vinegar till partly healed; and then again brought out for a future day of

torture. These, by the screams they would utter, would doubtless seize on the terror-stricken multitude, and fright them from the perpetration of similar crimes. — What! was the man who had abused an unfortunate female and then murdered her, to be only punished by the suffocation of a moment? This he conceived to be the greatest public injustice. He then flew off at a tangent, talked of nature, instinct, and reason, and at length sat down breathless and delighted with his own eloquence.

The chairman waved his hammer for attention, and Mr. Sensitive addressed him as follows:—"He could scarcely forbear blushing as an Englishman, at the words he had heard from the gentleman's lips who spoke last. For his part, the *amiable* speaker seemed, to his poor comprehension, to possess a more sanguinary spirit than a Nero, or a Bonaparte: he should therefore leave him in full possession of the whole of his philanthropic reflections, and hasten to oppose, though upon different grounds, the worthy mover of the question now before the chair. "The situation of such a man," said he, "after a number of years of solitary confinement, must be distressing in the extreme, when that period arrived at which he is to be restored to society. Doomed to wear out the best part of his existence in a solitary cell, brooding over what he conceives his cruel fate, the most depraved can form some excuse for his conduct, and he will conclude himself an injured person. Thus all repentance will be suppressed; and when his probation is over, he will leave

his prison with a determination to be revenged on his cruel persecutors; and the many idle hours he has passed have given him ample time to resolve on means to aid his revenge. Should he, however improbable, be inclined to lead a better life, he will look round in vain for those connections that would encourage him to make his peace with the world: time has destroyed them; for, after a period of ten, perhaps twenty years, they no longer know him. The ties of nature have been distended until they are broken; he flies to his children, with the hope, that, by honest industry, and dread of his fate, they have raised themselves to comfort, and that they will assist him to do the same; but, alas! they know him not. His only son, his darling child, is perhaps the first to disown or reproach him for bringing a never ending stigma on their name. The wife of his bosom, it is true, is yet alive: he hastens to her; but she is married to another; she has long ceased to connect herself with a murderer or a convicted felon. Thus he is doubly punished; and this unfortunate object, who might have been reclaimed by an honest son or a virtuous wife, with whom he ought to have been in the habit of exchanging the decencies of life, is driven once more to commit his former depredations, and again becomes an inmate for life of that cell he has so lately quitted, against whose walls he at length dashes out his brains in horror and despair. For his part, while he had breath in his body (here he put his hand on his heart), he declared he felt obliged, as a citizen, a man,

and a Christian—he felt himself obliged to give his vote against the dreadful punishment of solitary confinement.”

Thus stood the question, each speaker seemingly determined to contradict the person who spoke last, when I began to be warmed with all this eloquence, and prepared to speak. But a dread silence reigned around—suspense was on tiptoe. As for me, I was one moment of the same opinion with the first speaker; the next staggered me; and the last altered my opinion completely. The man who speaks to our passions is more to be feared than we imagine. Self-love prevents our seeing through his art, and he carries us blindfold whithersoever he pleases. But notwithstanding the general cry of *Question! question!* another speaker rose, and I lost my chance of addressing the chair. Mr. Irony began with being *really* very much surprised at hearing what had fallen from the lips of some gentlemen who had spoken to the question. The first modestly began with one criminal only, and, like the ingenious Swanmerdam, who transfixed a fly with a pin, to discover its longevity in such a position, he had begun *his experiment*. To be sure, he had made circumstances somewhat more agreeable to his prisoner. It was certainly no proof of a bad heart to soften captivity by the introduction of a library: criminals might then add to our stock of literary adventurers; they might read our poets until they became in love with solitude: in such a case, it might in time be deemed necessary to build

a larger number of prisons; it might become the fashion for gentlemen to rusticate in prisons; and these places might, in common with others, change their names, and be termed Institutions for the Professors of Solitude. This scheme might appear very feasible, but he confessed, for his part, he should not feel himself much obliged to any man for confining him between four walls for ten or twenty years, until he became as dry as an Egyptian mummy, and his head as cold as a cobbler's lapstone. He was as fond of pickles as any man; but he confessed he did not envy the illustrious king-killers, mentioned by the sanguinary gentleman who followed the mover of the question: notwithstanding, he should have a great objection to be thus preserved like a damson or an anchovy. With regard to solitary confinement not being severe enough, he could not see the great luxury of being alone. He would take a lady, for instance, shut her up in a room without a soul to talk to; and if she did not tell him, that it was the height, the refinement of punishment, he was very much mistaken. As to the cannibal ideas that had fallen from the pickling orator (he meant the little gentleman with the *dog-eared library*), he should give him over to the cutting and slaying butchers.

I had by this gained sufficient resolution to speak on the opposite side of the question; but the cry of *Chair! chair! Order! order!* and *Hear! hear! hear!* so confused me, that I acknowledged to my friend Dick my utter incapability; and the question being put and carried in

the affirmative, I retired with him to a neighbouring house of refreshment, determined to give up the study of oratory, as beyond my articulate powers.

## ZARA, OR THE DISCONTENTED FAIR.

Daughters of beauty, who my song inspire,  
 'Tis your enchanting notes awake my lyre;  
 And, oh! if haply your soft hearts I gain,  
 Or use, or pleasure, from my motley strain;  
 Though formal critics, with a surly frown,  
 Deny ye, artless bard the laurel crown,  
 He still shall triumph, if you deign to spread  
 Your sweeter myrtle round his honour'd head.

HEAR, ye damsels of Damascus, the apologue of the sage Hourah, the wise derviche, whose lips are as the doors of knowledge, and whose life is holy, guided by the rule of conduct which was revealed by Allah to Mahomet. He would teach you to be wise, and to be wise is to be happy; to abstain from unavailing regrets at the dispensations of Providence, whose government is universal, and whose dominion is love. Zara was the pride of the house of Azroth, the darling of her father, the treasure of all her friends. For her gratification the finest gums of Arabia were torn from their parent beds, and the choicest looms of Cashimere employed for her attire. Her eyes were brilliant as the sands of Golconda, her nose was Circassian, and her breath was fragrant as almonds and myrrh. The birds of Paradise were unfledged for her turban, and the tail of the red lory shone in her hair. The youth of Cairo saluted her hand, and the damsels of Suez bowed to her superior accomplishments; yet was she unhappy. In vain were the finest silks laid at her feet, in vain was the finest ermine tinged for her decoration, or the gifts of nature proffered for her acceptance.

Lost to joy, and immersed in melancholy, she threw herself at the foot of a cedar; the dance of cymbals even added to her affliction, and, with eyes bedewed with tears, she unconsciously gazed on a helianthus, whose bursting seeds nearly bore it to the earth. "Am I for ever to accuse Mahomet of injustice?" said she: "alas! what avails it, if all the youths of Syria bend in adoration before me, if those I admire alone are driven from my presence? What is to me the officious attention of friendship, while my heart, cankered with care, pants only for the kindness of one, by whom I may be loved and loving? The prophet still bends his arrows at my head; for Mirza, the gentle Mirza, is taken from me, and while he is absent, Zara can know no peace. Mirza is my love, my all. Why then is it, O Allah, that thou hast caused me to love and to be beloved only for my punishment? Why hast thou annihilated the source of the most delicious of sensations? Are my days to pass away without a companion in my pleasures and my griefs? Alas! my fa-

ther, the angel of death even now hovers over you, and thy poor Zara shall become as solitary as the antelope of the desert. Yes, Allah is a god of punishment, he delights in cruelty. Zara groans in misery, and while he glories in his power, he delights to see me wretched."

Thus, in despair, did the daughter of Zimri venture to arraign the just dispensations of Providence, and presumed to judge of effects according to her weak abilities, without being able to form a proper estimate of the cause; when, on a sudden, the blue lightning flashed, thunder rent the air, and the angel Gelecet stood before her. The divine radiance of his features was obscured; for Gelecet, the immortal, could not perceive, without emotion, the ravages which sorrow had made on the fair face of Zara. Assuming the office of Allah, he rebuked her, but with accents of pity. "O damsel!" he exclaimed, "to whom the Hours only are superior in beauty, restrain these violent accusations of Providence, lest they provoke the displeasure of that being who, in a moment, can bow you to the dust, and strew your limbs to the vultures, like dust in the desert scattered by the whirlwind. Take this mirror, and behold with attention those who but late appeared to you as fit objects of your love. Regard this glass as a boon from Heaven; it will enable you to see the hearts of men, and paint the source of their actions in the colouring of truth.—Alladdin, chief of the Janizaries," said the angel, "was once a suitor for your affections; contemplate now the instability of his

friendship." The genius stamped with his foot, and Zara beheld the form of her first love, not shining in honour and bravery, but the symbol of a man delighting in blood. She saw him in the midst of a mosque in flames, insulting a beauteous damsel; she perceives him rending the hair of her father, a venerable Mufti: she again looked, and discovered him plundering the wretched. The mirror of Gelecet also shewed his heart; it was black with every violent passion: and she now found, that an exterior of marly beauty covered a soul hateful to her sight. Taking her eyes from the horrible scene, she begged the genius to remove so frightful a picture. Alladdin, she recollected, was the victim of passion, and had often excited her anger: "but why is the kind Solyman banished," she uttered, "from my presence? Regularity presided in his household, his slaves were well ordered, he observed the new moons and ablutions, he was neither addicted to wine nor the use of opium. he visited the mosque of Schirzah, and had promised, on his return to me, to sacrifice at the tomb of a holy prophet. Vice, I am sure, never entered his bosom, and his life flowed in happy serenity, like a peaceful current."—"He was a hypocrite," said Gelecet; "but take again the mirror." She saw him in the caravansary overreaching even the merchants of Delhi. He had already sold false pearls for real jewels, and with drachms of ill-gotten gold had retired to his seat. Zara was thunderstruck; but what were her sensations when she heard him resolve, that her dear father should be mur-



dered, that he might no longer deprive him, should he become his son-in-law, of a large patrimony; he even put aside a sum which he intended should bribe the assassin. Irritated to excess, she would have dashed the unoffending mirror to the earth, but the genius interposed, until she had viewed the hearts of all those who, as she conceived, might have rendered her happy. Here she beheld a husband lording it over the tender female who doated on him; there wandered inexorable murderers of the sultanas; some she saw leaving their harems for strange slaves; and even Mirza, her dear Mirza, she found a reviler of the great prophet. "Oh! gracious Mahomet!" exclaimed the terrified Zara, "forgive the humblest of thine handmaids; but where,

oh! where, is the wretched daughter of Zimri to look for happiness?" "In that power which is above," said the genius, "leave thy destiny to him, who will be the arbiter of thy fate; cease to dictate to all-seeing wisdom, surrender thyself contented to his will, and Allah will assist thee. Go, comfort thy aged father, he is inconsolable for thy absence. The angel of death is not yet commissioned to bear him to the tomb; deport thyself then as becometh a dutiful child, and leave the rest to Heaven."

The genius disappeared. Zara, composed in mind, returned to her father, whose anxiety she subdued. Sleep once more visited her eyelids, and Zara became again the child of content.

JOHN.

## ROSALIA DE PONT LEON.—A SPANISH TALE.

*(Concluded from p. 275.)*

THE state of a culprit, doomed to the most excruciating torments, is less dreadful than was that of Rosalia. On the one hand was her conscience, which shrunk with horror from every thing criminal; on the other, a revenge too justly and too long provoked, a revenge offered, nay, prescribed to her by two persons, who, on more than one account, possessed great power over her; a revenge to which she was moreover incessantly impelled by the intended victim. Twenty times her lips were opened to apprise Don Fadrique of his danger, and twenty times did he silence her with scorn and brutality. The infatuated wretch, as if he had conspired against his own life, grew

every day more violent and cruel. Intoxication, a vice extremely rare among the Spaniards, transformed him into a ferocious beast. Twice, in this disgraceful state, did he attempt the life of Rosalia; and when he was sober enough to disavow such a design, he declared at the same time, with horrible imprecations, that any steps she might take to escape his tyranny, or to inform any person of the manner in which she was treated, should be infallibly punished with death. At length, he one evening crowned his ill usage, by proposing to give up his wife to the embraces of the companions of his debauchery. This infamous project he had well nigh executed. No sooner did

the marchioness escape from his clutches, than she swooned away. The cordial administered by the duenna served to increase the confusion of her senses, already bewildered by shame, terror, and indignation. This much-injured woman, nevertheless, refused to sanction guilt; but did she, for a moment, cease to oppose it, to restrain the avenging arm which threatened her tyrant?..... Such, at least, was the distraction of her mind, that she made no resistance when the duenna and her accomplice, who happened, as it were, miraculously to be on the spot, prevailed upon her to take a weak dose of poison, that, as they said, every body might believe that this accident, in which she was involved with her husband, had been occasioned by the use of some improper culinary utensil, and had proved fatal to Don Fadrique by driving the gout into his stomach.

Left to herself, delivered, without knowing how, from the monsters who had beset her, Rosalia flew to the assistance of Don Fadrique: he still breathed; she was in time to witness his last convulsions. In the most violent of them, he wounded himself on the right temple. The sight of the blood, the whole spectacle of horror, the poison, which, though taken in small quantity, yet operated powerfully on organs weakened by grief, agitation, and terror, all contributed to throw the marchioness into another swoon. She was carried away; assistance was administered to her, but she refused all succour. She fell into a kind of lethargy, which long withstood the

power of medicine, and into which she again sunk whenever she was so much better as to be able to recollect what had passed.

The physicians, alarmed, as well they might be, ordered her to be removed to the castle of Pont Leon, where the purity of the air, and the absence of every thing that was likely to revive these painful recollections, might contribute to her recovery. A violent fit of illness reduced her to the brink of the grave; and her slow convalescence was retarded by her frequent relapses into the moral depression which overwhelmed her. From this state she was finally roused by a soothing, an enchanting voice, the first tone of which thrilled her heart—the voice of Don Gabriel.

Don Fadrique was too generally hated and despised, for his death to excite any great sensation. Besides, Father Louis was in the house when he expired; he was supposed to have attended him in his last moments; and the reputation of the friar was sufficient to dispel all suspicion. The relatives of Don Gabriel had informed him of the death of his brother as a natural event. He hastened to mingle his tears with those of his sister-in-law. What an inexpressible mixture of joy, shame, love, and horror, filled her bosom when she beheld him! He, on his part, ascribed her embarrassment to the remembrance of the past, and her profound dejection to the grief of a virtuous widow. Of all Rosalia's torments, the worst was, to know that he was mistaken, and that she was no longer worthy of him.

To this poignant consideration

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was added the continual fear of the punishment which she had deserved, and which the wrath of Heaven doubtless delayed only to render it more terrible. Her fancy incessantly represented to her Don Fadrique rising from the tomb, placing himself between her and her lover, and crying to Don Gabriel, "Virtuous brother! fly far away from that atrocious woman! fly from my murderer!"

Sometimes the idea banished sleep from the eyes of Rosalia; at others, it mingled with her dreams, or suddenly darted into her mind at the moment of waking. Even in the day-time she was haunted by it to such a degree, that she was apprehensive lest the tremendous secret should burst from her labouring bosom. She could not recover her composure but in the society of Don Gabriel, whose soothing piety, and whose pure and constantly increasing affection, seemed to impart new life to her.

Don Gabriel, after paying a due tribute of regret to the ashes of his brother, began to think seriously of the plan conceived by his family of uniting him to Rosalia. It was necessary to obtain a release from his vows, and a dispensation for marrying his sister-in-law. Notwithstanding the favourable disposition of the powerful persons on whom the success of his applications depended, an affair of this nature could not be transacted without delays, which appeared very long to a lover. How often during this interval, did he complain to Rosalia of what he termed her coldness, her indifference! How often did he express his fears that another had ravished from him

that heart of which he had imagined himself the master. A thousand times did Rosalia assure him, that this was not the case. "Have you forgotten the past?" said he; "or is your love less strong now that it is innocent?" Sobs were her only reply; throwing herself into Don Gabriel's arms, she clung to his bosom, where alone she hoped to escape the pangs of remorse.

Yet this remorse did not prevent her from contracting new engagements. In the first transports of grief, she had vowed to bury herself in a convent. Her family strongly opposed this resolution, and the more effectually to divert her from it, had recourse to the royal authority. The austere Philip II. could not refuse his interposition to a house eminent for high ancestry and important services rendered to the state. He caused it to be intimated to the Marchioness de Pont Leon, that she would incur his displeasure by rejecting the proposed match. To this powerful motive for compliance, the love of Don Gabriel added a still stronger, and the matter was soon too far advanced to admit of a refusal. Is it likely, indeed, that she would have refused, had she been at liberty so to do? On the other hand, by identifying herself with Don Gabriel, by associating herself with the piety, the good works, the religious acts of her lover, she thought to purify herself, she hoped that the past might be expiated by the future. This illusion imparted to her a kind of tranquillity which allowed her to open her heart to the happiness that she enjoyed in the company of Don Gabriel, and to suffer her-

self to be conducted by this irresistible charm to the very foot of the altar.

No sooner had she reached it, than her remorse was again awakened and her terrors revived: she was desirous of breaking off the business, or gaining a further delay. This hesitation had such an effect on Don Gabriel, that Rosalia thought he would have died at her feet. She could not endure the sight; her resistance was conquered. He caught her in his arms, and she, overpowered with an inexplicable, an alarming, a delicious ecstasy, scarcely knowing where she was, what she did, or what she promised, found herself the wife of Don Gabriel.

Two months passed away, and, such is the power of requited love! Rosalia had recovered her serenity, and the past seemed to her no more than an unpleasant dream.

From the violent effect which the poison had produced upon her, the marchioness might have suspected, that it was the intention of the duenna and her accomplice to sacrifice her at the same time with Don Fadrique, either to ensure secrecy, or that they might carry off her valuable jewels, as it would have been easy for them to do. The duenna was actually stopped with a little box containing diamonds and jewels; but she boldly declared, that they were given to her by her mistress; and Rosalia, conscious that she had no right to accuse any person, durst not contradict her.

This circumstance, together with the horror which she felt for the duenna, and which she had the greatest difficulty to dissemble, soon made

her wish to get rid of this artful woman. The latter accordingly departed with the ample gifts of the marchioness, the price of blood. She did not long enjoy them. A band of robbers broke into her house, and put the wretched creature to death with excruciating tortures, to make her confess where her treasures were concealed.

Don Gabriel acquainted his wife with this fatal catastrophe. Such was the emotion betrayed by Rosalia at this intelligence, that any other person than himself would have suspected there was something more in it than sorrow for the cruel death of an old servant.

From that moment Rosalia's peace of mind was gone for ever. The dreadful punishment of the duenna haunted her incessantly, warning her, that the Supreme Judge cannot forget guilt, and that her turn was approaching. Don Gabriel, deeply concerned at her melancholy, and striving in vain to discover the cause of it, imagined, that she began to be tired of the castle of Pont Leon, where she had resided ever since the first days of her widowhood. He resolved to take her with him to Madrid, which city business obliged him to visit. She agreed to accompany him, and even hastened the execution of his plan, as if she had hoped to fly from her conscience. Change of place did, in fact, afford her temporary relief. They arrived in the capital at the hour of divine service. While their servants went to prepare for their reception at their palace, Don Gabriel and Rosalia stepped into a church, and, with equal fervour, though in very different states of mind, prayed to the

Almighty to bless their return to their native city.

Meanwhile, a preacher ascended the pulpit. Rosalia, struck by his voice, looked at him, and, with inexpressible agitation, recognized Father Louis. The subject of his sermon was the danger of a passion unsanctioned either by law or by religion. He shewed how natural is the gradation, how rapid the progress, how inevitable the fall, from the most innocent thoughts, the most harmless familiarities, to vice, to guilt, to the most heinous of crimes. His powerful arguments, the lively but terrific pictures which he drew, filled all hearts with emotion, horror, or remorse; but whose could be so deeply affected as Rosalia's? Her confusion would have overwhelmed her, had not the presence of Don Gabriel and the fear of betraying herself made her summon up all her strength. Her husband, perceiving her emotion, rose and led her out of the church. She accompanied him mechanically, absorbed in a reverie not less painful than profound, and without even noticing the place at which she alighted. The fatigue of the journey soon threw her into a sound sleep, to which she had long been a stranger.

Frightful dreams now called to her mind the sermon of Father Louis, representing the friar as an evil spirit, who, after plunging her into guilt, came, in the name of Almighty justice, to claim her as his prey. She saw him open the tomb of Don Fadrique, who sprung from it with convulsive fury, as he appeared in his last moments, and dragged her to the brink of an

abyss. These visions so racked her mind, that she felt a real relief when the dawn awaked her. Recovering from her tremor, she smiled at her tranquillity. Her eyes, however, involuntarily wandered over the apartment in which she was, and the bed upon which she was lying.—Oh Heavens! it is the bed of Don Fadrique—here lived her husband, here he expired poisoned. And that man, whom Rosalia called by the dear name of Don Gabriel, that man who had reposed on her bosom, and who was still locked in the sweet slumbers of innocence . . . . . “But what do I see?” said she. “Is this too Don Fadrique? These are his features, his mouth. . . . . Look at his temple too . . . . . the same bloody gash! It is he himself!”—The horror-struck Rosalia, springing from her bed, while every limb shook violently with terror, fell upon her knees, stedfastly fixing her eyes upon the formidable apparition, seeking to invalidate their testimony which every moment served only to confirm . . . . . His lips quiver . . . . . he awakes or revives, and calls Rosalia . . . . Her doubts are removed! . . . . it is the voice of Don Fadrique!—“Yes,” cried she, rushing towards him, “thou art come, Don Fadrique, to claim thy victim; now plunge her into hell! I did not prevent thy death; I am guilty; and the poison . . . . .” The prodigy, or the delirium of a distempered imagination, is suddenly dispelled; and that man, whose extended arms at once keep back Rosalia and draw her to him, whose eye is anxiously fixed upon her, whose trembling lips stammer these words:—“What

frightful dream disturbs thee?"—that man is the unfortunate Don Gabriel. "It is no dream," replied Rosalia, in the excess of her despair. "Kill me—I poisoned your brother—I cannot be your wife." Pressing Don Gabriel's hands forcibly against her throat, she repeated the words, "Kill me! kill me! Oh! for mercy's sake, kill me!"—"O God, forgive her!" ejaculated Don Gabriel, raising his tearful eyes to heaven: "forgive her! forgive us both!" Then still doubting the possibility of her guilt, "Dear Rosalia!" said he, "recall your wandering senses, which have certainly been disturbed by some frightful dream." Overwhelmed with shame and anguish, she remained mute and motionless.—"And can our union, Rosalia, that union fraught with such happiness, be the fruit of the most atrocious of crimes?" Short replies to some of his questions, followed by absolute silence, confirmed the horrid truth which he vainly strove to disbelieve. "The Almighty," said he, "would not leave me in error: his justice could not permit us longer to enjoy happiness in a place which renders us equally guilty in his sight. . . . . O unfortunate brother! . . . . Rosalia," continued he, in broken accents, "we must never meet again—never more see one another—except in eternity."—"In eternity! Oh no! Is not hell decreed to murderers?" With these words she fell prostrate on the floor. Don Gabriel raised her, and while the tears trickled down his cheeks, exhorted her not to despair of the divine mercy. He told her to what convent to retire, and even pro-

mised to see her again, if it should ever be in his power.

He then quitted her abruptly, and hastened to join the Christian fleet, which, under the command of Don Juan, opposed an impregnable rampart to the enterprises of the Ottomans. The Marchioness de Pont Leon was acquainted with his design, and well founded apprehensions aggravated the pangs which her conscience inflicted.

The news of the memorable victory of Lepanto diffused general joy over all Europe. Rosalia alone gave way to the most melancholy presentiments. Her time was spent between the exercises of religion and the pleasure or punishment of writing to Don Gabriel letters, which he would perhaps refuse to read. In the last of them, repeating all the circumstances of the past, she described the moment of her husband's departure—"a departure," continued she, "a thousand times as painful as our first separation! Who knows if I shall ever be worthy to see him again!—and then will he—But, gracious Heaven! is he not at this moment in the midst of danger! To atone for our love, he is incessantly exposing his life, while I, guilty wretch that I am, still live!" Then followed two lines that were scarcely legible. "He is no more! I have killed him as I did his brother. . . . But grief does not kill! . . . . Ah! beloved Gabriel!"

It appears that she had just written these words, when a letter arrived, to inform her of the death of her husband, who fell at the battle of Lepanto, in boarding an Ottoman galley. The shock proved too violent for the marchioness, and

broke the feeble bonds which still attached her to life. She was found dead on her knees before the table on which she had been writing, and partly reclined against a chair that stood beside it; happy in her deliverance from her misery, still more happy if a God of mercy, moved by the torments which she suffered, shall have passed that judgment on her which some tender hearts have done, and pronounced, that Rosalia was more unfortunate than criminal.

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## FRAGMENTS FROM THE POCKET-BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

(Continued from p. 292.)

### SPLENDOUR NOT INCOMPATIBLE WITH THE CHARACTER OF SEATS IN THE COUNTRY.

IF some have been absurd enough, to sacrifice the graces of regularity and symmetry to what they might perhaps consider picturesqueness, others have not less absurdly maintained, that regular architecture should be confined to cities. It must be allowed, that a palace standing in the midst of a corn-field or dreary heath, or an elegant villa situated in a morass, might cause as much disgust as pleasure in the beholder, for there they would certainly be *misplaced*; but that either should be considered as an intruder in scenes of such polished beauty as to appear expressly formed for them, I cannot conceive. I am rather inclined to think, that the building and landscape tend reciprocally to set each other off, as the gem that glows on the breast of beauty communicates and receives additional charms. A beautiful piece of architecture is seen no where to greater advantage than when situated in a spacious park. Its simple tint is well contrasted by the foliage of the surrounding groves, and the verdure of the lawn. It seldom happens that more than one good point of view can be obtained of buildings within cities, whilst in the country they may be viewed in every direction and from any distance. The original freshness of the edifice too is retained longer in the latter situation, than amid the smoke of the metropolis. If those who wished to confine magnificent edifices to cities, were induced to form such a wish, merely because they considered that they would be more universally seen and admired, we might pardon them on account of their good intention. Yet it does not appear probable, that our cities would be embellished with palaces, because our country mansions should be erected in a homely style. I am rather inclined to suppose, that those magnificent seats, dispersed throughout the island, have contributed in no small degree to diffuse a more general taste for refinement and elegance, which would otherwise be confined to the metropolis and some principal towns, as is the case in France, where their ruinous and shabby chateaux form a striking contrast with the elegance of an English nobleman's seat. Neither ought we to forget how many visitors our shew-houses, as they are perhaps somewhat reproachfully termed, attract to the

neighbourhood, and how much they have contributed to the custom of making tours, one of the most laudable and gratifying pursuits of persons whose fortune and leisure permit them to indulge in them.

Few splendid seats, however, have been erected of late years; hardly any thing resembling the gorgeous palace, no Houghtons or Blenheims: still, did I apprehend that the number of magnificent habitations\* in our metropolis would be augmented by the decrease of those in the country, I should less reluctantly acquiesce in the propriety of such an opinion; although even then that elegance and splendour, which are now diffused over a whole empire, would be confined within much narrower limits.

#### ON THE ADMISSION OF PAINTINGS IN CHURCHES.

It is to be hoped, that the period will one day arrive, when our artists will be permitted to employ themselves in decorating religious buildings. Many persons may be inclined to regard painting as savouring too much of Popery to be admissible into Protestant churches, or may perhaps object to it, thinking that its attractions would rather withdraw the attention, than tend to heighten the spirit of devotion. To the first objection it may be answered, that the admission or rejection of pictures does not constitute the distinction between the Romish and English church. We should certainly smile at the person who should venture to accuse the cathedral of St. Paul

as partaking too strongly of the character of Popery, because it has a dome; or who should hint, that it would be advisable to remove the beautiful painted windows of King's College chapel, as decorations too splendid for a sacred edifice. To the second objection it might be replied, that if painting be incompatible with the solemnity of a place dedicated to the Deity, it surely betrays somewhat of inconsistency to admit altar-pieces, before which the most solemn rites of our religion are performed: and those who start similar objections must forget, that the inattentive will permit the most trifling objects to interrupt the course of their thoughts; and surely it would be somewhat better, if such had their attention occupied on some affecting scene drawn from holy writ, than engaged in criticising the dress of others, or displaying their own finery. Yet anxious as I certainly am to behold the pencil employed in ornamenting the walls of our churches, no one can more earnestly deprecate the abuse of this art.

Personifications of the Deity or Trinity, absurd legends of saints, *ex votos*, and shocking martyrdoms, are indeed unworthy of being placed in a Protestant temple. Every approach to nudity, too, should also be strictly prohibited. But to reject the sublime and pathetic scenes which the sacred writings are so abundantly able to supply, savours more of the spirit of intolerant puritanism than of enlightened piety. If the mind could be strongly moved by the view of a Saviour's passion, it would be only an indiscreet austerity that would

\* Or rather the *paucity*, since, with very few exceptions, plainness, rather than splendour, characterises externally the town residences of the nobility.



prohibit the use of such representations, or forbid the pencil of the artist to heighten the impression made by the eloquence of the preacher.

It would be more rational to reprove those panegyrics, which, under the name of epitaphs, too often disgrace the walls of our temples, which are not unfrequently as contradictory to truth as repugnant to humility. Yet no one condemns, as indecorous, that display of title and descent, and those laboured inscriptions, which tend rather to foster the pride of their survivors, than honour the memory of the deceased; or at least, prove that humility is not the most prominent of their virtues. In some instances it must be allowed, that panegyric is pardonable; but it should never be employed on characters whose virtues come in a questionable shape.

It cannot, therefore, be thought too severe, if we are tempted to condemn that inconsistency which, while it banishes the labours of the pencil, permits the chissel to emblazon the temples of the Deity with the ostentatious display of heraldic honours and of the vaunted merits of the creature.

Notwithstanding this, I am far from condemning this introduction of statues and monuments, provided they are erected to merit of *indisputable* excellence: but I should always advise conciseness in the inscriptions, since tedious

ones will seldom be read through; and when they take too much pains to convince us of the virtues of the deceased, we are rather apt to suspect good qualities which require to be so laboriously displayed: a name really honourable, speaks more than a thousand eulogies.

I will conclude these loose hints on the subject by the following quotations from the 14th Essay of Dr. Knox:—

“I cannot help thinking, that they who repudiate all ornament, and all the modes of affecting the senses in the offices of religion, as indecent, impious, or improper, do not recollect the temple of Solomon, but suffer their good sense to be overpowered, in this instance, by the zeal of a barbarous fanaticism.

“The processions and pompous formalities of religion, however, exploded in the warmth of reformation, as papistical relics, are certainly useful in the community, when they are not suffered to exceed the bounds of moderation.

“None can detest Popery more than myself; but yet it appears to me, that many of the splendid and august scenes which that persuasion admits, are highly useful, if considered only as furnishing an harmless entertainment to the lower orders of mankind.

“I really think, that the admission of paintings in the church, under due regulations, would produce a desirable effect on the morals of the lower classes.”

#### PLATE 27.—BUCKINGHAM STAIRS WATER-GATE.

PREVIOUSLY to the invention of coaches, and their introduction into this country, the ordinary mode of conveyance for the great, from one part of the British metropolis to another, was by water.

Accordingly we find all their mansions situated near the river; and so late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the space between the Strand and the Thames was occupied by the detached houses and gardens of the most distinguished nobility and persons belonging to the court. All the streets southward of that line owe their names to these houses, each of which had stairs leading down to the river, for the convenience of taking the water.

One of these mansions, which stood westward of the spot now occupied by the magnificent pile of the Adelphi Terrace, was anciently the residence of the Bishops of Norwich, but was exchanged in 1535, in the reign of Henry VIII. for the Abbey of St. Bennet Holme, Norfolk. Its next possessor was Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who gave in exchange for it his house called Southwark Palace. In the reign of Queen Mary it was purchased by Dr. Heath, and received the name of York-House, which is still perpetuated in the appellation of York-Buildings, given to the houses which stand on its site. Under James I. Archbishop Matthew exchanged it with the crown for several manors. It was afterwards the residence of the Lord Chancellors Egerton and Bacon, and was next granted to James's favourite, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, by whom it was most magnificently rebuilt. In the changes and seizures of property that were the result of the civil war, by which Charles I. lost his crown and life, the parliament, in 1648, conferred it on General Fairfax, whose daughter and heir mar-

rying George Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham, the house reverted to the rightful owner, who resided here for several years subsequent to the Restoration. By him it was disposed of; the mansion was demolished, and on its site were erected several streets, in which his name and title are preserved. Such was the origin of George, Villiers, Duke, and Buckingham streets; and the very particle *of* has been retained in Of-alley.

The only vestige now remaining of the splendid mansion of the Buckinghams, is the Water-Gate, represented in the annexed view, situated at the bottom of Buckingham-street. Ralph, in his *Critical Review of Public Buildings*, characterizes it as "the most perfect piece of building that does honour to the name of Inigo Jones: it is planned in so exquisite a taste, formed of such equal and harmonious parts, and adorned with such proper and elegant decorations, that nothing can be censured or added. It is at once happy in its situation beyond comparison, and fancied in a style exactly suited to that situation. The rock-work, or rustic, can never be better introduced than in buildings by the side of water; and indeed it is a great question, whether it ought to be made use of any where else." On the side next to the water appear the arms of the family of Villiers, and on the north front is inscribed their motto, *as a presume, Adhuc Coticula Crux*, (The Cross is the touchstone of Faith.) On this side is a small terrace, planted with lime-trees, which is kept up by a rate raised upon the houses in the neighbouring streets; and, being in-

closed from the public, forms an agreeable promenade for the inhabitants.

At the western extremity of this terrace-walk are the York-Buildings water-works, an edifice with a lofty brick tower, erected for raising Thames water for the supply of the neighbourhood. The works are under the superintend-

ence of a company, incorporated by act of parliament in 1691.

The curious reader will be pleased to learn, that in the house at the south-east corner of Buckingham-street, the Czar Peter the Great resided, when he visited England in the early part of last century.

### INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Mr. FOSTER is about to publish an enlarged edition, with plates, of his *Researches about Atmospheric Phenomena*. The plates are views from nature, illustrative of Mr. Howard's Nomenclature of the Clouds, &c.

Mr. F. W. Blagdon has in the press, *The French Interpreter*, or a Vocabulary of Words and Phrases for the use of persons unacquainted with the French language, in a neat pocket volume.

George Power, of the 23d regiment of foot, surgeon to his Majesty's forces, has in the press, in one large vol. 8vo. a *History of the Empire of the Mussulmans in Spain and Portugal*, from the first invasion of the Moors to their ultimate expulsion from the Peninsula during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.

In a few days will be published, in one volume 8vo. with large maps, plans, &c. a circumstantial account of *The Campaign in Russia*, embellished with plans of the battles of Moscow and Malo-Jaroslavitz, by Eugene Labaume, captain of the royal geographical engineers, &c. This work has created an extraordinary sensation in France. It is

not merely a dry narrative of battles, but abounds with the most beautiful descriptions of affecting and interesting scenes, of which the author was an eye-witness.

All seriously disposed persons will rejoice to learn the intended publication of a new weekly paper, to be entitled *The Christian's Sunday Gazette*, expressly designed to encourage thoughts and feelings congenial with the institution of the Christian Sabbath, and to promote the cause of religion, virtue, and philanthropy. This paper, the first number of which will appear on the 8th of January next, will be forwarded to all parts of the united kingdom by Saturday night's post, so as to afford opportunity for perusing it on the Sunday, to the distance of more than one hundred miles from the metropolis. The principal departments which it will comprise are as follow:—1. Plans, Proposals, and Suggestions for Improvements in matters relating to Religion, Morals, and the general Welfare of Society, with Animadversions on Abuses, &c.—2. Accounts of Institutions and Proceedings of Societies and Meetings for Religious and Benevolent Pur-

poses in all parts of the British Empire, including Bible and Missionary Societies, &c.—3. Biographical Accounts of Persons eminent for Piety, Charity, and Benevolence, living and deceased.—4. Select weekly Chronicle of remarkable Events, together with Proceedings in Parliament, in the Courts of Law, &c. in which the interests of Religion are involved.—5. Miscellaneous Anecdotes, tending to promote Piety and Virtue.—6. Preferments in the Church and Appointments of Dissenting Ministers.—7. Marriages and Obituary of distinguished Persons.—8. Advertisements of Books designed to serve the cause of Religion and Morality; of Religious, Charitable, and Benevolent Institutions and Objects, &c.

In the press, and speedily will be published by subscription, in one volume small 8vo. *Village Conversation*, or the Vicar's Fireside. This production is designed to investigate the nature of good and evil, in which the possession of the virtues, the enjoyment of the pleasures, and the regulation of the passions, are considered as increasing the sum of general happiness, or the more extended dissemination of good, the proportionate diminution of vice, and consequently of positive evil.

Mr. Campbell, author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, is engaged on a series of *Biographical and Critical Essays on the Works of the British Poets*.

The late Mr. Pratt left ready for the press, a small volume of poems, called *Pillow Thoughts*, written during the period in which he was confined to his bed by an accident, from

the effects of which he never recovered.

Dr. Montucci is proceeding toward the completion of his great *Chinese Dictionary*. The number of characters engraved is 14,000; by the end of next year the engravings will be finished, when the number will exceed 24,000.

Dr. Robinson, master of the free grammar-school of Ravenstone-dale, has nearly completed his long promised *Theological Cyclopaedia*, or Universal Dictionary of Biblical Knowledge, serving as a note-book to all editions of the Bible, and as a complete illustration of all subjects of religious study and inquiry.

Mr. Arthur Taylor has in the press, in an 8vo. volume, an *Historical Treatise of the Unction and Coronation of the Kings and Queens of England*. This work will contain remarks on the tenure of the crown; a history of the *regalia* and royal vestments; an account of the court of claims, and of the feudal services, processions, ceremonies, and ritual used at the inauguration of our kings; with a Chronicle of English coronations, from the earliest observance of the ceremony. Many particulars of the customs of foreign kingdoms are interspersed; copious reference to authorities will be found in the notes; and an appendix of curious documents will be subjoined.

Dr. Charles Lloyd has announced his intention of publishing by subscription, a translation of the *Historical Anecdotes of Valerius Maximus*: with notes, explanatory of the moral and religious principles of the Romans, Greeks, Carthaginians, Persians, and other nations mentioned in the original, which

comprehends notices of almost every illustrious character of ancient times. The work will appear handsomely printed, in 4to. towards the end of the present year.

The Rev. John Campbell is engaged upon a narrative of his *Travels in South Africa*, undertaken at the request of the Missionary Society, to promote the knowledge of Christianity among the Hottentots. Some of the tribes visited by the author had never seen an European. He crossed the peninsula from east to west, nearly in the course of the Great Orange river, and had the satisfaction to discover the junction of several rivers before unknown. The work will form one large 8vo. volume, and is expected to appear about Christmas.

A new poem from the celebrated pen of Mr. Walter Scott, under the title of *The Prince of the Isles*, is nearly ready for publication.

Count Edward Vargas Bedmar, who last year made a scientific tour through Norway to the North Cape, and returned by Finland and Sweden, to Copenhagen, is preparing to lay before the public the result of his observations during this interesting journey.

Dr. Pausner, of St. Petersburg, is engaged in translating a collection of short narratives of *Travels in Russia in Europe and Asia*, from Russian printed works and manuscripts. This collection is intended to appear in detached volumes, as time and circumstances shall permit. Several narratives are ready for the press: for instance, that of three tours undertaken by Sewergin, the academician; a tour to Linczsk; two journeys to the Caucasus; travels to the Caspian

Sea; various little tours in the mountains of Altai, in the Kirgisian Steppe; a journey to Borosowsk from Pabst in Tobolsk. The last three are from manuscripts.

The very interesting *Voyage of Lieutenants Dawidoff and Chwostoff to the North-west Coast of America*, of which we some time since gave a brief sketch, has lately made its appearance in the Russian language, in two volumes, with plates and maps. Some account of the remarkable lives of those officers is given in the preface, written by Admiral Schischkoff; from which it is obvious, that Dawidoff was particularly qualified for making discoveries. A German translation of this work is preparing at the Geographical Institution at Weimar.

Lieut.-Gen. G. Cockburn's narrative of his *Voyage up the Mediterranean in 1813*, will be shortly published. It contains an account of a tour in Sicily, Malta, and the Lipari Islands, undertaken at a very interesting period; and will be accompanied by numerous well executed views and plans taken on the spot, descriptive of a highly beautiful and romantic country, and illustrative of recent public events in that quarter.

A new edition of Dr. Lettsom's *Naturalist's and Traveller's Companion*, will be published next month. This work, whose great utility has been so long acknowledged, will now be considerably enlarged: in the new impression all the subjects formerly treated of, will be carefully revised, and adapted to the present state of our knowledge of natural science, and several highly interesting additions

will be made; which it is hoped will render the work a most serviceable and agreeable vade-mecum to all who are fond of natural history, and to travellers particularly in every part of the globe.

Mr. Bakewell is about to publish, a new edition of the *Introduction to Geology*. It will be enlarged, particularly in the part which treats of the mineralogy of England, by information acquired during a recent tour made by the author in different parts of our island and on the eastern coast of Ireland. The principal geological facts and discoveries that have been made on the continent of Europe, and in other quarters of the globe, will be noticed; and it is intended that the work shall give a view of the present state of the science.

#### MUSICAL REVIEW.

*Elegant Extracts for the German Flute, consisting of Airs with Variations, Rondos, Marches, Waltzes, Duets, &c. selected from the Compositions of the most favourite Authors; some of which are composed, and the whole arranged, by L. Gianella, Professor of the German Flute. Nos. I. II. III. Pr. 3s. each.*

THE work, of which these three numbers form the beginning, is proposed to be completed in two volumes; and taking what is before us as an earnest of what is to come, we have every reason to predict ample success. Besides their neat compendious form and superior typographical elegance, these books possess, in an eminent degree, every kind of intrinsic merit which a collection of this descrip-

tion can possibly lay claim to. In point of selection, nothing but what is really good and conformable to the best modern taste has been admitted: hence we meet frequently with the names of Mozart, Haydn, Braham, Shield, Stevenson, Mazzinghi, Bishop, &c. prefixed to the pieces contained in these numbers; and in regard to the treatment of his materials, Mr. Gianella's task has been discharged with great ability and judgment. Not only has he nowhere lost sight of the character of his instrument, but in those parts which proceed from his own pen, especially the numerous variations, a refined taste and much practical experience are obviously perceptible. The duets, likewise, bespeak the correct and efficient harmonist; and in proof of this assertion, we will only advert to the air "*Voi che sapete*," the original harmony of which is as adequately exhibited, as two flute staves could possibly express the same.

*Les petits Bijoux, consisting of favourite Airs, Dances, and Rondos for the Piano-Forte, composed by the most celebrated Professors. No. XX. Pr. 2s.*

Mr. Kfallmark, the author of this number, here presents us with a set of variations on a waltz-theme in C major, which, if we mistake not, is but the trio of what is known under the name of "the Copenhagen Waltz." The variations are conceived in an easy and familiar style, the left hand being seldom otherwise engaged than giving the chord in three successive quavers. Nos. 2. and 8. employ the hands cross-ways with propriety. No. 4. can hardly be

termed a variation of the subject. No. 5. has the waltz in C minor, with the usual deviation into E♭ major; but that deviation is not effected in the most mellow manner. In the sixth variation, a successive flow of triplets is tastefully employed, and the conclusion, exhibiting the theme in the bass, merits our approbation. The whole is well calculated for the desk of the pupil.

*Les petits Bijour, &c.* No. XXI.  
Pr. 2s.

Another waltz, entitled "The King of Prussia's Welcome to England," and composed by Mr. L. von Esch, forms the subject of this number. The waltz, as well as its trio, is pretty, and effectually supported by an adequate accompaniment. In the 3d page a bold minor acts in good contrast; but we have an objection to its rhythm; the first period having five and the last three bars, instead of four and four. The consecutive transitions by increasing thirds (ll. 4 and 5) as well as the remainder of that page, merit distinct praise; and equal commendation is due to the whole of the 4th page, especially the latter half up to the suspended cadence. The kind of coda in the 5th page is attractive, from its very simplicity, and serves to bring about a brilliant conclusion in the 6th page. The ease with which this waltz is set, its melodiousness, and its correct and diversified harmonic arrangement, constitute undeniably great recommendations, both for the practice of the learner, and the amusement of the proficient amateur.

*Les petits Bijour, &c.* No. XXII.  
Pr. 2s.

"The last Whistle, composed

by Mr. Shield," and stated to be "arranged as a rondo by Mr. John Davy," forms the main subject of this number of the above-named periodical publication, being preceded by an introductory largo. This largo might more properly have been termed a prelude, as, under that appellation, the desultory nature of its structure, and the absence of regular plan, would have appeared less liable to observation. In all other respects it calls for a large share of our approbation: its progress, however random, evinces delicacy of taste and science. "The last Whistle" would have been the last thing we should have chosen for the subject of a rondo; a melody so capricious, and which at almost every bar slips into a new key, is not well calculated for such a purpose. Nor has Mr. D. to speak the truth, made any thing like a rondo of it: the subject not only does not recur at intervals, but is altogether very sparingly used as a ground-work. We consider it rather as a fantasia elicited by the theme; and under that view, we may bestow praise without contradiction. The part which immediately follows the subject is particularly elegant, and reminds us of Haydn's style: pp. 3 and 4 are full of the most able harmonic combinations; indeed, perhaps over-abundant in modulation; and the portion in the last page, where the bass gives a fair glimpse of the subject, merits distinct mention. The powerful and effective manner likewise in which Mr. D. wields his left hand cannot be too much applauded.

*A Sonata for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments for the Violin or*

*Flute and Violoncello, composed and respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Eatle, of Benningbrough Hall, Yorkshire, by Ph. Knapton. No. I. Pr. 4s.*

The very sight of a new sonata has something cheering in this age of musical trifles, and we deem it no small recommendation when a composer, instead of letting off squibs and crackers with the multitude of his fellow-writers, resolves to attempt a production of regular compass, and of more than ephemeral stamp. In this instance, however, it is not the resolution alone we have to applaud; the execution, too, demands our warmest praise; and this praise is not a little enhanced by the circumstance that Mr. K.'s sonata is all his own, instead of being, according to fashion, a thing of shreds and patches, "*in which is introduced*" this or that street-ditty, Scotch bag-pipe, melody, or Irish jig, for want of having to introduce one's own property. The first movement, in E b, is a regular allegro, in two parts, of workmanlike construction. Whether we advert to the classic subject, to the numerous passages of great variety and peculiar elegance, to the well planned modulations, the complete and select harmony, or the excellent violin part, especially in some melodious *dolces*, all appears the work of talent guided by the study of the best models. The adagio, however, in A b, is the pride of the whole publication; replete with the most delicate sensibility, rich in ornamental colouring, it proceeds with a steady pace from its fine subject, through four or five equally beautiful analogous con-

ceptions, till it concludes in tranquil repose. We have particularly to congratulate the author on l. 2, p. 10. Having already outstepped our limits, we shall only add, that the rondo allegretto (in E b) perfectly maintains the character of sterling merit which the preceding movements impart to this sonata: its happy subject has not been less neglected; we find it transformed into every sort of ramifications, digressions, and evolutions, and it amply possesses all the advantages which we have noticed in the allegro. Except the nice attention to time required for the adagio, this sonata will be found less difficult of execution than what it appears at a first glance.

*A Duet Concertante for the Harp and Piano-Forte, in which is (?) introduced three favourite Irish Melodies, viz. "Erin go bragh," "Gramackree," and "the Bard's Bequest," or "the Legacy," composed for and dedicated to Miss Coltsmann, by N. B. Challoner. Op. 26. Pr. 4s.*

Conceiving, from the nature of the dedication, that the author, in this instance, accommodated his pen to national partiality; we can account for the purely Hibernian ingredients of which this duet is compounded. Had the choice been spontaneous, it would have been better to have left these Irish subjects to their affecting native simplicity, than disguise them under high-coloured modern embellishment, by which they gain as little in interest as an Irish stew benefits in flavour from high seasoned artificial cookery. Premising thus much, we must in justice say, that these disadvantages, fancied on



our part or real, have been successfully encountered, if not surmounted: the airs themselves are introduced under the most select and varied harmonies, and the deductions and modulations devised with extreme ability and taste. The two instruments are thrown into constant and alternate action in a masterly manner, and their mutual flights are directed by a bold and classic imagination. This, however, is the more conspicuous in those portions of the duet which leave their Irish subjects most in the lurch; and the introductory largo, which also is not of Gramachree descent, however brief, further exemplifies this remark, by its feeling and impressive strains.

*Pot-pourri for the Piano-Forte, in which is (?) introduced several Spanish Airs, composed, and humbly dedicated, by permission, to her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales, by Sixto Perez.*

A largo and allegretto in D major, followed by an andante and allegretto in D minor; all which movements possess throughout, and completely, a Spanish character. The largo proceeds with a pathetic flow of melody, and the office of the left hand, towards the conclusion, in sustaining the A, while at the same time ascending and descending in semiquavers, has a pleasing and somewhat novel effect. The allegretto, in two sharps, boasts of a neat theme in the polacca style, upon which a variety of secondary portions, truly Spanish, have been appropriately engrafted: nor has the author forgotten to add a competent quantum of modulations; and in that respect, as well as on account of some

good bass and crossed-hand passages, the 4th page is entitled to our best commendation. The short andante consists of a well known Spanish air; neither is the last movement in  $\frac{3}{4}$  time new in subject, although replete with additions from the author's pen, which render it altogether an interesting whole. The 12th and 18th pages may preferably be named as attractive, by their inventive talent, and the harmonic skill they display; and the conclusion is managed with much taste. To us this composition has afforded real entertainment: it is not a compound of hacknied passages and turns, but contains many original ideas; and even those which may not be so, are not the less agreeable for being borrowed from the musical store of a nation, with whose melodies we are less familiar, than with our own, or those of the French and Italians.

*Grand March, Duet for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to the Misses Agar, by J. Camidge, Mus. Bac. Cantab. Pr. 3s.*

A slow march in D minor, with a quick march and coda in D major. In the former we observe a boldness and originality in melody and harmony, that render the effect of this composition truly striking; and its seriousness is well contrasted by the agreeable subject of the quick movement which succeeds; although its ideas are less uncommon than those of its predecessor. Another recommendation of this publication consists in the skill displayed in the arrangement of the two parts. The second, instead of being a mere train-bearer of the first, has not only al-

ternate portions of the melody to perform, but contains such essential and well placed parts of the harmony, that of the two it will be found to be the most active and laborious, especially as to time, a familiarity with the observance and niceties of which forms an indispensable requisite in the due performance of this march.

## PARLIAMENTARY GRANT FOR THE RELIEF OF THE SUFFERERS BY THE WAR IN GERMANY.

THE pains bestowed by the London Committee in the preparation of the Table of Distribution, and the judgment and skill displayed by it in this business, were duly acknowledged by the Westminster Committee in the following letter, read on the 21st Nov. at the committee-room, City of London Tavern.

LONDON, Nov. 16, 1814.

SIRS,

The Westminster Committee have felt, in the strongest manner, their obligation to you, for the laborious investigation into which you have gone, and for the luminous result of your labours exhibited in the detailed account of your own distribution, and in the scheme grounded thereon for the appropriation of the parliamentary grant.

Without the information contained in these highly valuable and important documents, the Westminster Committee are sensible, their progress would have been slow and difficult in the discharge of the duties cast upon them by the vote of Parliament: they have therefore, by an unanimous resolution of the committee, holden this day at Lambeth Palace, his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury in the chair, directed us to express the high sense they entertain of the superior skill and ability with which the papers

have been prepared, and of the extraordinary facilities thereby afforded them, for the speedy and satisfactory termination of their trust.

We are, Sirs,

Your very faithful

and obedient servants,

J. WATSON,

R. ACKERMANN,

} Secretaries.

*To the Chairman and  
Members of the  
City of London  
Committee for the  
Relief of the dis-  
tressed Germans.*

In consequence of this communication, it was resolved, that the following letter should be sent to the Secretaries of the Westminster Committee.

GENTLEMEN,

I am directed by the Committee, for relieving the Distresses in Germany and other parts of the Continent, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 16th instant, and to express the very great pleasure they feel, in learning that the result of the labours undertaken at the request of the Westminster Association, to form a plan for the due distribution of the parliamentary grant of £100,000, has been so satisfactory to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the other members of the committee; and to state, that any further information or service in the power of the London Committee, to for-

ward the good work which does so much honour to Great Britain, in the assistance rendered to misery almost unparalleled, is freely at the command of the Committee of the Westminster Association.

I have the honour to be,  
Gentlemen,

Your very obedient servant;  
R. H. MARTIN,  
Secretary.

To Messrs. J. WATSON  
and R. ACKERMANN,  
Secretaries to the  
Westminster Association.

\* \* The editor begs to inform his readers, that the Table of Distribution was printed for this Number, under the supposition of the sum being already in the course of distribution: a trifling delay which has occurred in that important business, would have rendered the publication of this table premature. It will be given in our next. To this alteration must be ascribed the apparent deficiency of the pages between 351 and 358.

### RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

CONGRESS AT VIENNA, GERMANY,  
&c. &c.

THE formal opening of the Congress at Vienna had not taken place at the date of our latest intelligence. An official declaration, issued on the 8th Oct. deferred the period to the 1st Nov.; and a subsequent one, dated the 29th Oct. announced a further postponement; but, as a preliminary measure, fixed on the 3d Nov. as the day on which the ministers of the powers who had been parties in the treaty of Paris, as well as the representatives of other princes who were to be admitted in the grand council of European organization, were to commence communication to each other, and lodge in the Austrian court of chancery, their full powers as plenipotentiaries of their respective sovereigns.

This delay alone indicates the existence of difficulties; and these, however defective our information has been on the whole, have partially at least come to our knowledge. From what has already taken place, or has transpired, it is no longer a secret, that each of

the four great allied powers, viz. Austria, Russia, England, and Prussia, and probably Bavaria too, aim at considerable territorial accessions. Against this, Prince Talleyrand has protested in an official note, which states, that France, not to delay the general pacification, had acquiesced in withdrawing within her frontiers of 1792; that it was just in the other powers to conform to the same basis, and to content themselves with what were their frontiers at that period; since otherwise France would find herself in contact with too powerful neighbours, and the desired equilibrium be destroyed: at the same time M. de Talleyrand added, that should the contemplated aggrandizements be persisted in, France would not disturb the peace of Europe by opposing them by force, but that she would not acknowledge such changes.

The views on Saxony on the part of Prussia, and especially the demand of Poland preferred by Russia, excited further discussions among the allies themselves, which, however, appear to have been brought to a termination.

In the mean time, the conferences between the ministers of the principal sovereigns have continued without interruption; and on two important points their result has become known, by the objects they referred to having publicly been carried into effect. Hanover, from an electorate, has become a kingdom, and Prussia has taken formal possession of Saxony. The determination of the sovereign of Hanover to assume the regal title, has been announced in a note addressed by Count Münster to Prince Metternich, on the 12th Oct. which assigns for reasons, the circumstance of other German princes having been raised to that dignity, and the inexpediency of retaining the title of elector, when its elective functions no longer existed. The incorporation of Saxony with Prussia has been officially announced to the Saxon authorities by Prince Repnin, the Russian governor, in a note dated Dresden, 3d Nov. as having been settled in a consultation of the four allied powers, dated Vienna, 28th Sept. and will not be confined to the right bank of the Elbe, but extend to Dresden, Leipzig, &c. To reconcile as much as possible the estimable inhabitants of Saxony to this act of "denationalization," they will, as in the case of Norway, be left in the possession of their country's name, of its constitutional laws, and of its financial system.

Among the reports to which more than probability is attached, we notice the following:—Austria is to have part of Upper Lusatia, Salzburg, Berchtholdsgaden, and the Innviertel; the Duke of Saxe-

Weimar to receive the duchy of Erfurth; Hanover to become the protector of the Hanse towns, and to receive, besides other accessions, the duchy of East Friesland; and the Elector of Hesse to change his title to that of Grand Duke of Hesse Cassel.

The political constitution of Germany will be totally altered. Instead of having an elective emperor, its princes are to be united by a new federal league under a common diet of representatives, as far as relates to their common interests; every one being, in other respects, the independent sovereign of his dominions.

But to render the warlike population of the German nation as available as possible in the event of the peace of Europe being again disturbed, particular attention is paid to the uniformity and effectiveness of the military organization of its numerous states. These objects, and every other matter connected with the future arrangements for Germany, are distinctly discussed at a separate committee of the plenipotentiaries of the principal German sovereigns, viz. Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Hanover.

It is likewise stated, that, as sovereign of Hanover, the Prince Regent, through his minister for that country, is endeavouring to impress upon the German princes, the propriety and policy of giving to their respective countries the benefits of a representative constitution, by restoring the rights of the "States" of each, which, more or less, had existed from time immemorial, and by convening them periodically in the shape of legisla-

tive assemblies : and this intelligence acquires probability, from the praise-worthy example set by the Prince Regent with regard to his own German dominions, the states of which, as far as the extent of his possessions is at this time settled, are summoned to meet in diet on the 15th Dec. next. The sovereigns of Nassau, too, have, of their own accord, given to their subjects a free and representative form of government, by a solemn charter, exposing the bases of a new constitution, which is a very near imitation of our own.

Such a boon is too alluring not to be eagerly wished and sought for by the rest of the German people; and it will become a consideration of policy in other princes to have the credit of now granting spontaneously, that which the present high spirit of their subjects may soon lay claim to.

Never more than now did the German nation feel conscious of its own strength. The anniversary of the battle of Leipzig, that proud and stupendous feature of their history, has, by one common impulse, been celebrated throughout the vast Teutonic regions, in a manner becoming the great event. It was not a mere retail illumination of windows; but the whole country, and more particularly all its numerous lofty mountains, blazed in patriotic flame on the evening of the 18th of October, so as to be seen at a great distance, and to alarm the Gallic neighbour by the strange and unexpected sight.

Among the constant round of festivities at Vienna, this important day was signalized by every kind of rejoicings; and a great military

review, exhibiting the Emperor Alexander as the newly created colonel of the Austrian regiment, Hiller, saluting his adoptive sovereign at the head of his regiment.

The same mark of attention was, by Francis II. bestowed on the Prussian monarch in the gift of a similar colonelcy; and if we are to credit repeated reports, the ties of friendship between them are likely to be soon cemented more closely, by a marriage between the widowed Frederick-William and an Austrian archduchess. Who she may be, is differently reported; indeed, there are accounts which assign his hand to the Ex-Empress Maria Louisa, who, it seems certain, will be forthwith divorced from her Corsican spouse.

#### HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

The Prince Sovereign of the Netherlands, after devoting several months with the greatest assiduity to the administration of the Belgian provinces (still only provisionally governed by him), and to the regulation of their financial and military organization; and after leaving at Brussels a representative in the Hereditary Prince of Orange, who at the same time commands the British and Hanoverian troops in the Low Countries, returned to Holland early in Nov. and on the 7th of that month, opened the ordinary session of the states general at the Hague.

#### ITALY.

The Pope, whose dominions and, especially the March of Ancona, are still partially occupied by the troops of Murat, has obtained from the sovereigns at Vienna the assurance of being speedily reinstated in the possession of the whole of

his estates, except the legations of Ferrara and Bologna, which are to be disposed of in favour of a prince connected with the house of Austria.

It appears daily more evident, that the tenure of Murat's throne is rather precarious. Austria, if not England too, having prematurely guaranteed to him the possession of the Neapolitan dominions, his removal therefrom is endeavoured to be effected by inviting him to accept an indemnification elsewhere. In the mean time his ships have been prohibited by Ferdinand IV. from entering the ports of Sicily; and the King of France, as head of the Bourbons, is stated to be using all his influence at Congress towards restoring Naples to its rightful possessor; so that situated as King Joachim is, it is probable he may, from motives of prudence, yield to the general feeling, and exchange a throne, in which hereafter he might not feel himself at ease, for some sovereignty, perhaps the Ionian Islands, which would be irrevocably secured to him.

Considerable reinforcements have recently arrived to the British army at Genoa, which city is under great uneasiness with respect to its future fate, lest it should, as report states, be annexed to Piedmont.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, in her progress through Italy, was at Milan in the middle of October, and arrived at Florence on the 22d. She is every where received with marks of the highest distinction.

Malta and Gozo have been de-

clared free from pestilential infection.

#### FRANCE.

The law for restricting the liberty of the press, to be in force until the end of the legislative session in 1816, has been promulgated in a royal decree, dated 21st Oct. As its provisions are in substance the same as those stated in a former Retrospect, we shall only repeat, that no writings under 20 printed sheets can be published without the previous approval of censors, except they be in dead or foreign languages, or that they proceed from learned societies acknowledged by the king, from members of the two chambers, or are law proceedings published by advocates belonging to tribunals, or ecclesiastical mandates, or ordinances.

After repeated and very spirited debates, the proposal of a law for the restoration of such of the property of the emigrants as remained yet unsold, was carried in the affirmative by a majority of 109 to 23 in the Chamber of Deputies; and the sense of the chamber, having been found inclined to grant some indemnification to those emigrants whose property was irrecoverable, a communication was made by the minister of the interior expressive of the king's concurrence with those views, and that measures would be taken towards effecting inscriptions in the great book to the amount of ten millions in favour of the parties to be indemnified.

The house of Bourbon has received an increase in the Orleans branch. The Duchess of Orleans

was, on the 25th Oct. delivered of a son, whose title is to be the Duke of Nemours.

The police has recently arrested General Dufour, and some persons connected with him, for reasons not yet explained. They have been sent to the castle of Vincennes.

#### SPAIN.

After the failure of the plan against Pampluna, noticed in last month's Retrospect, Espez y Mina, with three or four of his patriotic followers, fled into France; and while his nephew, the young Mina, who had in like manner escaped, found an asylum at Pau, they proceeded to Paris, where, at the intercession of the Spanish chargé d'affaires, Count de Casa Flores, the commissary of the police caused them to be arrested. But Louis XVIII. on hearing of the transaction, not only ordered Mina's immediate liberation, but directed the commissary of the police to be dismissed from office. It is further added, that, in consequence of this and subsequent acts of the Spanish chargé d'affaires relative to the same transaction, the king ordered him to quit France; and the public prints actually have stated his arrival at Irun on his way to Madrid, from whence the French ambassador has likewise taken his leave.

The affair of Mina, as may be supposed, has produced several arrests in addition to those which still continued in other parts of Spain; his accomplices have been condemned to the galleys; and to calm the feelings of the people, the prisons in every part of the kingdom have been directed to give

their pastoral admonitions at the same time.

In the mean time, probably to make room in the prisons for new arrivals, a commission has begun the trials of the persons "accused of having attacked the royal sovereignty," and about thirty have already received the sentence of the galleys, exile, fines, privation of offices, &c. Quintana, Arguelles, Gallego, and other leading members of the Cortes, are not yet brought to trial.

An expedition for America under General Murillo is fitting out at Cadiz. It will not arrive in time to save Monte Video. Its governor, General Vigodet, compelled by circumstances, had entered into a capitulation for the surrender of the city with the Buenos Ayres General, Alvear. But a difference of opinion arising between the contracting parties, the governor hesitated to fulfil the treaty; upon which Alvear resolved on an immediate attack of the fortress, and succeeded, sword in hand, in taking the governor and the whole of the garrison prisoners. Alvear afterwards went out to meet the captain-general, who was coming to the relief of Monte Video, and, after a short action, put him to the rout. The garrison of Monte Video has since joined the cause of Buenos Ayres, and Vigodet has arrived in Old Spain.

#### NORWAY, SWEDEN, &c.

Prince Christian having, in an additional article of the convention of Moss, pledged himself to assemble the Norwegian diet, to give up into their hands his authority, and immediately afterwards

to quit the country, the diet accordingly assembled on the 8th Oct. at Christiania, where the Swedish commissioners had met in like manner. On the same day the prince transmitted to the diet his act of abdication. On the 10th, a farewell speech of his to the diet, explaining his conduct since the treaty of Kiel (which it was stated ill health prevented the prince from delivering in person), was read by Mr. Rosencrantz, and a deputation of 125 members waited upon the prince, according to his desire, to receive from his own hands a duplicate of the instrument of abdication. Immediately after this last act of his political career in Norway, the ex-king sailed for Denmark. His conduct throughout the arduous difficulties of his station has endeared his memory to the Norwegian nation, and commands the respect of his contemporaries, not excepting his enemies, and Denmark's prospect of being one day governed by such a man, may well excite the envy of surrounding nations.

On the 13th Oct. the Swedish commissioners appeared before the diet, and presented the plan of a new constitution, on the basis of that of Eidswoold, to which Sweden is pledged to adhere; and after some conferences and discussions thereon, the diet, on the 20th following, decreed, by a majority of 74 to 5, the union of Norway with Sweden under the same king. It is expected that the several alterations in the plan of the constitution presented by the Swedish commissioners, will not lead to any difficulty, especially as the Swedish army is close at hand on the

frontier; and as soon as the constitution is finally settled, the King of Sweden, accompanied by the Crown Prince, will repair to Christiania to make oath thereon.

The continental papers have of late repeatedly called the attention of the public to Prince Gustavus, the son of the unfortunate Ex-King of Sweden, at present residing at Geneva. The queen, his mother, superintends his education at Carlsruhe; and his aunt, the present Empress of Russia, is stated to have taken great interest in the young prince's future destinies.

#### UNITED STATES.

The official accounts of our defeat on Lake Champlain, and of Sir G. Prevost's consequent unfortunate retreat from Plattsburg, are not calculated to allay the disappointment felt by the public at the issue of the whole of this American campaign, on which such sanguine hopes had been built. Nor is the subsequent intelligence, however meagre, of a nature to rouse our spirits.

On the 17th Sept. General Brown, with the American garrison of Fort Erie, made a general sortie against the blockading corps of General Drummond. The contest was one of the hottest of this war; and, balancing the accounts on both sides and adverting to the result, the advantage was decidedly with the enemy. Our loss was severe, exceeding, as officially admitted, 600 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners; so that General Drummond found it expedient after the action to withdraw about a mile to the rear. But it appears that, since that, he has been compelled to make good a general retreat from



Fort Erie, owing, as it is stated, to the landing almost in his rear of a corps of about 3000 Americans, under General Izard. General Drummond has made a stand at Fort George, where it is expected he will have to oppose the united forces of Generals Brown and Izard.

General Izard's corps has been thus brought into activity, by being conveyed from Sackett's Harbour, across Lake Ontario, by Commodore Chauncey's squadron, which, according to the latest advices, has returned thither in consequence of sir James Yeo's having sailed with a superiority of force. This superiority he derives from a ship of *one hundred guns* just launched at Kingston, an event certainly very memorable in the history of this war. On the 11th Sept. Sir Alexander Cochrane, who had been at Halifax since the affair of Baltimore, sailed again on a secret expedition.

Mr. Maddison on the 20th Sept. the day of the meeting of Congress, addressed to it a message, more hostile than any former one, to Great Britain. Among the topics which we are already used to, the capture of Washington is not omitted to be reprobated as a pretended infringement of the laws of nations. But upon the whole, the balance of the events of the last campaign has, we own, enabled the president to appear before Congress with an air of much greater confidence, ~~of~~ not triumph, than we, or perhaps himself, had anticipated.

On the subject of finances, however, his exposition must have been the least cheering to his friends.

Out of 32 millions of dollars received into the treasury during nine months, 11 millions only were not the produce of loans; and the president calls earnestly upon Congress to make extraordinary exertions for supplying the heavy demands of money occasioned by the war.

The negotiations at Ghent continue; and the ignorance of the nature and progress of the discussions hitherto felt, has been, in some degree, removed by the president's laying the dispatches of the American commissioners before Congress. We have not room for even an abstract of the points at issue; but the most difficult of these seems to be a demand made by England, of part of the territory of Main, intervening between Nova Scotia and Quebec; and another, requiring that the United States should have no armed vessels on Lakes Ontario, Erie, and Superior, nor any strong places on, or within, a certain distance of their shores.

Our late reverses in the Canadas have raised such strong clamours against the management of the war on the part of Sir George Prevost, both among the troops and the inhabitants, that, whether the dissatisfaction be well founded or not, his return to England is mentioned as extremely probable; and report assigns to Gen. Kempt the command in the Canadas, while Gen. Pakenham is to have the command on the coasts. The greatest exertions are making to send out reinforcements of troops and stores on an unusual scale of magnitude.

#### DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Parliament met on the 8th of

November. The speech of the Prince Regent, considered as the index both of the present relations and the future prospects of the country, is less explicit than usual, and, in regard to America, decidedly warlike. Among various interesting communications made to Parliament by the ministry, is the substance of three conventions entered into at London on the 29th of June last, by Great Britain, with Austria, Russia, and Prussia. The four sovereigns respectively engage to maintain, on a war establishment, 60,000 foot and 15,000 horse, until the affairs of Europe shall be settled by the Congress of Vienna. The contingent of England, however, need not be wholly in kind, but may be furnished conformably to the 9th article of the treaty of Chaumont.

The following is an account of the net produce of the revenue for the year ending the 10th of October, 1814.

Customs, consolidated £4,102,810  
Ditto annual duties . 2,626,802  
Ditto war taxes . . . 3,892,852

Total produce of customs . . . . 10,622,464

Excise, consolidated . 17,787,192  
Ditto annual duties . 464,042  
Ditto war taxes . . . 5,003,815

Total produce of excise . . . . . 24,154,549

Stamps . . . . . 5,540,886  
Post-Office . . . . . 1,453,800  
Assessed taxes . . . 6,422,312  
Property tax . . . . 14,120,137  
Land tax . . . . . 1,103,010  
Miscellaneous . . . . 283,010

Total net revenue £60,461,884

being more by £2,585,212 than the revenue of the year preceding.

## MEDICAL REPORT.

An account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of October to the 15th of November, 1814.

*Acute diseases.*—Small-pox, 4.... Peripneumony, 3. .Catarrh. 3... Fever, 2....Enteritis, 1....Acute rheumatism, 2....Acute diseases of infants, 8....Hooping-cough, 2....Scarlet fever and sore-throat, 3

*Chronic diseases.*—Head-ach and vertigo, 4....Paralysis, 2....Rheumatism, 6....Neurodyne, 4....Consumption, 5....Cough and dyspnoea, 26....Jaundice, 1....Dropsy, 2....Gastrodynia, 3....Grazel, 1....Scurvy, 2....Diarrhoea, 4....Dyspepsia, 5....

Scirrhus liver, 1....Marasmus, 1.... Asthenia, 4....Rheumatic gout, 2.... Chronic Ophthalmia, 2....Worms, 3 ....Amenorrhoea, 2....Cutaneous diseases, 5.

Scarlet fever, which was frequent in the autumnal months, is now much declined; no new case has recently occurred to the reporter's observation. One of the cases of dropsy was in the form of ascites. The abdomen was much distended. The patient, a female about 50, had usually enjoyed good health, and was of temperate habits. No cause could be assigned for the

origin of this formidable complaint. She took a variety of medicines during a month, with no other good effect than that of checking the progress of the disorder, which, however, evidently appeared to be affected by the plan proposed. There being no possibility of removing the fluid already accumulated; the operation of tapping was performed, and two gallons of clear liquid resembling beer were drawn off, to the great relief of the patient. She has since continued in a very favourable state; but only twelve days having elapsed since the operation, it is too early to pronounce decidedly upon her complete recovery.

In such cases, much depends upon the state of the viscera, which, in this instance, appearing free from disease, the prognosis is favourable. At all events, the operation is safe, not painful, prolongs

life, and, in some instances, effects the entire restoration of the patient: but it should not be deferred till the powers of life are sinking; only a short time should be allowed for the doubtful experiments of medicines. It is not merely cruel, it is highly culpable to rifle long with remedies, which, if they are strong enough to produce any effect at all, are necessarily of a nature to weaken the patient, and consequently diminish the power of nature in restoring healthy action after the oppressive load has been evacuated by art. If from debility, however induced, the tone of the absorbent vessels is injured or reduced, they cannot take up the fluids as fast as they are deposited, and the watery fluid must again accumulate, until relieved by another operation. When the strength of the patient declines, the progress to death is obvious.

## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The weather through the whole of the last month was very favourable for the latter sowing; great breadths of wheat have been sown in consequence, and never was seed more kindly received into the earth.

The early sown cover the land with a light green verdure, forming strong coronal roots, to support the infant plant through the chilling blasts of winter. The clover lays have presented a fine surface, that is ever indicative of a good crop. The present fine season for wheat sowing has diverted a considerable portion of labour from the barn to the field; neither men nor

could be spared to work machines.

Barley is of the finest making quality, but not so short and round in the grain as in some preceding years: notwithstanding, the yield is a full average crop.

Oats are of sound good quality and average yield.

Peas, in some districts, do not yield so well as might have been expected from the quantity of halm; the quality is fine, being remarkably free from the worm or weevil.

Turnips have grown much through the last month, and are not affected by the mildew, except





a few breadths in some districts, and those only amongst the early sown. The whole of the brassica tribe offer plenty of green food for the ensuing winter.

Winter tares, rye, and all the

soiling species, have acquired a good covering for the winter.

Hay, in some counties, is very scarce, and selling at an advanced price.

## FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

### PLATE 29.—HEAD-DRESSES.

No. 1. A *full turban*, made either in tiffany or silver net; the crown lashed with silk or silver cord.

No. 2. A *melon cap*, made of white satin quilted, with narrow bead trimming inlet, ornamented with a full cluster and wreath of flowers, blended with a quilled border of lace.

No. 3. A *Persian calash*, formed upon a wire fabric, and composed of satin-striped ribband, trimmed with a full border of blond lace, appliqued with a heading of Vandyke: a net handkerchief crosses the crown *en suite*, with a large cluster of wild flowers in the centre.

No. 4. A *cottage bonnet*, made in salmon colour and white velvets, ornamented with a double row of ostrich feathers.

No. 5. A *Russian à-la-mode*, com-

posed of orange and white velvets, trimmed round the edge with a quilling of Vandyke lace: the crown decorated with flowers and wreaths of Vandyke lace.

### PLATE 30.—WALKING DRESS.

A pelisse of short walking length, made either in erminette or silk velvet of puce colour, open down the front, and bound entirely round with celestial blue satin, terminating at the feet with a broad border of white lace; high plain collar, and treble copes bound to correspond; full lace ruff. The Spanish hat composed of erminette or velvet and blue satin, corresponding to the pelisse, trimmed round the edge with white lace, and ornamented with a plume of ostrich feathers. Half boots, blue kid or erminette. Gloves, Limerick or York tan.

# PLATE 28.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

## DRAWING-ROOM CHAIRS.

No. 1 is supposed to be made of rose-wood, the ornamental parts, with the fillets, to be finished in gold. The seat is stuffed in a loose frame, and made to fit exactly to its place when covered and finished. The stuffed back is also a loose

frame, screwed in from the back of the chair.

No. 2. A chair for similar rooms, in black, and the ornamental parts in gold. This chair has a cushion made to fit exactly to the seat, which is either caned or covered with strong linen.

## ALLEGORICAL WOOD-CUT, WITH PATTERNS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURES.

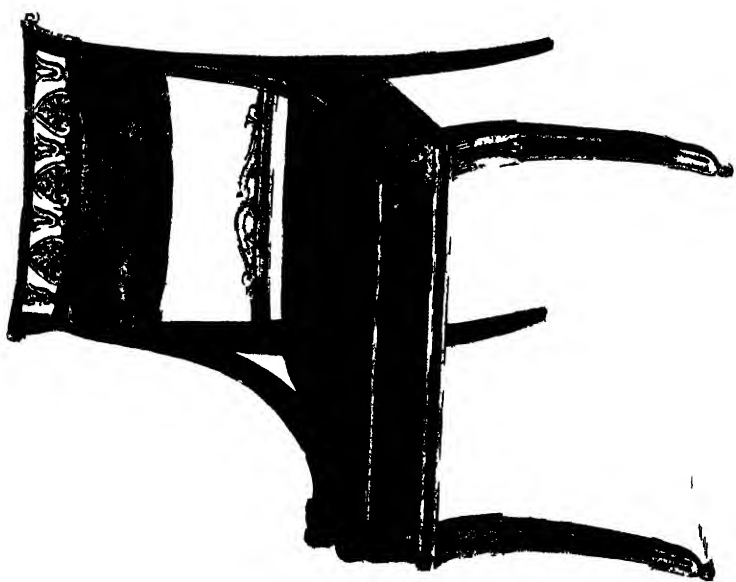
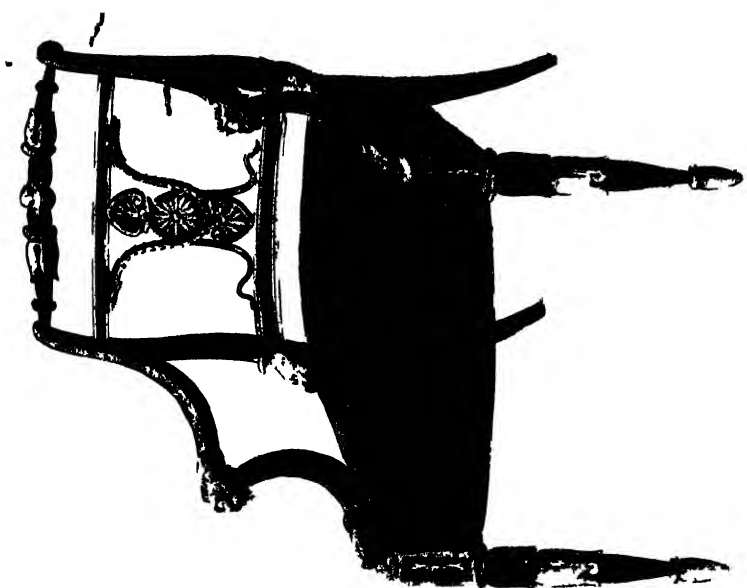
No. 1. A new, elegant, and much approved fabric for ladies' winter dress, combining the warmth of the Vigonia and Angola cloths with the lightness and flexibility of an Indian shawl. It is equally adapted for morning or evening wear, and may be made either in a high dress with capes and plain long sleeve, or in the round robe of *demi* height, bordered at the several terminations with seal skin or satin trimmings. This cloth, which, from its peculiar richness, is called *erminette*, is from the manufactory of Messrs. Fryar of Huddersfield, (the patentees of the seal shawl) and may be seen, in variety of colours, at Messrs. Harding and Co.'s Pall-Mall; at Messrs. R. and G. Otley's, New Bond-street; or at Mr. Underwood's, Verc-street, Oxford-street; and also at the principal fancy cloth houses in Paris, Brussels, Dublin, Edinburgh, &c.

No. 2. A novel and elegant production, admirably calculated to form the *Persian dress*, and equally adapted for the evening bodice or robe: it admits of fancy trimmings of the same nature, or those of quilled net, or blond lace, and is furnished us by Messrs. T. and J.

Smith, York-street, Covent-Garden.

No. 3. The *Vienmian union* is also an entire and new composition for ladies' wear, well calculated for an intermediate dress: it admits of no trimmings so appropriate as those of orange satin, quillings of net, or borders of lace. It is sold by Mr. Millard.

No. 4. The *Albanian costume*, intended either for dress or pelisse, possesses superior merit, both in point of comfort and elegance of appearance: it is trimmed *à la Parisienne*, and worn with the painted velvet shawls produced by this house, has a novel and splendid effect. These articles are in great request at Mr. Millard's East India warehouse in the city, and where we have the liberty to state, that fashionable houses, in the habit of furnishing ladies' *autour habits*, either in London or Paris, may be supplied with any quantity, upon the accustomed terms; and also, that the great variety of fashionable articles sold at this establishment, and the new ones regularly produced, attract the attention of amateurs from every part of the globe.









Dec. 1814.—Vol. 12.

## The Repository

*Of Arts, Literature, Commerce, Manufactures, Fashion, and Politics.*

MANUFACTURERS, Factors, and Wholesale Dealers in Fancy Goods that come within the scope of this Plan, are requested to send Patterns of such new Articles as they come out, and if the requisites of Novelty, Fashion, and Elegance are united, the quantity necessary for this Magazine will be ordered.

*R. Ackermann, 101, Strand, London.*

No.

REPOSITORY OF ARTS, SCIENCE, &c.



# LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from Oct. 31 to Nov. 5.

TOTAL 10,385 quarters.—Average, 70s. 7½d. per quarter; 3d. per quarter higher than last return.

Return of Flour from Nov. 5 to 11.

TOTAL, 12,352 sacks.—Average, 68s. 9½d. per sack, or 1. per sack lower than last return.

Average of England and Wales, Nov. 12.

	s.	d.	Barley	Pease
Wheat	72	7	36	9
Oats	44	7	27	3

## CORN, SEEDS, &c.

Wheat white, per quarter	50	78	86	Tares, per bushel	7	8
—red—	45	72	80	Turnip	—	20
—foreign—	45	60	—	Mustard	—	25
Barley, English	38	42	—	—brown—	15	20
Falt—	60	74	—	—white—	12	15
Oats Feed	18	38	—	Canary, per 100	105	—
—Friesland—	—	—	—	Linsed	70	100
—Poland—	19	31	—	Clover, red, per cwt	50	95
Potatoes	25	35	—	—white—	75	112
—Lancashire—	37	39	—	—foreign—	50	100
—Horse—	—	—	—	—white—	84	115
—Boiling—	50	60	—	Trefoil	16	30
—Grey—	42	48	—	Caraway	8	96
—per sack	60	70	—	Coriander	12	15
—Seconds	55	60	—			
—Scotch	50	53	—			

American Flour —s a —s per barrel of 196lbs.  
Rapeseed, per last — £32 a £33 a £—  
Oil Cakes, per thousand, £14. 14s. to £0. 0s.

## SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

Muscovade, fine	115	a	122	COFFEE, Bonded.	s	d
—good—	108	a	114	Dominica, Surinam, &c.	s	d
—ordinary—	98	a	107	—	75	0
East India white	90	a	115	Good	70	0
—yellow—	80	a	80	Ordinary	67	0
—brown—	76	a	79	Triage	30	0
MOLASSES 48s. od. a —s. —d.				Jamaica.	50	0

## REFINED SUGAR.

Double Leaves	220	a	226	Good	60	0
Hambro' ditto	108	a	174	Ordinary	40	0
Powder ditto	166	a	170	Triage	20	0
Single ditto	160	a	166	Mocha	300	0
Canary Lumps	154	a	156	Bourbon	90	0
Large ditto	150	a	154	St. Domingo	60	0
Bastards, whole	104	a	108	Java	90	0
—facs—	112	a	116	COCOA, Bonded.		
—middles—	104	a	110	Trinidad and		
—tips—	90	a	108	Carraccas	90	0

## GINGER.

Jamaica, white	82	a	200	Nutmegs	18	0
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a	80	Cloves	10	0
—black—	70	a	75	Cinnamon	10	0
				Wace	36	0
				Pepp. white	5	3
				—black—	2	0
				Pimento	2	0

## RICI, Bonded.

Carolina	54	a	50			
Brazil	50	a	28			

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 74s. 11½d.  
Refined goods have suffered a depression of 4s. per cwt in consequence of the stagnation.

## HOPS in the Borough.

Bags	£	s	£	s	£	s	Pockets	£	s	£	s
Kent	-	6	5	8	15	Kent	-	6	0	9	9
Sussex	-	5	12	a	7	10	Sussex	-	5	15	a
Essex	-	0	0	a	0	6	Farnham	-	12	0	a

## CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	Nov.	Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.
Newcastle	11	50	76	30	32
Northampton	—	—	—	—	—
Canterbury	—	—	—	—	—
Lewes	19	68	76	34	29
Chesterfield	12	64	80	—	31
Ashborne	12	80	40	26	34
Guildford	15	—	34	36	33
Guilford	15	60	35	39	22
Louth	16	64	75	30	42
Huntingdon	12	63	84	32	37
Newark	16	60	70	38	—
Spilsby	14	50	70	30	—
Lyngate	—	—	—	—	—
Devizes	17	54	96	30	—
Reading	19	50	94	27	—
Swansea	10	69	—	—	—
Henley	17	40	94	26	—
Maidenhead	—	—	—	—	—
Salisbury	15	56	70	30	—
Penrith	15	70	—	—	—
Hull	—	—	—	—	—
Basingstoke	16	59	83	30	—
Wakefield	—	—	—	—	—
Antlover	—	—	—	—	—
Warminster	19	45	86	34	—

## SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

Brandy, Cogn.	£	s	d	£	s	d
—Napaish	5	0	5	2	—	—
Holland Gin	8	0	8	6	—	—
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	6	9	—	—
—Lew. Isl.	3	8	4	6	—	—
Mol. Spirits,	13	10	14	0	—	—
British	—	—	—	—	—	—
Irish	—	—	—	—	—	—
Scotch	—	—	—	—	—	—
Spirit of Wine	4	0	6	—	—	—

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR OCTOBER, 1814.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, Esq.

1814.	Wind		Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
			Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
OCT											
1	E	2	30.32	30.28	30.30	65.00	45.00	55.00	cloudy	.068	
2	E	2	30.34	30.32	30.33	56.0	42.0	49.00	fine	.076	
3	E	2	30.46	30.34	30.40	57.0	43.0	50.00	fine	.079	
4	E	1	30.38	30.46	30.42	58.0	42.0	50.00	fine	.060	
5	S E	1	30.38	30.02	30.20	57.0	38.0	47.00	fine	—	
6	E	2	30.02	29.76	29.89	57.0	45.0	51.00	rainy	—	—
7	E	2	29.92	29.76	29.84	51.0	39.0	45.00	rainy	—	—
8	E	2	30.16	29.92	30.04	53.0	38.0	45.50	cloudy	—	.280
9	N W	1	30.32	30.16	30.24	49.0	32.0	40.50	fine	.210	
10	N	1	30.32	30.10	30.21	50.0	30.0	40.00	fine	.040	
11	S W	1	30.10	29.78	29.94	53.0	44.0	48.50	rainy	.032	—
12	S W	2	29.78	29.62	29.70	55.0	49.0	52.00	rainy	.040	.045
13	S W	1	29.62	29.62	29.62	62.0	52.0	57.00	cloudy	.044	
14	S W	1	29.62	29.58	29.60	65.0	52.0	58.50	cloudy	.076	
15	S W	1	29.58	29.40	29.49	60.0	53.0	56.50	cloudy	.052	—
16	S W	4	29.76	29.40	29.58	56.0	47.0	51.50	rainy	—	
17	S W	2	29.56	29.40	29.48	56.0	49.0	52.50	rainy	.056	1.220
18	S W	2	29.40	29.38	29.34	56.0	42.0	49.00	rainy	.026	—
19	S E	1	29.38	29.34	29.36	51.0	39.0	45.00	rainy	.030	.520
20	Var	2	29.72	29.34	29.48	50.0	41.0	45.50	fine	.032	—
21	S W	2	29.82	29.72	29.77	53.0	38.0	45.50	cloudy	.008	—
22	N W	2	29.72	29.58	29.65	55.0	48.0	41.50	rainy	.040	—
23	S W	2	29.80	29.58	29.69	50.0	40.0	45.00	rainy	.020	1.070
24	S W	2	29.80	29.54	29.67	51.0	38.0	44.50	rainy	.014	—
25	S W	2	29.54	29.12	29.33	48.0	42.0	45.00	rainy	.024	—
26	S E	2	29.92	29.32	29.57	52.0	42.0	47.00	cloudy	.056	—
27	S W	1	29.92	29.88	29.90	50.0	40.0	45.00	cloudy	.010	1.240
28	S W	1	29.98	29.92	29.95	53.0	45.0	49.00	fine	.030	—
29	S W	1	29.92	29.78	29.85	53.0	45.0	49.50	fine	.040	—
30	S W	1	30.08	29.92	30.00	52.0	42.0	47.00	fine	.020	
31	E	1	30.12	30.08	30.10	50.0	40.0	45.00	foggy	.035	.305
			Mean 29.833			Mean 48.16				1.209	4.680

## RESULTS.

Mean pressure, 29.833—Maximum, 30.46, wind E. 2.—Minimum, 29.12, wind S. W. 2.—Range, 1.34 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .70 inch, which was on the 26th.

Spaces described by the curve, formed from the mean daily pressure, 4.4 inches.—Number of changes, 13.

Mean temperature, 48.° 16.—Max 65°, wind S. W. 1.—Min. 30°, wind N. 1.—Range 35.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 20°, which was on the 1st and 10th.

Water evaporated (from a surface of water exposed to the effects of winds and the sun, but not to its direct rays), 1,209 inches.

Fall of rain, 4.680 inches—rainy days, 19.—snowy, 0—hail, 2.

## WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
1	0	8	3	0	16	0	2	1	0

Brisk winds 0—Boisterous ones 1.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR OCTOBER, 1814.

Conducted by Mr. J. GIBSON, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1814.	Wind.	Pressure.			Temperature.			Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
		Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.			
1	E	30.06	30.00	30.030	55°	39°	47.0°	fine	—	
2	E	30.16	30.06	30.110	55	33	44.0	fine	—	
3	N E	30.20	30.16	30.180	57	32	44.5	fine	—	
4	E	30.20	30.03	30.115	59	33	46.0	fine	—	
5	E	30.03	29.95	29.990	60	31	45.5	fine	—	
6	N W	29.86	29.80	29.830	56	37	46.5	fine	—	—
7	N W	29.95	29.86	29.905	54	32	43.0	fine	—	
8	N W	30.10	29.95	30.025	52	27	39.5	fine	.65	
9	N	30.20	30.10	30.150	48	29	38.5	fine	—	
10	N	30.20	30.04	30.120	48	34	41.0	fine	—	
11	S	30.04	29.84	29.940	53	46	49.5	gloomy	—	
12	S E	29.84	29.75	29.795	60	50	55.0	cloudy	—	
13	S E	29.75	29.59	29.670	69	53	61.0	fine	—	—
14	S E	29.67	29.56	29.615	65	50	57.5	cloudy	—	—
15	S W	29.68	29.60	29.640	61	46	53.5	clouds	.71	.20
16	N W	29.80	29.68	29.740	55	44	49.5	fine	—	
17	S W	29.80	29.50	29.650	59	50	54.5	cloudy	—	—
18	S W	29.50	29.37	29.435	61	42	51.5	cloudy	—	
19	S	29.40	29.27	29.335	61	42	51.5	rainy	—	1.28
20	W	29.78	29.27	29.525	51	38	44.5	cloudy	—	
21	W	29.55	29.78	29.815	54	39	46.5	fine	—	—
22	N W	29.68	29.60	29.670	59	48	53.5	fine	.49	
23	N W	29.86	29.68	29.770	52	37	44.5	fine	—	
24	N W	29.86	29.27	29.565	61	40	50.5	fine	—	.93
25	N W	29.60	29.26	29.430	50	32	41.0	cloudy	—	—
26	N W	29.80	29.60	29.700	49	37	43.0	cloudy	—	—
27	N W	29.90	29.80	29.850	50	34	42.0	cloudy	—	—
28	Var.	29.95	29.86	29.905	55	34	44.5	fine	—	—
29	N E	29.96	29.78	29.870	53	40	46.5	showery	—	.10
30	S W	29.78	29.77	29.775	53	41	47.0	fine	—	
31	E	29.99	29.78	29.885	55	47	51.0	cloudy	.35	
		Mean			Mean			Total	2.20in	2.51in.

RESULTS. — Prevailing winds, westerly. — Mean height of barometer, 29.807 inches; highest observation, 30.20 inches; lowest, 29.26 inches. — Mean height of thermometer, 47.5°; — highest observation, 69° — lowest, 27°. — Total of evaporation, 2.20 inches. — Total of rain, 2.51 inches. — In another gauge, 2.13.

Notes. — 1st to 5th inclusive, clear weather, with brisk drying winds — 6th. Some rain in the evening. — 9th and 10th. White frost. — 14th. Squally day. — 21st. Foggy morning — 24th. Day remarkably fine — very rainy night, with high wind. — 25th. Rainy morning. — 28th. White frost — a stratus on the marshes at night.

*Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery, and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for NOVEMBER, 1814.*

Birmingham Fire Office . . . £200	pr sh	Huddersfield Canal . . . £15	per sh.
Eagle Ditto . . . 2 2s	do.	Shropshire Ditto . . . 7s	do.
Globe Ditto . . . 110 10s a 111	do.	Leicester and Northampton . . . 130	do.
Hope Ditto . . . 9 2s.	do.	Stroudwater Ditto . . . 232	do.
Imperial Ditto . . . 49	do.	Swansea Ditto . . . 175 10	do.
Royal Exchange . . . 264	do.	Commercial Dock (New) . . . 15	pm.
East London Water-Works . . . 70	do.	East India . . . 127 a 130	pr. sh.
Chelsea Ditto . . . 12 10s.	do.	East Country Ditto . . . 45	do.
Grand Junction Ditto . . . 35	do.	London Ditto . . . 96	do.
Portsmouth & Farington Do. . . 21	do.	Strand Bridge . . . 20 a 20 10	do.
Birmingham Canal . . . 650	do.	Southwark Ditto . . . 5	dis.
Chesterfield Ditto . . . 100	do.	Highgate Archway . . . 10 10	pr. sh.
Dudley Ditto . . . 46 a 45	do.	Russell Institution . . . 18	do.
Grand Junction Ditto . . . 210 a 211	do.	Surry Ditto . . . 13	do.
Grand Union . . . 92	do.	London Com. Sale-Rooms . . . 50	do.
Grand Surry Ditto . . . 61	do.	Flour Company . . . 5	do.
Grand Western . . . 54	dis.	Auction Mart . . . 29	do.
Leeds and Liverpool . . . 208	pr. sh.		

WOLFE &amp; Co. 9, Change-Alley, Cornhill,

&amp; FORTUNE &amp; Co. 13, Cornhill,

## PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	4 pr. ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr. ct.	Long Ann.	Omnium.	Imp. 3 pr. ct.	Impl. Anns.	Irish 5 pr. ct.	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exchqr. Bills 3 d.	St. Lotty Tickets.	Cons. Nov 24
Oct. 27	248	65½ a ½	81½	96½	16½	2½ Dis.	Shut	Shut	—	—	—	189	14 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	65½ a ½
28	247	65½ a ½	81½	96½	16½	2½ Dis.	—	—	—	6s 1	—	—	14 Pm.	3 Pm.	—	65½ a ½
29	247	65½ a ½	81½	96½	16½	2½ a 3½	—	—	—	—	—	—	14 Pm.	3 Pm.	£21. 19s.	65½ a ½
30	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
31	247	65 a ½	—	96½	—	3½ Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	16 Pm.	4 Pm.	—	65½ a ½
Nov. 1	247	64½ a 5½	81	96½	16½	4 Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	16 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	65½ a ½
2	246½	63½ a 4½	80	95½	16½	4½ Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	15 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	65½ a ½
3	246½	63½ a 4½	80½	95½	16	4½ Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	15 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	65½ a ½
4	246½	64 a ½	80½	95½	15½	4½ Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	188	15 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	64 a ½
5	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	15 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	64 a ½
6	247	63½ a 5½	—	95½	15½	4½ Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	188	15 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	64 a ½
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17	246	64½ a 4½	80½	96½	16½	3½ Dis.	—	—	93½	—	—	—	16 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	64½ a ½
18	246	64½ a 4½	80	96	16	3½ Dis.	—	—	—	—	—	—	17 Pm.	5 Pm.	—	64½ a ½
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